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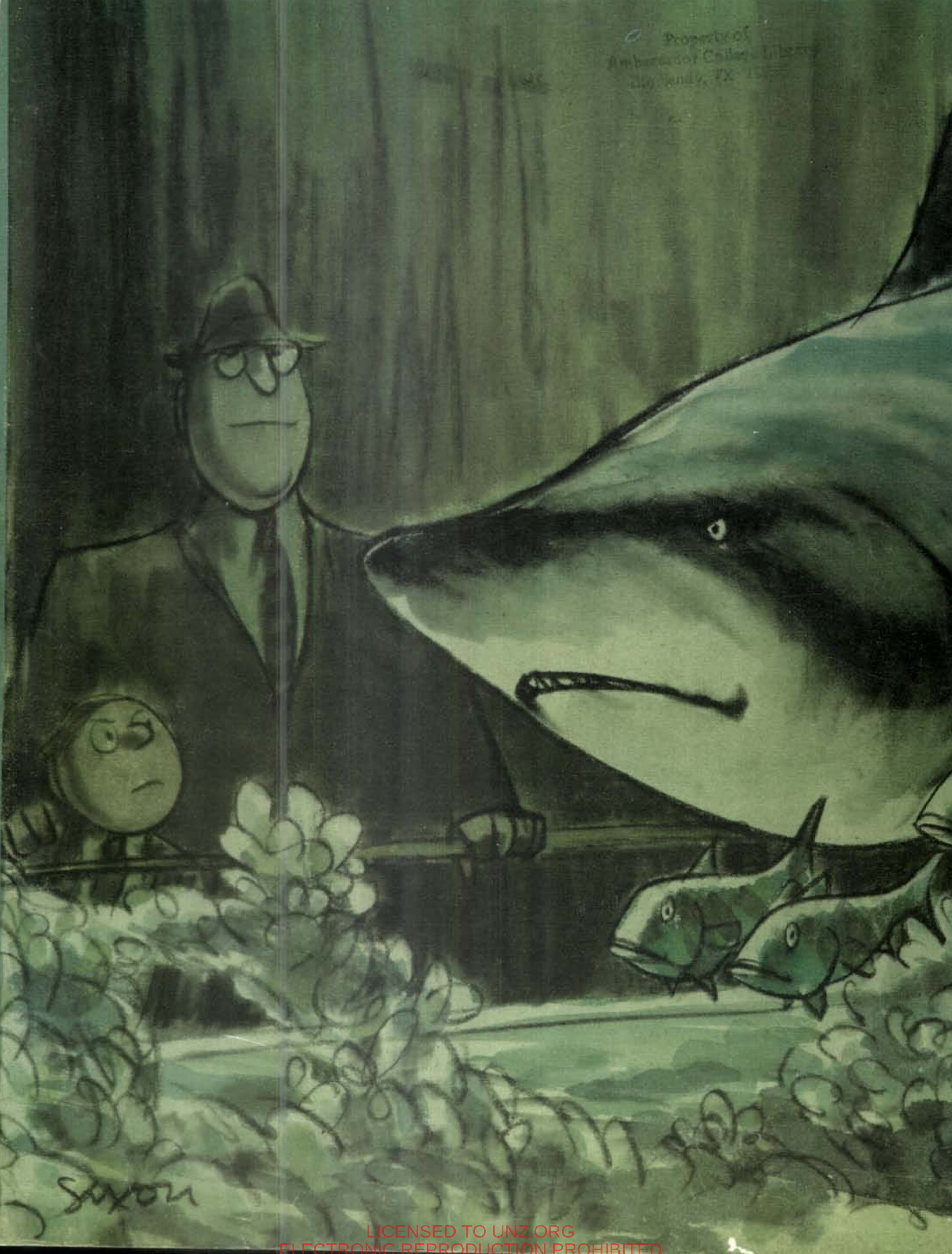

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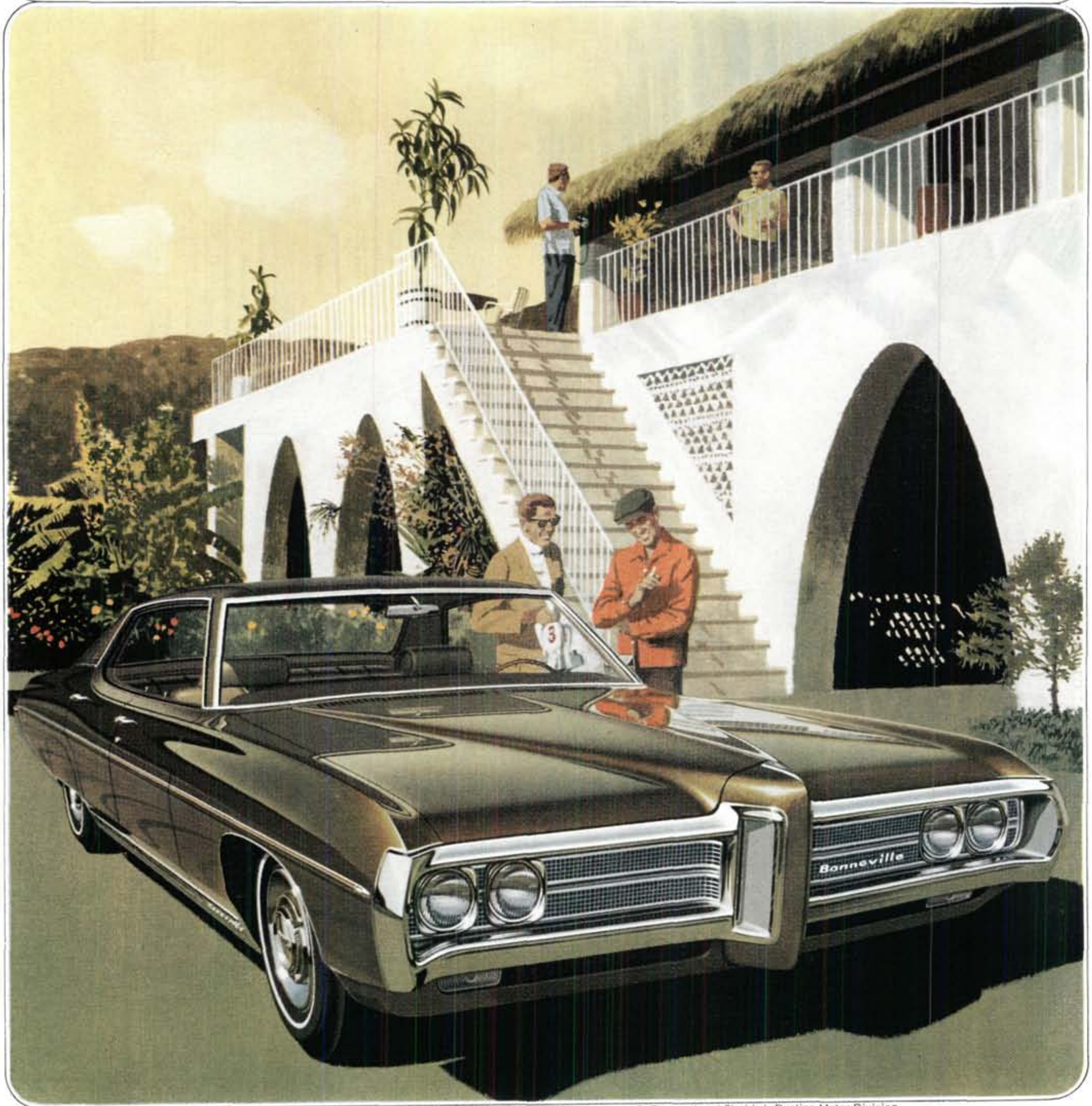

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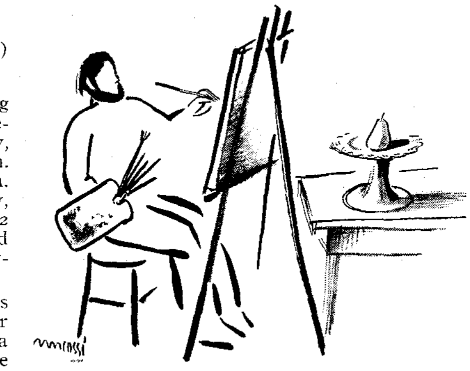
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY.** Previews Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 20, at 7:30. Other performances Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is given over to the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cities in Bezique—A double bill by Adrienne Kennedy is the second winter production of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Glenda Farrell, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays only, at 8 and 10:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Horseman, Pass By—A play by Rocco Bufano and John Duffy taken from the writings of William Butler Yeats, with music by Mr. Duffy. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of the Jules Feiffer play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St. W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 19.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **KING LEAR,** with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 21-22, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2. . . . William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS,** with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 18-19, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.). . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John White's **BANANAS:** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 21-22, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2. . . . Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH:** Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 18-19, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, at 8.

Riot—A workshop production from Boston about the current Negro revolution. The energy and violence are strong, but the theatrical effect is almost nil. Weekends only. (Broadway United Church of Christ, Broadway at 56th St. 245-5587. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8.

Sweet Eros and Witness—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The company does well, Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki being particularly good. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

Tango—An English translation of Slawomir Mrozek's Polish comedy. Previews through Friday, Jan. 17. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 18, at 7. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and The Basement—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trainer, Dean, Liepolt, and Company—Plays by David Trainer, Phillip Dean, and Werner Liepolt. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 18.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE PRICE:** Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply moving evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Celebration—A musical with book and lyrics by Tom Jones, music by Harvey Schmidt, and a cast that includes Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith. Directed by Mr. Jones. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 22. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on mu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** Joel Grey in a musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Jan. 18, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Jeux," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 1:15: "Four Temperaments," "Firebird," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:15: "Bugaku," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "Firebird."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Irish Fantasy," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Variations," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Phantasy" (première), and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Dim Lustre," "Variations," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:15: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Tarantella," "Illuminations," and "Prodigal Son." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Harkness Ballet—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Moments," "After Eden," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Grand Pas Espagnol" (New York première), "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Time Out of Mind." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30: "Madrigalesco," "Moments," "Youth," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Moments," "Canto Indio," and "Monument for a Dead Boy."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3: "Madrigalesco," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "After Eden," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30: "Night Song," "A Season in Hell," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Stages and Reflections" (New York première), "Abyss," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Stages and Reflections," "Sylvia Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Sebastian."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30: "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Abyss," "A Season in Hell," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30: "Stages and Reflections," "Moments," "After Eden," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Youth," "Canto Indio," and "A Season in Hell." (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8:30: "Suite for Five," "Winterbranch," and "Walkaround Time." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

José Limón Dance Company—Monday, Jan. 20, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23, and Saturday, Jan. 25, all at 8:30: "There Is a Time," "The Winged," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, and Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30: "Psalm" (New York première), "Comedy" (New York première), and "Missa Brevis." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

DANGER
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ROAD AHEAD

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Phil Romayne, Cathy Steele, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Singers, strummers, and loquacious types come and go throughout the evening. Starting Friday, Jan. 24, the main performers will be the Everly Brothers, whose hair has grown longer since the early nineteen-sixties, when adolescents idolized them. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet produces some interesting sounds, and the jukebox is filled with jazz. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. On Tuesday, Jan. 21, the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. Mondays, from nine to four, are turned over to various jazz groups. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Jan. 18, from five to nine, Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans; Sunday, Jan. 19, from five to nine, Frank Foster's concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Gary Burton quartet plays some mellifluous stuff. On Tuesday, Jan. 21, the Bill Evans trio will replace the Burton four. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 17-18, and 24-25, the very canny, very capable Nina Simone will sing with her own quintet, sharing the bandstand with Montego Joe's septet and a pair of singers called the Swordsmen. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are devoted to various soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. At

You don't have to shout to prove you're a woman.

The shirt calls the tune: a witty, pretty middy shirt. In a very, very British red, white and blue flag print, fashioned of pure silk, about $32. The wildly flattering silk serge pants are available in nautical navy or sea foam white, about $30. Both designed by Melba Hobson in sizes 6 to 18.

Is there another way to sail?

Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas; Frank Murphy, St. Paul; The Sportsman, Birmingham (Mich.); The Separates Shop, Westport; Esther Wolf, Houston; Robert Kirk, San Francisco.

Or write: Tannerway, a division of Tanner of North Carolina, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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about nine-thirty every night, the Pharoah Sanders quintet shares the stage with singer Novella Nelson. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, other performers will be around. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, Jan. 19, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 21-22.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of the Candymen. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing. Through Sunday, Jan. 19, the Holy Modal Rounders will alternate with recorded rock over a vigorous system, from eight until four. Closed Mondays. No alcohol. Shazam.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambiance of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a Brazilian group known as Tamba Four. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Los Banditos. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

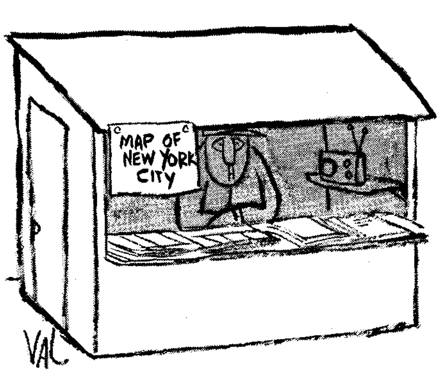
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Prime time: that's the mood of the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Now and then one of the Druids drops in, but it's not really the same old Stonehenge; modernity has had its way and sway. Music all the time, some of it taken from life and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Very public-domain at moments. The main event of the evening is the band assembled by Bobby Hackett, whose horn is 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure silver. Urbie Green's band, not at all a bad secondary platoon, sets to at six-thirty, and the Hacketts join in two hours later. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Antidisestablishmentarianism is the word; no venturings from the classic simplicities of the foxtrot and such are permitted. The scenery is simplistic, too, and so is the menu, but the music is ample. Argueso's set of Latin bandsmen is supplemented by a pair of Up North orchestras. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—There is no taming of the shrew when Joan Rivers takes the stand, which she does at ten during the week, and nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. She bears repeating, which happens later each evening, for she's a firm, facile, and funny girl. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are all within easy reach of the Aegean—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eying the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre*. The jokers are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.


MAP OF NEW YORK CITY
VAL

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has its upstairs and its downstairs, the ups prevailing by a small margin. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Shelley Berman, a latter-day philosopher who arms himself only with the sword of Damocles, converses darkly and wittily on the floor of the Royal Box during dinner and supper. The young ladies known as the Three Degrees do the singing, and Lee Evans' orchestra sounds the way all dance bands should sound. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chivalry, and of chevalry, is born anew when José Greco and his set of gallants and their ladies mount their invisible steeds and carom across the Andalusian plains. Luis Rivera, Maria Sota, and the Quinteros (Carmen and Justo) are Mr. G.'s most notable equestrians. The dance music, an art in itself, clings mostly to idiomatic Latin, even for the customers. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, the smallest of all colosseums, flamencan voice and flamencan guitar bewail the difficulties of winding up the affairs of the heart. Both repositories are in service every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jack E. Leonard is the immoderator, and he pays not even lip service to the Ephesian injunction to not let the sun go down upon your wrath; nevertheless, anyone who will have none of his lip is missing a vast store of merriment. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the grand old Persian Room, it's "Young Visiters" every night during dinner and supper, the role of Daisy Ashford being sung by Lesley Gore, an earnest and innocent soprano. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** a hasty change of plan brings Hazel Scott three times an evening to the piano as soloist and songster. Mousie Alexander's band exhibits a glittery brilliance when it's running wild, and a more docile manner when it settles into dance music. Tee-off time is eight and shut-eye arrives at two. Dinner is served, supper is not, and Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ O Hotel Splendide, wherever you are, your counterpart in the Western World is the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly fiddle takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Nothing could be more on the up and up than the sixty-fifth floor, and this applies as well to the local ambiance, of which there is a lot. Margaret Whiting, whose dinner and supper song recitals do not veer from the middle of the road, will be replaced, on Monday, Jan. 20, by Frank Sinatra, Jr., and his entourage of musicians. Joe Cabot's foursome is the dance master. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is, as always, a social occasion, and the only breaks in the charade arrive when, during dinner and supper, Doris Hines, a new domestic songbird, chirrups. On Monday, Jan. 20, she will be succeeded by Arlene Fontana, one more chirruper. The orchestration for everything else is provided by the bands of Quintero and George Cort. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite,

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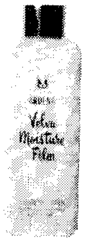

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across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—No harsh or harmful ingredients are employed in the manufacture of the colloquies conducted by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines in the Empire Room, and in a number of them no ingredients at all are visible. Dance music by the mile. The vaudeville goes on Mondays through Thursdays at ten and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Young Lochinvars out of the East, and their young consorts, and the piano of Dan Ruskin, which believes in self-expression rather than conformity. No music Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, a one-of-a-kind, has resumed her recitals of one-of-a-kind lieder, to the acutely aware piano of Buddy Barnes. Closed Sundays. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue, that raunchy simulacrum of the Barbary Coast, is rarely a source of valid troubadours, but in this particular piano bar Charles De Forest does *Nacht* words and *Musik* meant for those of us who do not believe in stoics. He stays home Sundays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged January in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Grenadier**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore*, because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **Pier 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **Four Seasons**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The glittery Park Avenue showroom now puts out supper, too, from ten to one, while Joel Shulman produces, within the compass of a single pair of hands, crisp sounds on both piano and electronic harpsichord. He is absent Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Parked at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Polo Bar**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **Umberto**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Stephen Antonakos—One twenty-foot neon barrier; through Jan. 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugenie Baizerman (1899-1949)—Paintings by the wife of the prominent American sculptor, who died in 1957; through Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Battenberg—Fibre-glass and bronze sculptures of war subjects; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Binder—Pure abstractions by a Viennese designer; through Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Bliss—Figures and New England landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Bill Bollinger—Seven sculptures in various everyday materials; through Jan. 30. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Carroll (1892-1959)—Paintings by an artist well known in the first half of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Moshe Elazar Castel—Relief paintings representing, by means of lettering and depictions of stone walls, an Israeli artist's impressions of the Middle East; through Feb. 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toni Costa—Diamond-shaped combinations of glass and plastic producing optical effects; through Feb. 8. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Recent drawings by the West Coast figure painter; through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier—Landscapes, mostly of Maine; through Feb. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Feigenbaum—Black-and-white steel and plaster sculptures in simple forms abstracted from nature; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Feldstein—Geometrical paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James FitzGerald—The first one-man exhibition here of assemblages cast in bronze by this West Coast artist; through Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Cape Cod and Rockland County; through Feb. 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Ten important paintings; through Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—New paintings in the highly personal semi-Surrealist landscape style developed by this artist over many years; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Jamison—Paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—One room-filling minimal metal structure, and a few smaller works; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent—The artist, now in his middle eighties, presents recent oils and stage and costume designs; through Feb. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Interiors with figures and landscapes; through Jan. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Franz Kline—Caricatures of Minetta Tavern habitués drawn during the artist's pre-Abstract period; through Jan. 31. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done in the past three years; through Feb. 8. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Berto Lardera—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

José Clemente Orozco—Vigorous drawings of the human figure; through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Ortman—Emblematic paintings and constructions composed of set-in pieces;

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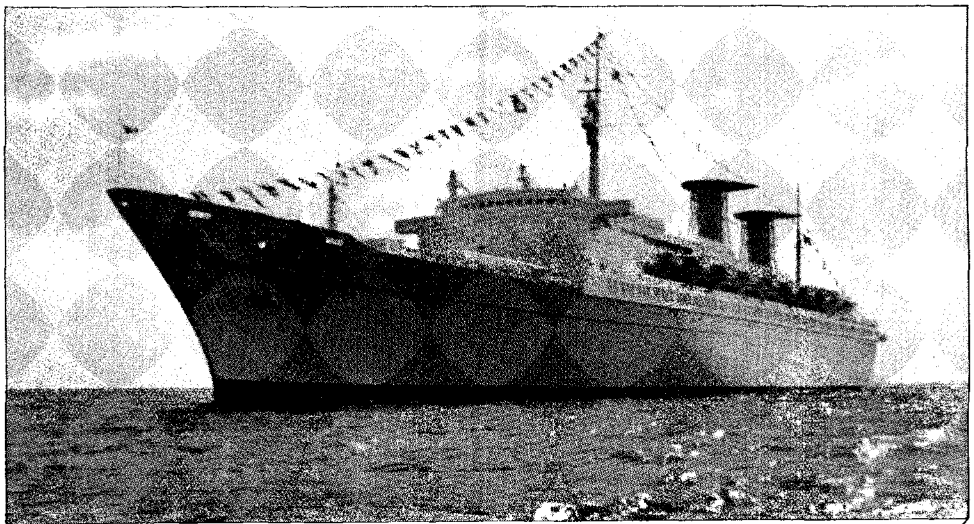

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pettet—Abstract paintings in huge dimensions; through Jan. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometric color areas by a veteran New York artist; through Jan. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—A black artist shows semi-Abstract Expressionist canvases and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Trova—New versions of the "Falling Man" sculptures; through Feb. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Vass—Once an Abstract Expressionist, Mr. Vass has passed through wood sculptures to big canvases featuring circles, ovals, and squares; through Saturday, Jan 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Zox—Four color-area paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by five new members of the Guild; through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Examples by Rickey, Bertoia, Chryssa, Donati, Etrog, and others; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Pieces by five California artists; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **artists equity**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by sixteen members of the Association; through Feb. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.). . . **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by twenty realists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **east hampton gallery**, 22 W. 56th St.: A selection of Op art done in 1965 by artists of the gallery; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A ten-foot-long painted and chrome-plated steel sculpture by Robert Hudson; a large painting on the theme of the Negro in American life by Peter Saul; and a suite of lithographs, together with the box for the suite, by H. C. Westermann. Through Feb. 1. . . . **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty paintings on a variety of subjects; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings of American scenes and personages done in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by such figures as Copley, Charles Willson Peale, Cole, and Homer; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Works by June Hildebrand, Ira W. Schwartz, William Lowe, and Walter K. Gutman; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bodley**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by Picasso, Picabia, Kandinsky, Klee, de Chirico, and lesser figures, plus a group of drawings by William Copley; through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **feigen**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works in a large scale by gallery artists, including Hans Breder, Enrique Castro-Cid, Charles Hinman, and Richard Smith; through Feb. 9. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Outstanding twentieth-century artists, from Brancusi, Matisse, and Bonnard to Dubuffet, Mondrian, and Vasarely; through Feb. 1. . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Six decades of Harlem, presented through photographs, films, television, voices, sound, and music as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; starting Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing in the Auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, an important patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, presents a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30, there will be a sight-and-sound program involving electronic-tape and computer music by Milton Babbitt and others, the Aeolian Chamber Players, Jean Erdman and her dance company, a light show by Anthony Martin, the reading voices of Mildred Dunnock and others, and a film. A limited number of tickets are available; for information call 249-4100.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Landscape and still-life paintings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962); starting Saturday, Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Sunday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; starting Wednesday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Poet's Hand," a display of English and American manuscripts, 1440 to 1940; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, for instance whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Phyllis Curtin, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: A new production of Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Morley Meredith. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Jean Fenn, Flaviano Labò, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Montserrat Caballé, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Ernst Wiemann.

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—The first American performances of Chabrier's "L'Etoile," in a new English version entitled "The Horoscope." Paul Berl is the musical director and Robert Ackart the stage director. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 24-26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein as piano and harpsichord soloist; Isaac Stern, violin; and Julius Baker, flute); and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 27, at 7:30 (all with John Browning, piano).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, with André Watts, piano, and Charles Wilson, organ. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, a performance of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" in concert form, with Claire Watson and Beverly Sills, sopranos, and Robert Nagy, tenor.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, with Jean Casadesus, piano; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30, with Janos Starker, cello. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Pro Arte Symphony—Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Rita Bouboulidi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Saint-Saëns program, with Grigory Sokolov, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8.). . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.

Israel Chamber Orchestra—Gary Bertini conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 5:45.)

Cantata Singers—Robert Hickok directing Handel's oratorio "Jephtha," with Lois Bové and Bianca Sauler, sopranos; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; John Ferrante, countertenor; Marvin Hayes, bass; Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 228-1870.)

Manhattan Chorus—Robert Hickok directing, with the Manhattan Orchestra. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Helen Watts—Contralto. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

Antonio-Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music for wood winds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in the second of two all-Chopin recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3: The Renaissance Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30: Raya Garbousova, cello. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon or evening of the concert.)

League-ISCM—The first in a series of four programs entitled "The Continuing Avant-Garde," performed by the Composers' Quartet; Matthew Raimondi and Anahid Ajemian, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir—Duo piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:40.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Viktor Tretyakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Schubert recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval and Elizabethan music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Note—Young Uck Kim will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Buddy Rich and His Orchestra, Grass Roots, and Spirit—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Jethro Tull; and Savoy Brown Blues Band—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

The Doors and the Staple Singers—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

Boxing—Bob Foster vs. Frank DePaula, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden Center. Wednesday, Jan. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 25.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau directing the première of "The Triumph of Punch," a children's opera by Ashley Vernon and Greta Hartwig, based on Feuillet's "Life of Punch and His Adventures." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.). . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-4424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

Martyn Green—Presenting a program of songs and poems by W. S. Gilbert. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Pinocchio." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday, except Jan. 18, from 10 to 12. On Jan. 18 at 10, there will be an ice carnival—skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest of it.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—Henri Langlois, director of the Cinémathèque Française, will speak, in English, about films. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

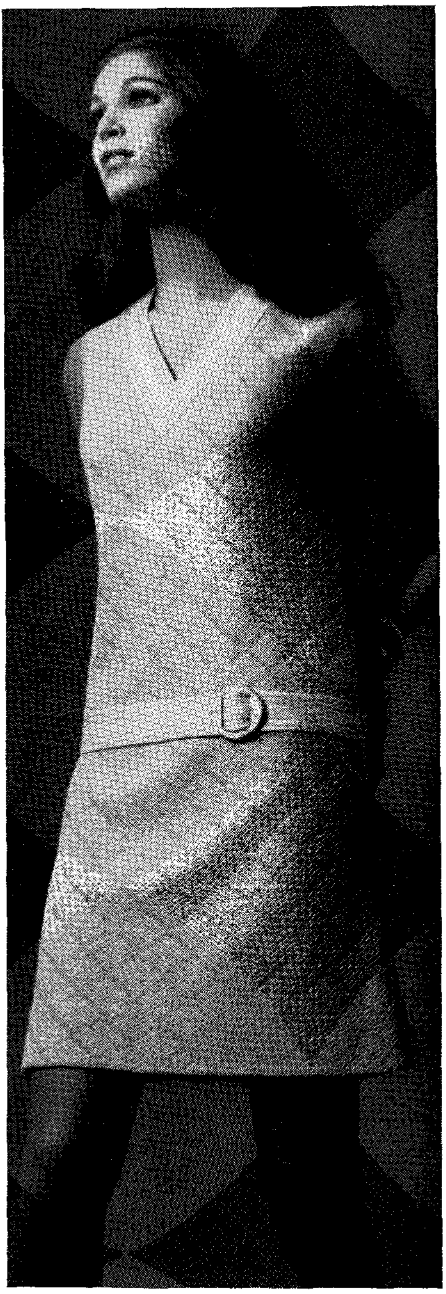
Poetry Readings—June Meyer and Clarence Major reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, French, and English furniture and decorations, exhibited by sixty-nine dealers, plus several complete room settings. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 17, through Sunday, Jan. 26. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 18, at 1:45: Continental and decorative furniture, rugs, and decorations; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 10:15: Early printed books, including Spanish historical works, English literature, and books on voyages and travels; from the estate of Sibyl Hubbard Darlington. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 1:45: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 17.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "The Longest Night" (1966), a Bulgarian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 11:30: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Rosalind Russell. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3 and 5:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), a Robert J. Flaherty film. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Valley Town" (1940) and "The City" (1939), both documentary films. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1916). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Die Strahtier" (1933), in German, no English titles; and "Excuse My Dust" (1920), with Wallace Reid. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

The knit gets with it in Arnel.



Susan Thomas believes in knits. So she took a crochet type diamond pattern knit by Lebanon of Arnel triacetate and linen yarns to make this two-piece little dress. It's light, airy, soft and supple, too. Mint, white, lilac, and lemon, 8-16. About $46.00 at Peck & Peck, New York; Lipmans, Portland, Downtown & Eastport Plaza, Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

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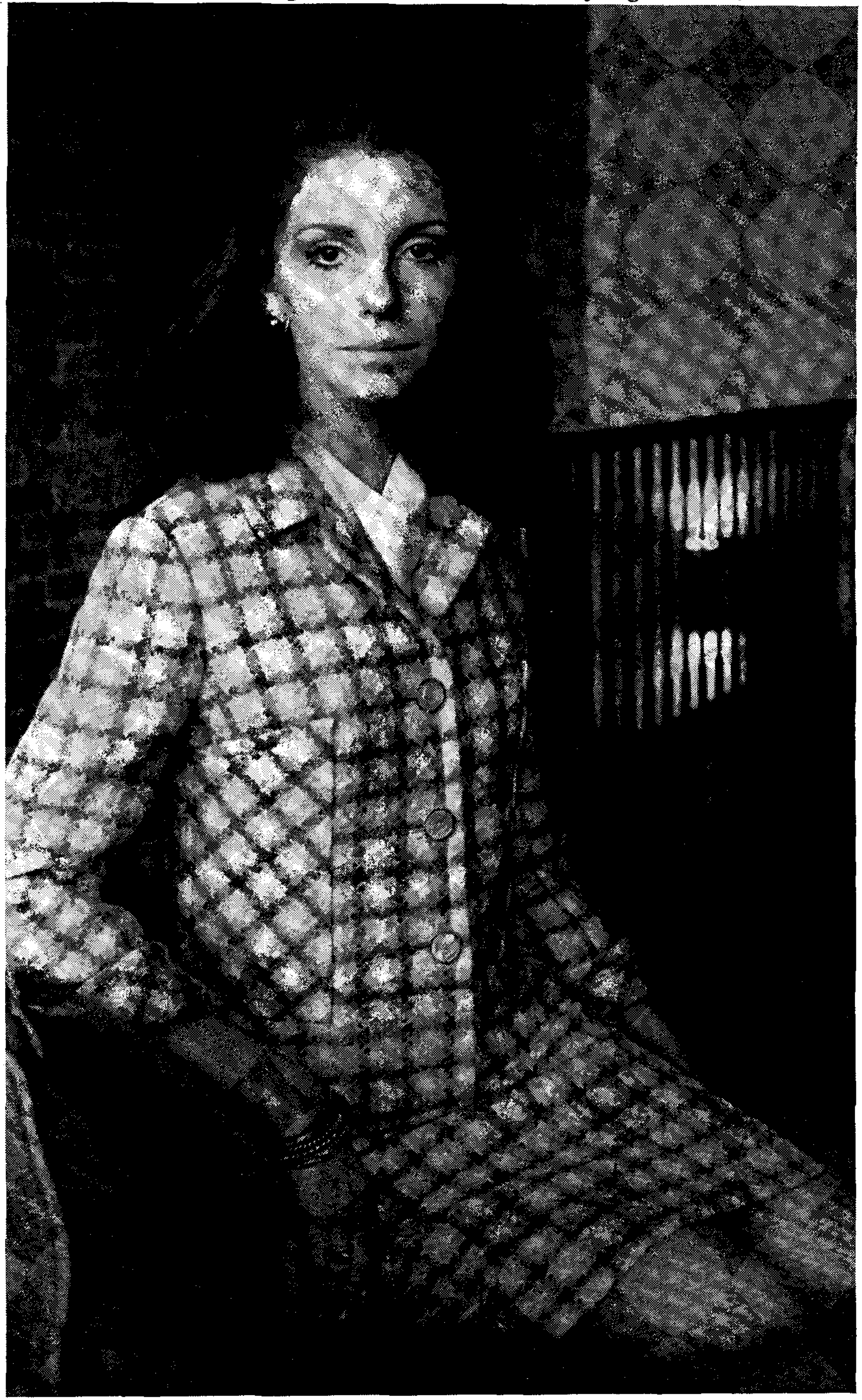

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

The Battle of Algiers (1967)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Bride Wore Black—A thriller about a lonely woman (Jeanne Moreau) who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 22.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 22.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on Victorian folly and the horrors of war is mostly intelligent and often witty, but it's also rather cold and unsatisfying. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Jan. 21.)

Le Départ (1967)—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 17-20.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Jan. 21.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 21.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 22.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; starting Jan. 22.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Terrorists and counterterrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 19.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard turns an American crime novel by Lionel White into a daring, explosive movie about gunrunners and betrayal, and manages to introduce a satire on television commercials as well. Photographed in startling, hard-edge color by Raoul Coutard. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and beautifully played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Jan. 22.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 21.)

The Sea Gull—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 21.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 21.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 21: "The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.
From Jan. 22: "Les Biches" (in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 21: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "The Queens" (1968; in Italian).
From Jan. 22: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson; and "A Patch of Blue" (1965), Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.**
From Jan. 22: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dr?? Coppelius!!," Walter Slezak.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Jan. 21: "Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.
From Jan. 22: "The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 21: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 22: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 21: **THE THIN MAN**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
From Jan. 22: **MATA HARI**; and **CASABLANCA.**

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 21: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Jan. 21: "Riot," Jim Brown, Gene Hackman.
From Jan. 22: "The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 21: **THE GRADUATE.**
From Jan. 22: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.**
From Jan. 22: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.**

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 18: "Black Girl" (in French).
From Jan. 19: **PICKPOCKET** (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 21: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Billion Dollar Brain" (1967), Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From Jan. 22: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 16: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).
Jan. 17-20: **LE DÉPART** (in French); and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From Jan. 21: **SCORPIO RISING** and four other Kenneth Anger films; plus another underground film.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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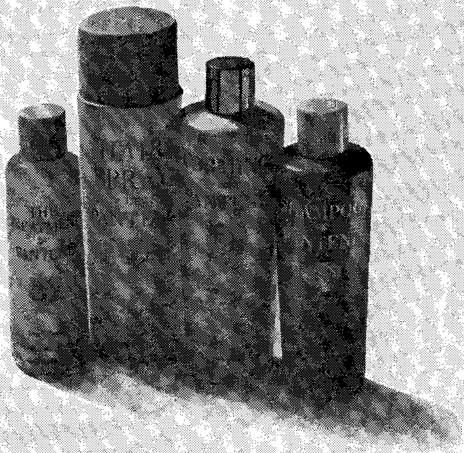

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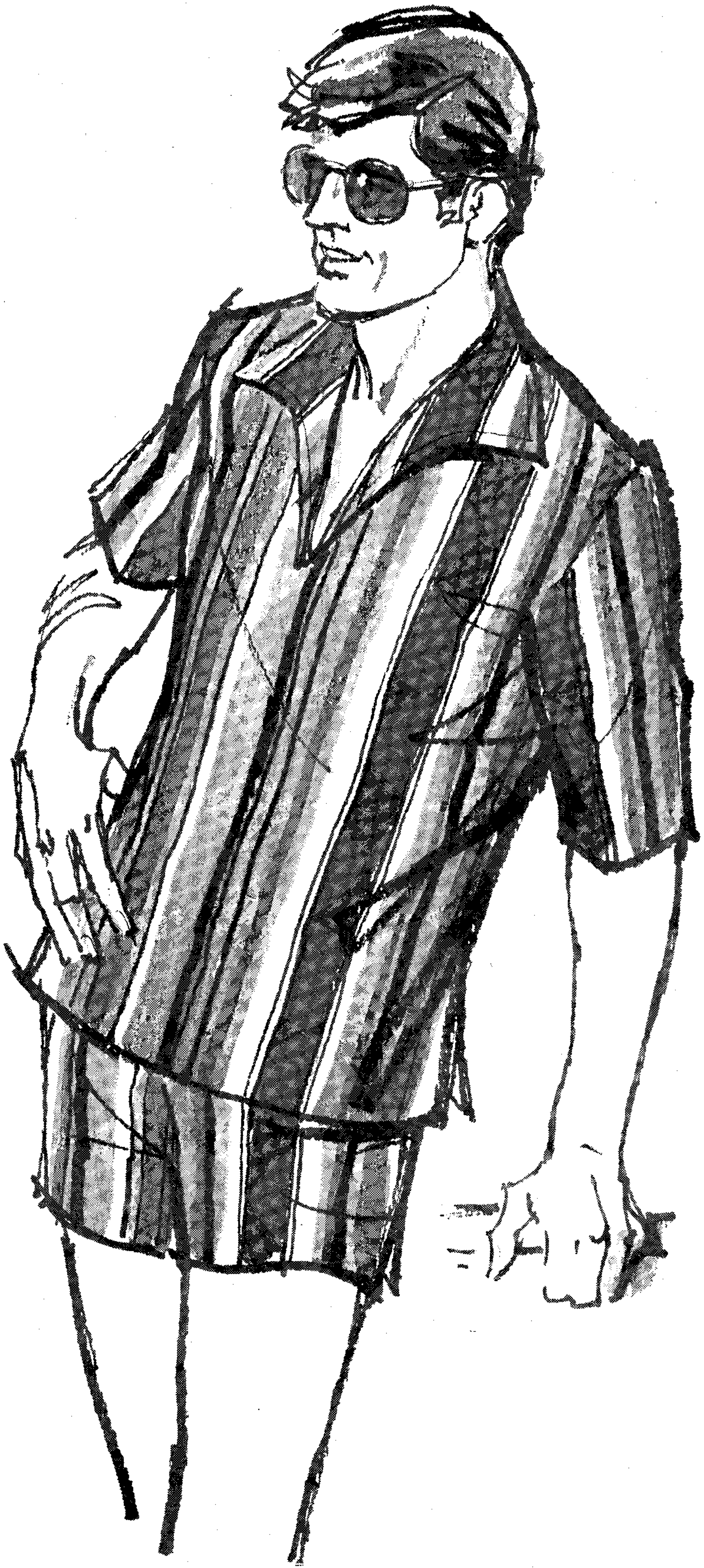


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

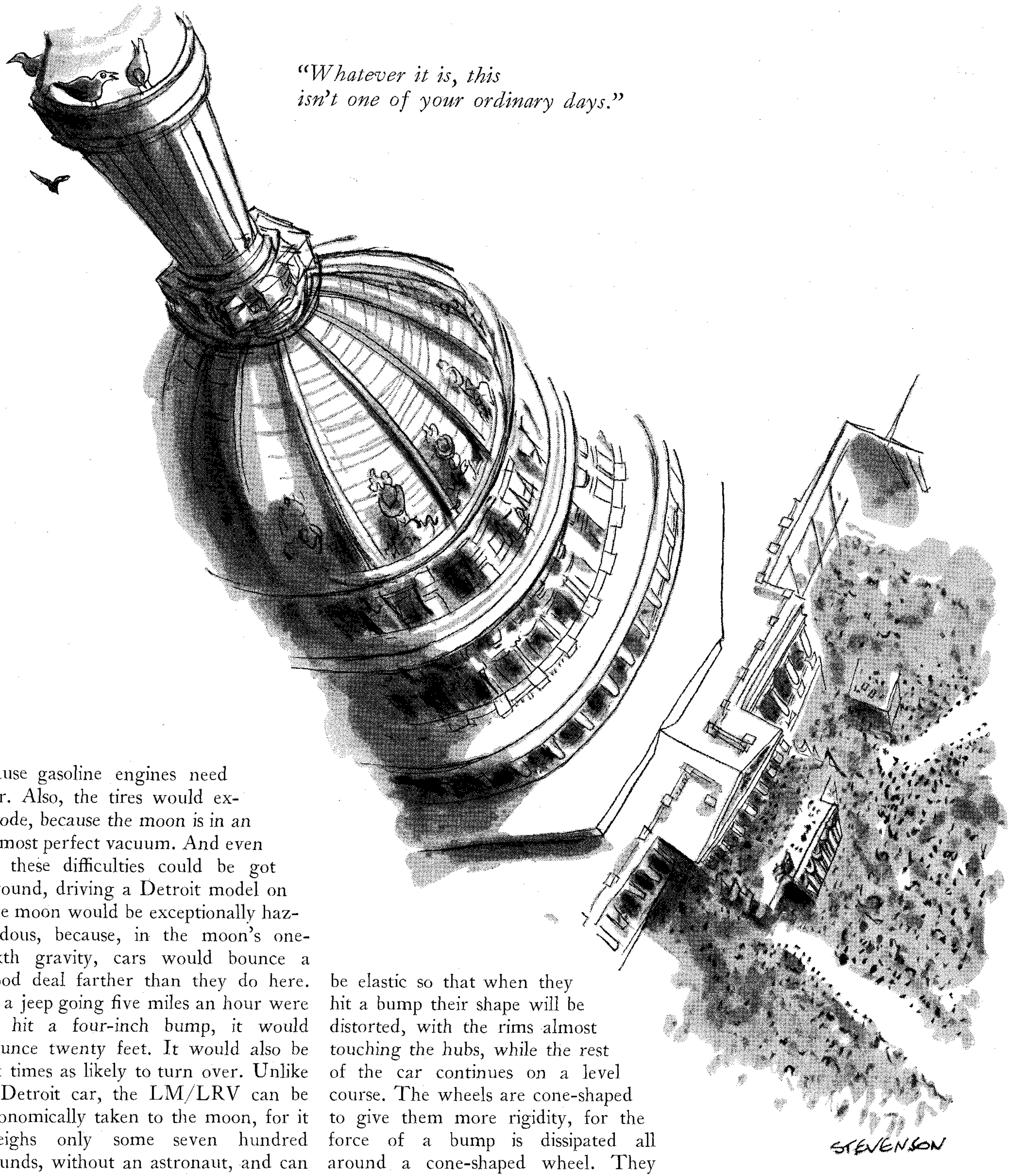
Notes and Comment

THE highest flights of patriotic enthusiasm tend to elude us. In the presence of a really passionate spokesman for the American way of life, we feel as if we were watching a man who has rented a large hall in order to proclaim to the world how much he loves his wife. "Of course you do," one would like to tell him. "Why shouldn't you? And why make such a fuss about it?" There is also a disquieting tendency among those who most loudly proclaim their Americanism to argue that whole crowds of other Americans are not American enough, and ought to be elbowed away to another part of the world. We sometimes suspect that the fervent young idiots who burn American flags are stimulated, in part, by some of the fervent older idiots who wave them. And yet at the root of much patriotic intensity we find not mere simpleness of mind but a genuine mystery. In evidence of this we offer the statement of Senator Richard B. Russell, of Georgia. While arguing on behalf of an anti-ballistic-missile system, Senator Russell spoke of the aftermath of a possible nuclear war. "If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve," he said, "then I want them to be Americans and not Russians—and I want them on this continent and not in Europe." We have tried to rise to this exuberance of national feeling, and find ourself still flat on the ground. We can imagine the patriotic new Adam and Eve explaining to their progeny (young Cain and Abel) that they are citizens of a republic that enjoys the highest standard of living the world has ever known, under a government whose powers are divided among an executive, a legislature, and a judiciary. And we can imagine the lads glancing around them and then giving their parents very strange looks indeed. We are driven back upon the supposition that Senator Russell detects a special, intrinsic merit in the mere fact of *being* an American citizen. As a citizen ourself, we can't see it. We can discern no special point in being American when all the rest of the world is dead, and we find ourself plunged back into mystery. Perhaps, after all, God made His great mistake when He did not seize the chance to model the original Adam and Eve upon Senator Russell's remarkable vision of Americans. Then the pair might have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil without losing one bit of their terrible innocence.

Moon Car

RECENTLY, we drove out to Calverton, Long Island, where the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation has a test site. We wanted to take a look at a limber little automobile that the people at Grumman hope the astronauts will drive on the moon. Although Grumman is not in the automobile business, it *is* in the space business; indeed, Grumman is building the lunar module, the buglike spacecraft that will land the Apollo astronauts, and (Grumman hopes) the moon car as well, on the moon. The car can travel as fast as twenty miles an hour, and thus increase the amount of terrain an astronaut can explore about a hundredfold. If another unit is hooked to it, the moon car can be guided by remote control, from Earth, on a journey of seven hundred and fifty miles, gathering samples of the moon's surface with a mechanical arm and ending up at the site of a subsequent lunar landing, where other astronauts will collect the samples, drive the car about if they want to, and then, before they leave, send it off on another long unmanned journey. The moon car, which is called the Lunar Module/Lunar Roving Vehicle, and abbreviated LM/LRV, as if it were an advertisement for a popular cigarette, is a wide, low-slung machine that looks like a buckboard—all but the wheels. The unmanned version, with the extra unit, has six wheels, but the manned version, which the astronauts may drive on the moon, has only four. The wheels are large white cones, with the open ends facing outward, and they look like radar dishes, except that they have wide metal treads around their rims.

At the test site, which is part of a bleak stretch of sandy pine barrens near Riverhead, we looked for Edward Markow, the project manager for the LM/LRV, and Ralph Frei, the engineer in charge of testing it. Because Mr. Markow hadn't arrived yet, Mr. Frei took us in hand and led the way to his office, a house trailer adjacent to a Quonset hut. Both stand on the edge of a four-acre expanse of gravel—slag from a blast furnace—which has had deep craters gouged in it to make it look like the moon. In the middle of this forlorn moonscape we saw a weather-beaten mockup of the lunar module. Mr. Frei assured us that if we were out there at night, under floodlights, we would feel exactly as if we were on the moon. We asked Mr. Frei, a big, open-faced man who was wearing a blue jacket, a yellow shirt, and a striped tie, why a special car would be needed on the moon. He explained that a conventional automobile is far too heavy to send, economically, to the moon, and even if one could be got up there, the engine wouldn't start, be-



"Whatever it is, this isn't one of your ordinary days."

cause gasoline engines need air. Also, the tires would explode, because the moon is in an almost perfect vacuum. And even if these difficulties could be got around, driving a Detroit model on the moon would be exceptionally hazardous, because, in the moon's one-sixth gravity, cars would bounce a good deal farther than they do here. If a jeep going five miles an hour were to hit a four-inch bump, it would bounce twenty feet. It would also be six times as likely to turn over. Unlike a Detroit car, the LM/LRV can be economically taken to the moon, for it weighs only some seven hundred pounds, without an astronaut, and can be folded to fit into one of the lunar module's storage bays. It runs on electricity, so the absence of air presents no difficulty. To get around the bouncing problem, the designers had to invent a new kind of wheel, which would contain the force of any bounce within the wheel itself. There are a number of ways of doing this, all of which depend on making the wheel out of some sort of flexible material. The wheels of the LM/LRV, which are called metalastic wheels, are made of a very pliant fibre glass, but in the final version they will probably be made of a springy titanium. The wheels have to be elastic so that when they hit a bump their shape will be distorted, with the rims almost touching the hubs, while the rest of the car continues on a level course. The wheels are cone-shaped to give them more rigidity, for the force of a bump is dissipated all around a cone-shaped wheel. They can't have blowouts because they don't have tires.

Mr. Frei asked us if we would like to see a demonstration—he called it "a little demo"—and we said we would. We accompanied him outside, and a workman opened the Quonset hut and pushed the LM/LRV out onto the moonscape, the way a pilot would push a light plane out of a hangar onto a runway. The moon car, a lithe, low little craft, is painted white (this is to deflect the rays of the sun, which can be very hot on the moon), but in the middle of each wheel there is a black cylinder, which is a motor, for each wheel is powered separately. The car is stripped down; in fact, it is a metal frame consisting primarily of two axles hooked together by a hinge, so that the car bends in the middle, for greater maneuverability. Mr. Frei climbed into a low seat in front of the forward axle. He said that an astronaut driving the car on the moon might stand up, like the driver of a dog sled, for astronauts have a hard time sitting down. The arms and legs of pressurized spacesuits tend to stay straight, the way slender, sausage-shaped balloons do. Mr. Frei explained that what we were looking at was not the moon car itself but a "one-G simulator" of the LM/LRV, for the car that is to go to the moon, a one-sixth-gravity version, couldn't be operated on Earth at all. It would be overloaded and underpowered by a factor of six. The final model, stripped of any excess metal, would do well on the moon, but if a man sat on it here it would buckle. The one-G simulator showed no sign of buckling under the weight of Mr. Frei. He extended his legs (the way an astronaut might) until his feet fitted into a couple of stirrups at the ends of metal bars. He put his arms firmly on armrests, which, he said, would steady his hands against any jouncing of the rest of his body. Because the car is controlled by delicate hand motions, the hands have to be absolutely steady; otherwise the car will go out of control. There is no steering wheel, clutch, brake, or accelerator; instead, the car operates by a stick system, like an airplane. Mr. Frei kept his right hand on a pistol-like grip and explained that if he moved his hand forward, the car would go ahead, and if he moved it to one side, the car would turn. He said the car was fun to drive, and added, "Wernher von Braun had such a good time driving the moon car when he was at Grumman that we couldn't get him to stop. He wound up on an airplane runway about a quarter of a mile off, and the men in the control tower had to stop air traffic, so he wouldn't be hit by an incoming 707." Mr. Frei pushed his hand forward and took off with an electrical whir.

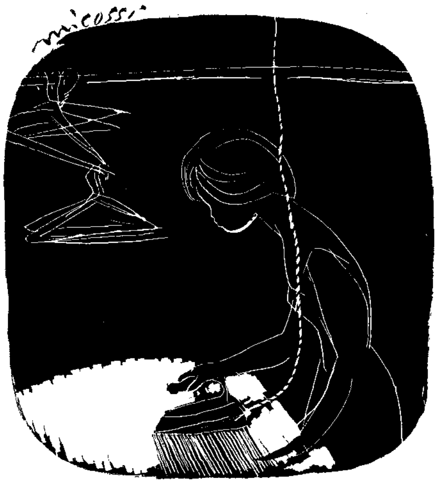
As the car skittered off across the moonscape, Mr. Markow, the project manager, joined us. He is in his early forties and has a vaguely collegiate appearance. It was Mr. Markow who invented the wheels. ("The wheel has been around for a long time, so I thought it was time for a change," he told us a little later.) As Mr. Frei passed close to us, we could hear Mr. Markow's wheels squeaking like the leather in a new pair of shoes. Mr. Markow explained that the car squeaked because when it was moving fast, the wheels stretched out of shape, coming to a point at the top; this distortion was one way they dissipated jolts. Just then, the moon car hit a biggish rock, which punched the wheels completely out of shape. For a second, the car looked as if it were riding on squashy melon rinds. The rims of the wheels were always somewhat flattened where they touched the ground, and Mr. Markow said that that increased their traction. Suddenly, Mr. Frei dropped into a small crater and disappeared from view, except for his hair, until he burst over the opposite rim. We expected the car to shoot up into the air, but the wheels never left the ground. "It hugs the ground just like a sports car," Mr. Markow said delightedly. Mr. Frei made a sharp turn and whirred into another crater.

Ambassador Hambro

WE like to keep in touch with optimists we've met, so we went back last week for another talk with United Nations Ambassador Edvard Hambro, at the office of the Norwegian Mission, at 757 Third Avenue. We had last seen him in the early summer of 1967, after the U.N. had helped cool Israeli-Arab tensions and Ambassador Hambro had made a memorably reasonable speech before the General Assembly. Just seeing Mr. Hambro again immediately gave us a lift. It was reassuring to find that the past eighteen months had left no visible sign of New York *or* international battering on him—no scars, no stooping of the shoulders, no dimming of the light, cheerful-sounding voice. The fresh-from-the-sauna look was still there, too.

"Do you think the situation in the Middle East looks hopeless now?" we asked.

"No, I don't," Mr. Hambro said quickly. "But I feel that time is running out. We can't go on having Israel and the Arab nations taking reprisals against each other. The difficulty is that the Israelis feel they never get a fair hearing in the Security Council. I was shocked, along with so many others, at what happened in Beirut. But the Israelis say, 'What do you expect us to do? Just do nothing to protect ourselves against terrorist activities?' And the Arabs say, 'You can't understand. They've taken our *territory*.' Both sides are logical. But it can't remain the same or the whole thing will escalate, and that is an extremely dangerous thing. It's absolutely inadmissible, of course, to accept the idea of destroying Israel, which was created by the United Nations. Both sides will obviously have to make real concessions to reach a solution. It is equally clear that the Great Powers have important interests in this region and that their coöperation in the future will be necessary."



"And you are optimistic about these possibilities?"

"Yes," Ambassador Hambro said, again quickly. "The main cause for optimism is that United Nations Ambassador Gunnar Jarring is continuing his U.N. mission of trying to mediate the disputes, and he has been encouraged by both sides to go on. And I find it encouraging that the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union are now talking with each other, and with France, too."

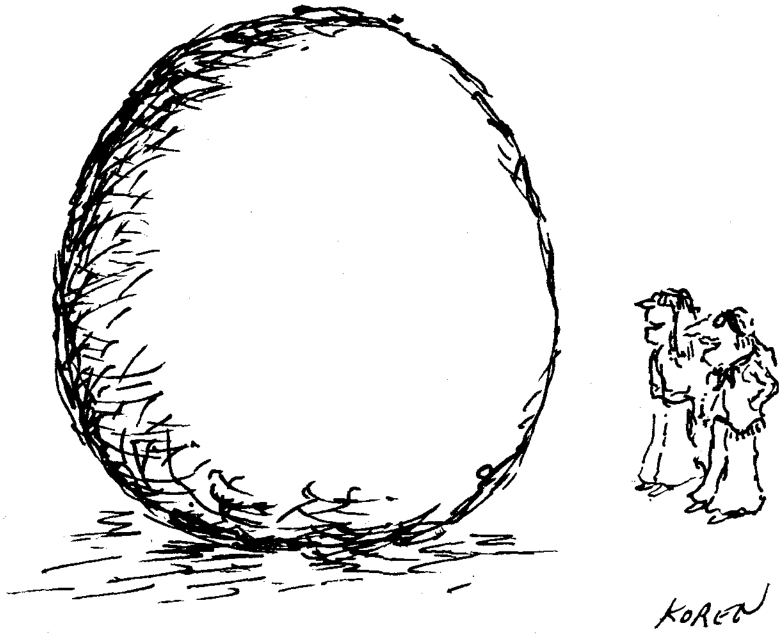
"Then you still *feel* optimistic?" we asked.

"If you don't feel optimistic, it's impossible to do any work in the international field," Ambassador Hambro said. "It is dangerous to judge the United Nations only on the basis of dramatic conflicts and confrontations. It is cause for a certain optimism that the organization, in these difficult times, has made a good start on the enormously important questions concerning the ocean floor, and has started to lay the groundwork for international coöperation in the realm of the human environment, so as to save the natural resources of the world from destruction through overexploitation and pollution."

There was a knock at the door, and Ambassador Hambro opened it, admitting a younger version of himself—tall, blond, pink-cheeked, friendly, and cheerful—wearing a brown duffel coat and no hat.

"My son Christian," Ambassador Hambro said, introducing us. "Christian and his wife, Sissel, and my daughter Linda have been spending the holidays with us in New York, but tonight, unfortunately, Christian and his wife are returning to Oslo. He must return to his law studies at the University of Oslo, and Sissel must return to her job as a social worker. Linda wants to stay in New York. She's the youngest of my four children, and, in some ways, the most adventurous. She's twenty."

"Linda believes that New York is one of the most important music centers of the world," Christian said. "She plays the cello. She's the musician in the family."



"Wow!"
"Groovy!"
"That's where it's at, baby!"
"Out of sight!"
"Spaces me way out!"
"It's my rap, man!"
"I mean it's really something else!"
"You think it's a trick bag?"
"Naw, no jive in that, man!"
"Really where it's at!"

• •

"She's talking about taking singing lessons in New York," Ambassador Hambro said. "She's a member of one of the best choirs in Norway, the Norske Solistkor. She wants to study here for some time, because she can get a kind of musical instruction that is at present not available in Norway."

"Does she *like* New York?" we asked.

"She likes being here," Christian said diplomatically. He shook hands with us, bowed, and gave us a friendly smile. "I'd better go now," he said to his father. "We shouldn't leave for the airport later than six."

"I'll be there on time," Ambassador Hambro told him, and, with obvious regret, watched him leave the room.

"How old is Christian?" we asked, still trying to adjust to the unusual picture of youth-in-duffel-coat *smiling*.

"Twenty-two," the Ambassador said. "He's a very good boy. He's president of the law students at the University of Oslo. Student power. That's something we take for granted in Norway. We've had student power in Norway for years and years. Certainly since 1945. Students for years have been members of the faculty boards of our universities. Even when I was a student, at the University of Oslo—and that was about forty years ago—we always had access to all the professors. When I taught law in Bergen, at the Norwegian School of Economics and Business Administration—from 1953 until I came here, in 1966—it never occurred to anybody that students should not participate fully in all important decisions affecting the school. Students in Norway are treated like grownups, like human beings. Attendance is never taken in the classes. Examinations are given twice a year, but students needn't attend a single class if they don't want to. My boys are on a first-name basis with all their professors."

"It all sounds so friendly over there," we said.

"We have our groups of professional demonstrators," the Ambassador said. "They were the ones picketing when Vice-President Humphrey came over earlier this week for the funeral of Trygve Lie. But our professional demonstrators are very, very few."

"How do you account for that?" we asked.

"Our problems are smaller, our population is more homogeneous. We do have a number of radicals, and radical students, but this business of invading the universities, of imprisoning professors, of setting fire to offices, is something we consider shocking. I might also say that I worked with Columbia University's Acting President Andrew Cordier when he was an administrator at the United Nations, and I think he is a splendid man."

"Would you like to say anything about the late Trygve Lie?" we asked.

"Yes, I would," Ambassador Hambro said. "I'd known Trygve Lie since before the war. Because my father was president of the Norwegian Parliament, I've lived in the atmosphere of members of Parliament all my life. In 1943, I was in New York, working for a Norwegian magazine-in-exile and for the World League of Norsemen. Trygve Lie at that time was the Norwegian Foreign Minister. I interviewed him when he came over here. Let me see, I believe I have the interview right here." Ambassador Hambro pulled a black-leather-bound volume from a bookshelf and opened it to the cover of the magazine. It was entitled *Nordmanns Forbundet*. Issue of April, 1943. On the cover was a photograph of a very youthful-looking Trygve Lie. Ambassador Hambro turned to the interview and translated some of Mr. Lie's statements for us: " 'We cannot return to our neutrality policy. . . . Norway has to be a member of collective security. . . . It has been proved that neutrality does not lead to peace. . . . Norway is one of the United Nations and will continue to be so.' "

"Anything more you'd care to say about Trygve Lie?" we asked.

"He had great strength of purpose and character, and he was the man who built up the Secretariat of the U.N.," Ambassador Hambro said. "On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in July, 1966, I wrote an article about him for Oslo's leading newspaper, *Aftenposten*." Ambassador Hambro pulled down another black-leather-bound book, turned to his article, and translated for us some of his remarks about Trygve Lie: " 'The young radical is today an esteemed and honored member of the solid bourgeois society. But he has himself contributed to create this society and to develop it both nationally and internationally, and because he has done this, because he has always been active, and taken his part of the responsibility, he will today be greeted and homage will be paid to him by friends and collaborators in many countries—opponents as well as supporters.' "

"What are your own plans in the immediate future?" we asked.

"Next week, I'm going to the University Mohammed V, in Morocco, where the Hague Academy of International Law is giving an intensive training course for young lawyers, graduate students, and young government officials from the African countries. My course, lasting three weeks, will be on the developing countries. My government is interested in all efforts to help the developing countries, and so I am being let off for three weeks to give my course."

Aquamanilia

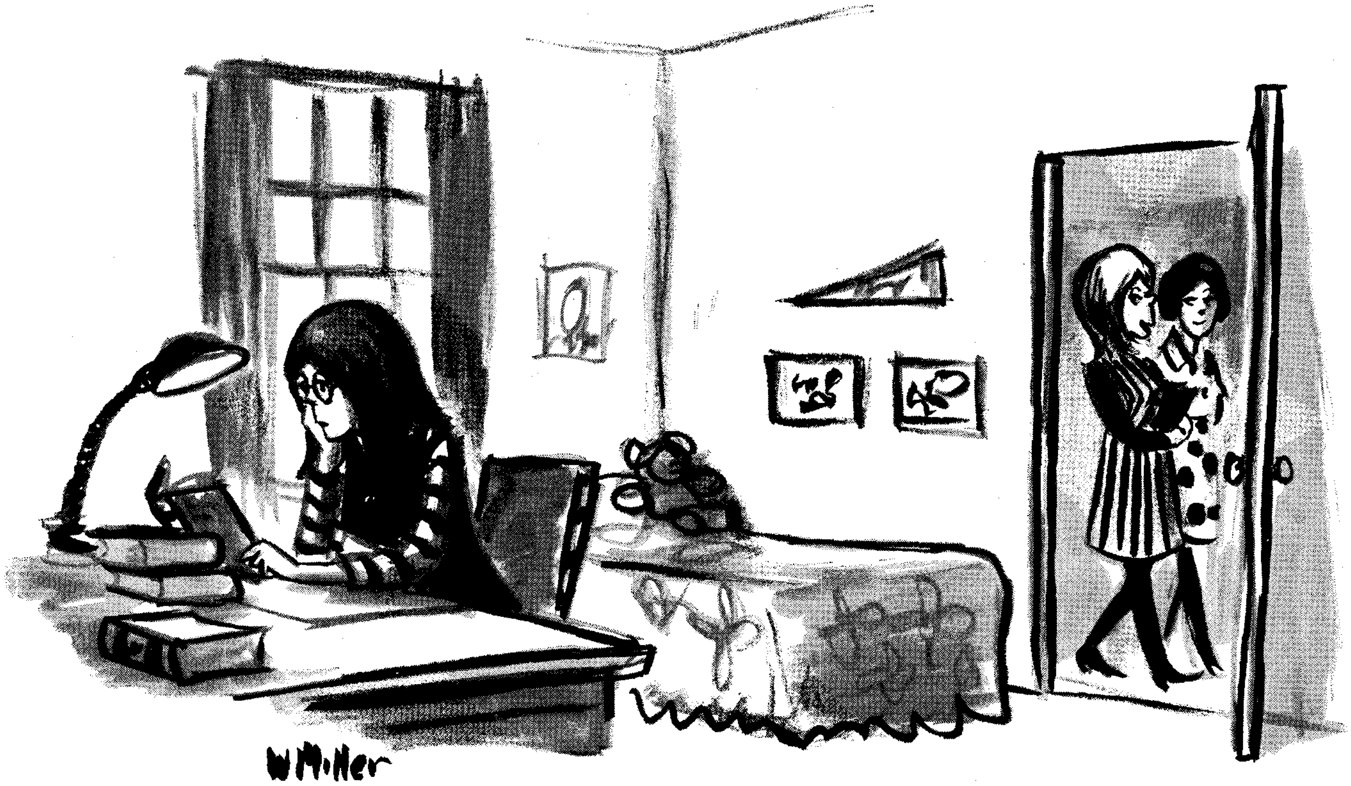
ONE rainy, windswept Gothic day not long ago, we went up to The Cloisters, high on its hill in Fort Tryon Park, at the northern tip of Manhattan. Our purpose was to see a special exhibition of objects taken from the homes of forty private collectors of medieval art, and we wandered for more than an hour through chambers with high ceilings and ogival doorways, hearing in the distance the sound of rain falling and recorded Gregorian chants rising in one of the cloisters. We saw, altogether, two hundred and twenty objects—paintings, ivories, enamels, stained glass, jewelry, embroideries, manuscripts, tapestries, and sculpture—as old as the fifth century and as new as the early sixteenth century, but the objects to which we repeatedly returned were four small burnished-bronze figures of animals and people, which at first glance appeared to be merely freestanding works of sculpture but at second glance were clearly more than that. Each was equipped with a small faucet or spout, and each had a small hole somewhere in the upper part of its body.

"They are aquamanilia, or vessels designed to hold water for the washing of hands," said Miss Carmen Gómez-Moreno, who joined us as we stared at a unicorn about fifteen inches high, with a spigot protruding from his chest. Miss Gómez-Moreno is a short smiling woman with large dark-brown eyes, a Madrilenian accent, and a long title—Associate Curator of Medieval Art and The Cloisters. "Water was poured into the hole in the upper body—in the case of this unicorn, the hole is between his ears, behind the horn—and was allowed to settle in the hollow interior," she went on. "Then, when it was time to wash the hands, the faucet was turned, and out came the water. We believe these vessels—or, if you prefer, the sculptures, for they don't look like vessels—were used in ecclesiastical and secular ceremonies, but I can't say that with certainty, because I haven't been able to find any paintings in which they are shown, and I know of no books on their history and use. The word 'aquamanilia'—the singular form is 'aquamanile'—comes, of course, from the Latin; '*aqua*' means 'water,' and '*manus*' means 'hand.'" Miss Gómez-Moreno darted off, and we retraced our steps for a final look at the three other aquamanilia. Two of them were pugnacious lions, one of which, we could see, received water through his ears and dispensed it through his nostrils. The third was a bearded man who was crawling on his hands and knees, carrying on his back a serenely confident, almost smug-looking woman. The pair was identified as "Aristotle Ridden by Phyllis," and Aristotle had a faucet protruding from his collarbone.

From The Cloisters, we headed downtown to see Dr. George Szabó, the curator of the Lehman Collection, who, we had heard, had just finished writing a doctoral dissertation on aquamanilia. When we arrived at the Lehman mansion, on West Fifty-fourth Street, we were ushered by a guard into Dr. Szabó's office, at the rear of the ground floor. "There are about five hundred aquamanilia in the world," the Doctor told us, right off. "Fifty or sixty of them are in the United States, in museums and private collections. There are seven in this house. Aquamanilia were first used in the eleventh century—for liturgical hand-washing in churches when the priest was handling the holy wafer during Mass. The early ones are mostly in the shape of lions and dragons. By the mid-thirteenth century, they were used, additionally, in the households of royalty for washing hands at meals, and their appearance changed to such forms as hunters, falconers, knights, and—in keeping with the Gothic satirical spirit—the form of Phyllis riding Aristotle."

Dr. Szabó hardly stopped for breath, he was so caught up in the subject. He is a genial, precise, dapper man, and, that day, was wearing a double-breasted, gold-buttoned navy-blue blazer, sharply creased gray trousers, and highly polished black shoes with buckles. "The story of Aristotle and Phyllis is apocryphal but interesting—a popular medieval tale," he continued. "Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great and was always scolding Alexander for spending too much time with his mistress, Phyllis. One day, when Phyllis heard a scolding, she decided to teach the old philosopher a lesson. Dressing in a décolleté gown and exuding charm, she convinced Aristotle that she would do anything for him, provided he would crawl on all fours while she sat on his back. Like a fool, Aristotle complied, whereupon Phyllis laughed loudly and called Alexander in to see that even a wise man could succumb to a woman's charms." Dr. Szabó removed his glasses, which were round and horn-rimmed, and put them in his pocket. "Some people think that pious churchmen made up the story to discredit Aristotle. In my files, I have at least two hundred representations of that

"*This is your idea of a joke, I suppose.*"



"Poor Claudia! Here it is Friday, and nobody's asked her to the riot at the Administration Building yet."

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story. It is seen in church portals, stone carvings, manuscript illuminations, wood carvings, drawings, and engravings, but seldom in bronze. Lions were a popular form for early aquamanilia because the lion was a favorite Biblical subject, and was considered the king of beasts and a symbol of courage. There is a certain symbolism, too, in pouring pure water from the mouth or nostrils of a lion, because the mouth and nostrils were thought of as passageways for the soul and mind. In some fifteenth-century manuscripts, there are representations of souls flying out of the mouths of the dead in the shape of small human figures. Ears were usually considered not exit channels but, rather, receptacles."

Dr. Szabó kindly offered to take us through the mansion, which contains the great collection of Western European art owned by Robert Lehman, to show us the seven aquamanilia in the collection. "An important thing to remember is that aquamanilia are not only curious objects but first-rate small sculpture," he said, pointing out a fourteenth-century German falconer on horseback. "The fact that they are freestanding makes them a significant contrast to the typical sculpture of the later Middle Ages, which was predominantly religious and was modelled in relief, or, if modelled in the round, was generally attached to some other object. Aquamanilia were used until the end of the fifteenth century, when people began using, instead, small, portable fountains on their tables or in the middle of their ceremonial dining rooms—fountains in which they cooled wine as well as washed their hands."

We asked Dr. Szabó, who, incidentally, already has two doctoral degrees—in medieval art and in archeology—why he had made a study of aquamanilia.

"As part of a general interest I have had since childhood in things medieval," he replied. "I was born and grew up in the town of Debrecen, in eastern Hungary. Debrecen was founded around 1100, and is surrounded by many villages that were destroyed after the Turkish occupation in the sixteenth century. Some of those destroyed medieval villages were being excavated while I was in high school, and I watched the excavations. When I was only nine years old, I found a skull that wore a seventeenth-century headdress. I gave it to the local museum. In the United States, you learn about the Middle Ages from books. In Hungary, every week I went to a church that was built in the thirteenth century." After leading us into a room whose walls were hung with scarlet eighteenth-century French velvet, he showed us a fourteenth-century aquamanile in the form of a German knight on horseback. "The study of these objects can be fascinating," he said. "I delved into the inventories of church treasuries, into descriptions of the Mass and decisions of church councils, and into inventories of royal households—French kings, Burgundian dukes, Italian princes. The major collections of aquamanilia today are in five places: the Germanisches National Museum, in Nuremberg; the Hungarian National Museum, in Budapest; the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna; and the Metropolitan Museum and the Lehman Collection, in New York. Did you know that New York is one of the best places in the world to study medieval art? Every aspect of it! The museums, the libraries, and the concentration of specialists, all within a hundred-mile radius of the city! Here you find the whole range of study, whereas in Germany you find only German art, in France only French, and so on."

As Dr. Szabó escorted us to the door, he remarked, "I know of one aquamanile used as recently as the early nineteenth century, in a German church. It was used to wash the feet of the poor every Maundy Thursday. And, of course, today you have creamers in the shape of silver cows, and milk jugs in animal forms. Such jugs were in use two thousand years before Christ."

CITY LIFE

1.

Elsa and Ramona entered the complicated city. They found an apartment without much trouble, several rooms on Porter Street. Curtains were hung. Bright paper things from a Japanese store were placed here and there.

—You'd better tell Charles that he can't come to see us until everything is ready.

Ramona thought: I don't want him to come at all. He will go into a room with Elsa and close the door. I will be sitting outside reading the business news. Britain Weighs Economic Curbs. Bond Rate Surge Looms. Time will pass. Then they will emerge. Acting as if nothing had happened. Elsa will make coffee. Charles will put brandy from his flat silver flask in the coffee. We will all drink the coffee with the brandy in it. Ugh!

—Where shall we put the telephone books?

—Put them over there by the telephone.

Elsa and Ramona went to the $2 plant store. A man stood outside selling individual peacock feathers. Elsa and Ramona bought several hanging plants in white plastic pots. The proprietor put the plants in brown paper bags.

—Water them every other day, girls. Keep them wet.

—We will.

Elsa uttered a melancholy reflection on life: It goes faster and faster! Ramona said: It's so difficult!

Charles accepted a position with greater responsibilities in another city.

—I'll be able to get in on weekends sometimes.

—Is this a real job?

—Of course, Elsa. You don't think I'd fool you, do you?

Clad in an extremely dark gray, if not completely black, suit, he had shaved his mustache.

—This outfit doesn't let you wear them.

Ramona heard Elsa sobbing in the back bedroom. I suppose I should sympathize with her. But I don't.

2.

Ramona received the following letter from Charles:

Dear Ramona—

Thank you, Ramona, for your interesting and curious letter. It is true that I have noticed you sitting there, in the living room, when I visit Elsa. I have many times made mental notes about your appearance, which I consider in no wise inferior to that of Elsa herself. I get a pretty electric reaction to your taste in clothes, too. Those upper legs have not been lost on me. But the trouble is, when two girls are living together, one must make a choice. One can't have them both, in our society. This prohibition is enforced by you girls, chiefly, together with older ladies, who if the truth were known probably don't care but nevertheless feel that standards must be upheld, somewhere. I have Elsa, therefore I can't have you. (I know that there is a philosophical problem about "being" and "having" but I can't discuss that now because I'm a little rushed due to the pressures of my new assignment.) So that's what obtains at the moment, most excellent Ramona. That's where we stand. Of course the future may be different. It not infrequently is.

Hastily,
Charles

—What are you reading?

—Oh, it's just a letter.

—Who is it from?

—Oh, just somebody I know.

—Who?

—Oh, nobody.

—Oh.

Ramona's mother and father came to town from Montana. Ramona's thin father stood on the Porter Street sidewalk wearing a business suit and a white cowboy hat. He was watching his car. He watched from the steps of the house for a while, and then watched from the sidewalk a little, and then watched from the steps again. Ramona's mother looked in the suitcases for the present she had brought.

—Mother! You shouldn't have brought me such an expensive present!

—Oh, it wasn't all that expensive. We wanted you to have something for the new apartment.

—An original gravure by René Magritte!

—Well, it isn't very big. It's just a small one.

Whenever Ramona received a letter forwarded to her from her Montana home, the letter had been opened and the words "Oops! Opened by mistake!" written on the envelope. But she forgot that in gazing at the handsome new Magritte print, a picture of a tree with a crescent moon cut out of it.

—It's fantastically beautiful! Where shall we hang it?

—How about on the wall?

3.

At the University the two girls enrolled in the Law School.

—I hear the Law School's tough, Elsa stated, but that's what we want, a tough challenge.

—You are the only two girls ever to be admitted to our Law School, the Dean observed. Mostly, we have men. A few foreigners. Now I am going to tell you three things to keep an eye on: (1) Don't try to go too far too fast. (2) Wear plain clothes. And (3) Keep your notes clean. And if I hear the words "Yoo hoo" echoing across the quadrangle, you will be sent down instantly. We don't use those words in this school.

—I like what I already know, Ramona said under her breath.

Savoring their matriculation, the two girls wandered out to sample the joys of Pascin Street. They were closer together at this time than they had ever been. Of course, they didn't want to get too close together. They were afraid to get too close together.

Elsa met Jacques. He was deeply involved in the struggle.

—What is this struggle about, exactly, Jacques?

—My God, Elsa, your eyes! I have never seen that shade of umber in anyone's eyes before. Ever.

Jacques took Elsa to a Mexican restaurant. Elsa cut into her *cabrito con queso*.

—To think that this food was once a baby goat!

Elsa, Ramona, and Jacques looked at the dawn coming up over the hanging plants. Patterns of silver light and so forth.

—You're not afraid that Charles will bust in here unexpectedly and find us?

—Charles is in Cleveland. Besides, I'd say you were with Ramona. Elsa giggled.

Ramona burst into tears.

Elsa and Jacques tried to comfort Ramona.

—Why don't you take a 21-day excursion-fare trip to "preserves of nature"?

—If I went to a "preserve of nature," it would turn out to be nothing but a terrible fen!

Ramona thought: He will go into a room with Elsa and close the door. Time will pass. Then they will emerge, acting as if nothing had happened. Then the coffee. Ugh!

4.

Charles in Cleveland.

"Whiteness"

"Vital skepticism"

Charles advanced very rapidly in the Cleveland hierarchy. That sort of situation that develops sometimes wherein managers feel threatened by gifted subordinates and do not assign them really meaningful duties but instead shunt them aside into dead areas where their human potential is wasted did not develop in Charles' case. His devoted heart lifted him to the highest levels. It was Charles who pointed out that certain operations had been carried out more efficiently "when the cathedrals were white," and in time the entire Cleveland structure was organized around his notions: "whiteness," "vital skepticism."

Two men held Charles down on the floor and a third slipped a needle into his hip.

He awakened in a vaguely familiar room.

—Where am I? he asked the nurse-like person who appeared to answer his ring.

—Porter Street, this creature said. Mlle. Ramona will see you shortly. In the meantime, drink some of this orange juice.

Well, Charles thought to himself, I cannot but admire the guts and address of this brave girl, who wanted me so much that she engineered this whole affair—my abduction from Cleveland and removal to these beloved rooms, where once I was entertained by the beautiful Elsa. And now I must see whether my key concepts can get me out of this "fix," for "fix" it is. I shouldn't have written that letter. Perhaps if I wrote another letter? A followup?

Charles formed the letter to Ramona in his mind.

DEAR RAMONA—

Now that I am back in your house, tied down to this bed with these steel bands around my ankles, I understand that perhaps my earlier letter to you was subject to misinterpretation etc. etc.

Elsa entered the room and saw Charles tied down on the bed.

—That's against the law!

—Sit down, Elsa. Just because you are a law student you want to proclaim the rule of law everywhere. But some things don't have to do with the law. Some things have to do with the heart. The heart, which was our great emblem and cockade, when the cathedrals were white.

—I'm worried about Ramona, Elsa said. She has been missing lectures. And she has been engaging in hilarity at the expense of the law.

—Jokes?

—Gibes. And now this extra-legality. Your sequestration.

Charles and Elsa looked out of the window at the good day.

—See that blue in the sky. How wonderful. After all the gray we've had.

5.

ELSA and Ramona watched the Motorola television set in their pajamas.

—What else is on? Elsa asked.

Ramona looked in the newspaper.

—On 7 there's "Johnny Allegro" with George Raft and Nina Foch. On 9 "Johnny Angel" with George Raft and Claire Trevor. On 11 there's "Johnny Apollo" with Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour. On 13 is "Johnny Concho" with Frank Sinatra and Phyllis Kirk. On 2 is "Johnny Dark" with Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie. On 4 is "Johnny Eager" with Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. On 5 is "Johnny O'Clock" with Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes. On 31 is "Johnny Trouble" with Stuart Whitman and Ethel Barrymore.

—What's this one we're watching?

—What time is it?

—Eleven-thirty-five.

—"Johnny Guitar" with Joan Crawford and Sterling Hayden.

6.

JACQUES, Elsa, Charles, and Ramona sat in a row at the sun dance. Jacques was sitting next to Elsa and Charles was sitting next to Ramona. Of course Charles was also sitting next to Elsa but he was leaning toward Ramona mostly. It was hard to tell what his intentions were. He kept his hands in his pockets.

—How is the struggle coming, Jacques?

—Quite well, actually. Since the Declaration of Rye we have accumulated many hundreds of new members.

Elsa leaned across Charles to say something to Ramona.

—Did you water the plants?

The sun dancers were beating the ground with sheaves of wheat.

—Is that supposed to make the sun shine, or what? Ramona asked.

—Oh, I think it's just sort of to . . . honor the sun. I don't think it's supposed to make it do anything.

Elsa stood up.

—That's against the law!

—Sit down, Elsa.

Elsa became pregnant.

7.

"THIS young man, a man though only eighteen . . ."

A large wedding scene
Charles measures the church
Elsa and Jacques bombarded with flowers
Fathers and mothers riding on the city railway
The minister raises his hands
Evacuation of the sacristy: bomb threat
Black limousines with ribbons tied to their aerials
Several men on balconies who appear to be signalling, or applauding
Traffic lights
Pieces of blue cake
Champagne

8.

WELL, Ramona, I am glad we came to the city. In spite of everything.

—Yes, Elsa, it has turned out well for you. You are Mrs. Jacques Tope now. And soon there will be a little one.

—Not so soon. Not for eight months. I am sorry, though, about one thing. I hate to give up Law School.

—Don't be sorry. The Law needs knowledgeable civilians as well as practitioners. Your training will not be wasted.

—That's dear of you. Well, goodbye.

Elsa and Jacques and Charles went into the back bedroom. Ramona remained outside with the newspaper.

—Well, I suppose I might as well put the coffee on, she said to herself. Rats!

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

FEBRUARY

Dawn that cares for nobody
comes home
to the glass cliffs
an expression
needing no face
the river flies under cold feathers
flies on
leaving its body
the black streets bare their veins
night
lives on in the uniforms
in the silence of the headlines
in the promises of triumph
in the colors of the flags
in a room of the heart
while the ends and the beginnings
are still guarded
by lines of doors
hand in hand
the dead guarding the invisible
each presenting its message
I know nothing
learn of me

—W. S. MERWIN

EDDYCHAN

SOME time ago, we had a considerable outcry in England over a book of memoirs by a Japanese officer. He wrote of the regiment in which he served during the Second World War as the Glorious Regiment, and he claimed a splendid record of chivalry for his brother officers—and, indirectly, for himself—in their treatment of European prisoners of war. In particular, these were the men who had to work on the Burma-Siam Railway, and, according to the author, the Japanese officers were so tender of their captives' health that they cut their own rations so that the laborers might not go hungry. To put it as politely as possible, the British survivors of the episode do not agree with this account.

An enraged Briton does not paw the ground, he writes to the papers, and for a good while the correspondence columns of the daily press were pretty crowded. And the whole incident started me thinking once again—about memory, hatred, and the hangovers of wars generally. During the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong in the forties, while I was there, I suppose I did as much hating as anybody in town, yet today I can't work up even a lukewarm passion against the former objects of that feeling. Often, I can't recall what they did that was so awful. Apparently, whether I like it or not, I have a selective memory, and it's not only selective, it arranges. Like a tactful hostess seating a dinner party—or a Japanese Army officer writing his memoirs—it keeps hostile items well separated. Only once have I succeeded in bringing a kind of unity and reason into play along with my arranging memory, forcing myself to see a subject whole, and I am sure I'm all the better for the exercise. By a coincidence, that subject is Japan.

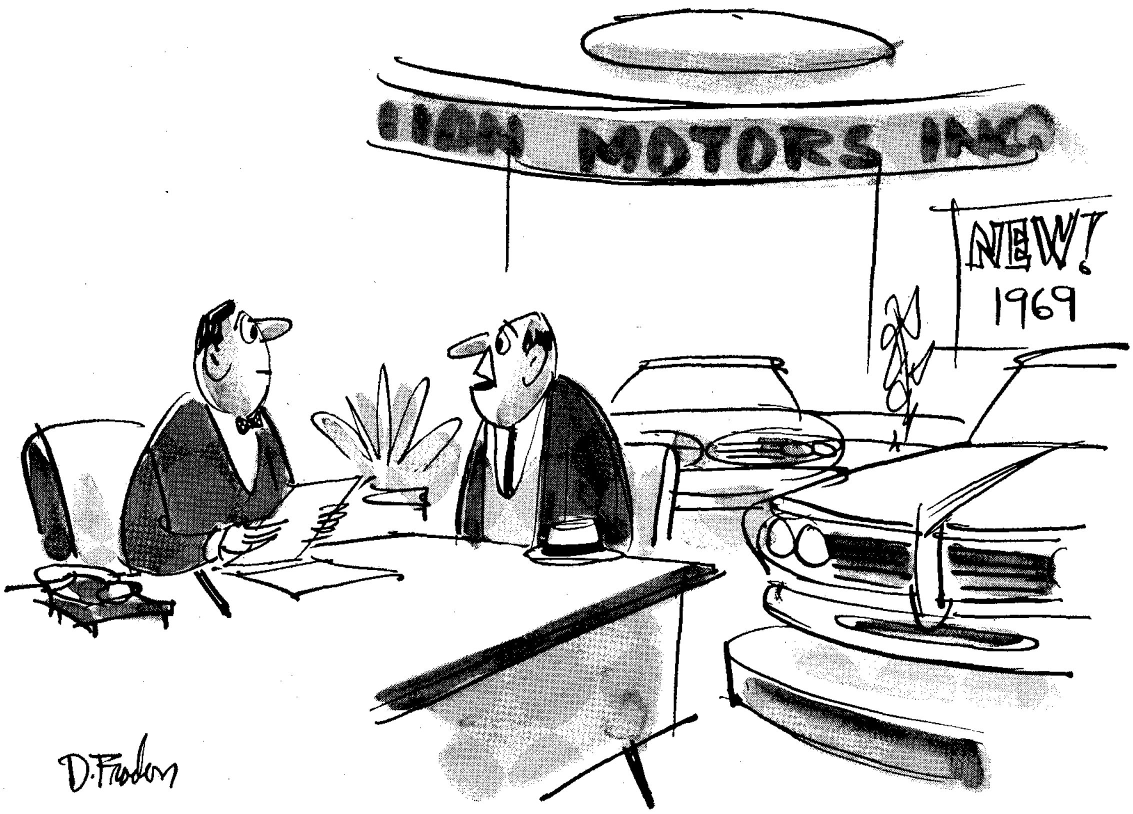
JUST after New Year's Day, 1935, my sister Helen and I sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama on a Japanese ship, en route to China. I am puzzled to account for the fact that we travelled first class. It wasn't my customary style. Possibly I had insisted that Helen, on this her first trip abroad, was too effete to face discomfort—I was like that—but it is more reasonable to suppose that the Something Maru was a one-class ship. Whatever the reason, it was fortunate that we weren't tucked away in tourist or steerage, because there we wouldn't have met Eddychan. As it was, we noticed him almost right away, when the ship was scarcely out of the Golden Gate. We were in an excited state, staring at everybody and everything, thrilled by the exotic look of the public rooms, by the puzzling little cubicle where the floor was raised about eight inches from the surrounding deck and carpeted with matting—a place, as we were to discover, for Japanese to sit on their legs and relax in homelike conditions—and by the preponderantly Japanese passengers. The man we later learned to call Eddychan stood out like the Rock of Gibraltar as he paced around the deck; he was obviously American—white-haired, Western-suited, pince-nezed—but he was always among Japanese companions in kimonos. The man he walked beside was a sturdy, scowling type in sandals and gunmetal silk tied in by a sort of sash with an ivory carving hanging on it. We thought him very attractive. Three other Japanese followed the pair, speaking if spoken to. The American spoke fluent Japanese—an accomplishment that appeared to us, with our Middle West background, far more impressive than a similar fluency in French or German. We wanted very much to know more about the group, and were delighted when the American finally came around the deck alone and paused to talk to us.

One of us asked, "Who is that old man in the wonderful clothes? Are you his interpreter?"

"You might call me that," he said gravely. In fact, as we soon found out, he was being modest. He was an important businessman travelling as one of a delegation of industrialists who had just completed a world tour and were now on their way home. He spoke Japanese because he'd been born in Japan, the son of a missionary, and was completely accustomed to the country. His friends, he said, called him Eddychan, a Japanese diminutive of Edward, his Christian name. As for the old man in the wonderful clothes, his name was Mr. Kuroda, and he was head of a leading textile works. His costume was one that any conservative Japanese gentleman might wear. "Kuroda-san doesn't believe in Westernization," Eddychan said. "He's not anti-Western, but he's satisfied to stay the way he is. He's a wonderful old man, full of life. You'll like him, and he'll like you. It's been great fun travelling with him—it's been a good trip altogether. I was able to look up a lot of old friends and a few relatives in the States." He smiled. "Still, it's going to be good to get home."

We asked a lot of

"Then he told me I had a police mentality. That's an insult. Right?"


MOTORS INC.
NEW!
1969
D. Fradon

"Before I sign anything, do you cross your heart and hope to die you will honor the one-year warranty?"

• •

questions about Japan. We knew very little about it, beyond the nursery stories we'd read as children and a collection of prints owned by Helen's husband. Eddychan set to work to make up for the gap in our education. As earnest as his father must have been with Sunday-school pupils, he gave us our first lecture on Japanese philosophy, and assured us that there would be more. Later, we were introduced to Kuroda-san, and from that moment on we were members of the party. We played ping-pong with the followers, or bathed with them in the pool, and every afternoon, at three o'clock, we had a Japanese lesson with Eddychan in the little *tatami* room (which, we now learned, was what the cubicle was called), trying to sit on our unshod heels as we repeated phrases after him: "This is ours. Those are yours. What is this? That is a lady. Thank you very much." American passengers glanced curiously into the room as they walked by, and looked amused. In the evening, we would meet the others for drinks in Kuroda-san's private suite. The old man tried to converse with us, chuckling richly when communication broke down. It all seemed to please Eddychan. One night, we attempted to entertain the company by singing in harmony, but stopped short at sight of Kuroda-san's expression of distaste. "He isn't used to chords," Eddychan explained. "Japanese music is always simple, with one melody and no harmony." Rallying, Kuroda-san sang a Japanese drinking song to show us what music ought to be, and spent the next hour teaching it to us.

That night, in our cabin, Helen said, "I can't believe that stuff we heard in Honolulu. If you ask me, it's applesauce."

I rubbed my aching ankles—it was a *sukiyaki* night when everyone had sat on his heels, on deck—and wondered what she meant. Honolulu? Like many incidents in our pre-ship life, it was already dim. "What did they say?" I asked.

"Oh, a lot of stuff about spying, and how we'd have to be careful of the Japanese. You must remember."

"Oh, yes, that. I don't believe it," I said. I unfolded the blanket at the foot of my berth and carefully pulled it up to a point just over the breastbone. Pulling it higher left the feet exposed. Everything about the cabin was just a bit too small, too low, or too scanty, and gave me a generally oversized feeling that I liked. At home, nobody considered me a big person. "It can't be true," I continued. "If they really hated us so much, would they advertise for tourists the way they do? All those posters about cherry-blossom time, and Fujiyama—it must cost millions of dollars."

Helen said, "I'm going to ask Eddychan. He'll know."

Eddychan did know, and told us all about it. Now and then there was a tiny unpleasantness, he admitted, in some Japanese official's treatment of a Westerner. It was because a few of them, a very few, were extreme in their dislike of the West, but we shouldn't give it a thought. We would not have a bit of trouble, he assured us. The Japanese character was basically sound and opposed to violence. Japanese had a deep appreciation of beauty, and above all things they admired moderation. It was an aesthetic question, really. Before we knew it, we were listening to an Eddychan lecture on something far removed from the little vexations of officious customs inspectors—Japanese frugality. "They hate anything that seems to be showing off," he said. "They carry this idea to great lengths. A Japanese is so averse to making himself conspicuous that he wears the dullest possible colors and tries to look as if he'd dressed carelessly. A rich man may buy himself an expensive watch, but he'll have the works transferred to an old case, just to avoid ostentation."

This was hard to believe, but we tried. After he had gone, we spoke to each other of Eddychan's devotion to his adopted country. He was a wonderful character, we agreed—learned, kindly, and idealistic, even if somewhat preachy. I said that he ought to live in a monastery.

HELEN and I were standing on deck the day before we were to land at Yokohama, watching the brisk business going on in the ship's shop, where passengers were investing heavily in perfume and stockings, when Kuroda-san came along and joined us. He, too, peered in, then turned to us and gestured toward the interior. Following the gesture with our eyes, we saw Eddychan among the shoppers, buying what looked very much like a lipstick. "Hah!" said Kuroda-san, and we could tell from the congested look of his face that he was about to speak English. He went on, in a heavily insinuating voice, "Eddychan, she have friend. Kamakura friend. Big girl, big!" To illustrate, he made an imaginary mark high up on an imaginary wall. Then he walked off, leaving us silent. Finally, Helen said loyally, 'I'm *glad* he has a girl."

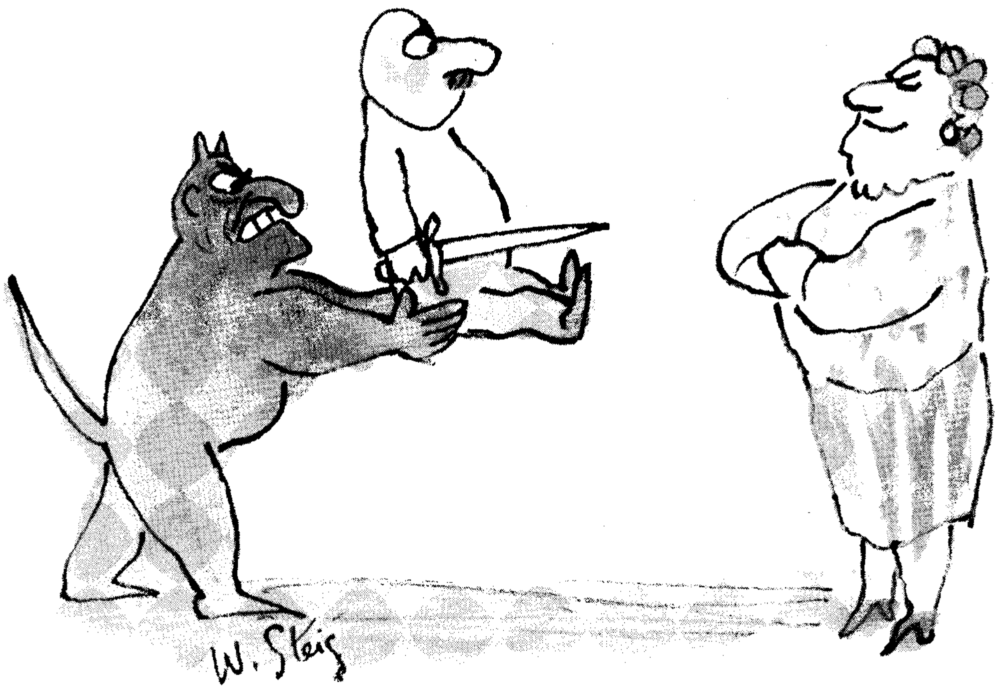
Of the landing I remember only a few details, such as the deputation that greeted Kuroda-san. Among a lot of smiling little men who bowed and bowed stood a little woman in brown. Tears rolled down from behind her spectacles. From the fact that Kuroda-san spoke to her only briefly and then ignored her, we knew she was his wife. Eddychan had told us quite a lot about domestic habits in Japan, and had recited to us what he said was an old proverb: "The Japanese gentleman beats his wife in public but kisses her behind the screen." Conscientiously, but without notable success, I was standing there trying to appreciate this point of view when another Japanese woman appeared and hurried up to Eddychan, beaming. I was glad to see that, for once, he didn't behave like a Japanese gentleman—he nearly kissed her, though that would have been shocking—and then he introduced her to us as Kazuko. As Kuroda-san had said, Kazuko was taller than the average. She wore a hat and a Western-style navy two-piece suit.

I had warned Helen that we would have to shake hands with our shipboard companions and say goodbye as soon as we landed. "Friendships you make on board never last afterward," I said out of my wealth of experience—but this time I was wrong, for Eddychan had no intention of letting us go. With Kazuko, he chaperoned us into Tokyo and saw us settled at the Imperial Hotel—or, as Kazuko called it, the Teigoku Hoteru—and, as I remember, we spent practically all our time in Japan with them. I have an idea they persuaded us to stay a good deal longer than we'd planned, too. Certainly we saw many things—the holiday resort of Enoshima; Atami, with its hot baths; and various mountaintop vistas—but my most vivid recollection is of their house. Yes, their house. Helen and I were startled to find that Eddychan and Kazuko seemed to be living together like a regularly married couple, openly and without apparent shame. In the course of time, we gathered that they couldn't be married because Eddychan had a wife back in America who was estranged from him but didn't want a divorce. The Japanese, including Kazuko's relatives, seemed to take the arrangement for granted, so Helen and I did, too. The house stood on a small hill above the beach at a fishing village, Jijima, not far from Kamakura. We stayed there only one night; there wasn't much room. We had reservations at an inn in Kamakura, where we moved next day, but I remember the house best.

There Helen and I dressed up in Kazuko's kimonos, though she refused to go along with us and put one on, saying that she was too tall to wear it. Eddychan translated her explanation that she'd always been a problem to her family because she took up so much room. She was sensitive about it, especially as they evidently blamed her height on the fact that she took kindly to Western culture and sat on chairs, thus stretching her legs. Yet there were no chairs in Eddychan's house. It was all empty and clear, with nothing to break the smoothness of walls and floor but one alcove, where a scroll hung above a vase of catkin twigs. Kazuko opened a hidden cupboard door along the bottom of a wall to bring out a short-legged table and some drinks, while Eddychan showed us how carefully the house had been put together—with pegs, not nails, and with one special post of fine-grained wood. A large round window looked out to the sea over a hanging garden. Back of this big room, hidden away, were the kitchen and a Japanese bathroom with a tank of water over a fire. We boiled ourselves in that, and then ate seafood with chopsticks. People came in to be introduced: the servant—a little maid—and, later, a number of Kazuko's relatives, ranging from very young to ancient, who lived in a house nearby.

At bedtime, Kazuko and the maid turned the long room into two by pulling a screen across the middle. They brought out bedding from the cupboards and made up our bed, with large cushions for mattresses and fluffy quilts on top. We slept to the roaring, surging sound of waves below, but next morning, under a sky colored like a pigeon's neck, the sea was calm and reflected the sunrise. From the window, Helen and I watched people bathing naked in the shallows. Then we thought we had gone crazy. A man in armor rode by on a white horse, cantering heavily and silently on the sand. "Eddychan!" we shouted, and Eddychan ran in, wearing a short kimono kind of garment. He soothed us, laughing. Yes, we had really seen it, he said—the rider was an eccentric neighbor who paraded in his father's samurai clothing every morning. None of the local people paid him any attention.

One can understand why I should remember the samurai, but it is more puzzling that other details should have survived in my mind through the years, though they have no apparent meaning. Why shouldn't I have forgotten about my toothbrush? There is nothing to remember about it except that I found it neatly lined up with the toothpaste tube, side by side, at the head of my bed at the very minute I needed them. I hadn't put them there myself. In the same way, I've hung on to Eddychan's story about the fact that Japanese reading styles—or, rather, printing styles—were changing. "You never know whether to go the old way, from right to left, or the new way, from left to right," he complained. "For a long

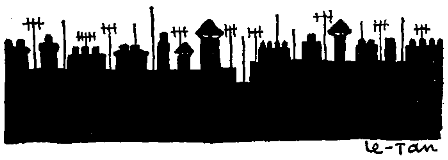


time, I was puzzled by a certain sign I saw on my way into Tokyo every morning. It said 'Chiri dogu,' which meant nothing in either language, Japanese or English. Chilly dog? I'd heard of hot dogs, but not chilly. Then all of a sudden I caught on that I was reading *it backward. It was* 'Goodrich.' "

FROM Kamakura, we returned to the Teigoku—six strong this time, because Kazuko's small niece and nephew accompanied us. The room we took was communal—a long chamber, much plainer than the one Helen and I had occupied earlier, filled with iron cots. All of us, Eddychan included, slept there. Evidently, the hotel kept rooms like this for Japanese families. It was much cheaper than several smaller rooms would have been. The next morning, we all took the train from Tokyo into the countryside, where a group of student friends of Kazuko's met us and took us on foot to a temple. They had brought bags of mandarin oranges to share with us. Kazuko ate a lot of oranges, telling us that in the season when they were plentiful she always ate so many that her skin turned bright yellow. But at the end of our outing she was taken ill, not from eating oranges but with tonsillitis, and the doctor she went to sent her to stay for a few days in a Tokyo hospital.

Just at this time, there were great preparations all over town. Decorations appeared everywhere, and the streets were full of men in uniform. Helen and I learned that there was to be a grand procession in which the Emperor would participate. Along the parade route, all upstairs window shades were pulled down, by order, so that nobody might commit the offense of looking down on His Majesty. People were pretty edgy about everything, and Eddychan suggested delicately that we make no attempt to watch the procession, so we didn't. Instead, we stayed indoors all morning, and in the afternoon went to visit Kazuko in her hospital. She lay in a Western bed, with legs, but it was set up in a Japanese room carpeted with matting. She said she was feeling much better. Without Eddychan, conversation was necessarily limited, but we'd learned a little Japanese by that time, and we managed. After a while, another visitor arrived, an Army officer splendid with gold braid and a sword at his side. Being in his socks, he was somewhat shorter than he would have been out-of-doors, so that the sword trailed behind him. I think Kazuko said that he was a student doing his military service, but I'm not sure. He had brought her a present of a large sketch pad and some paints, and after a while he unbuckled his sword, squatted down on the floor, and painted a picture of a cherry-blossom spray.

IN Shanghai, Helen and I didn't talk much about Japan, and this was to be expected. The mind of a traveller has only one spotlight, and it is always trained on the present scene. Only later, in tranquillity, can he sort out what he remembers, and life in Shanghai, though it was many things, was not tranquil. Of course, even in all the racket and crash of that city, we wrote sometimes to Eddychan, but between letters we were too busy to think of Jijima. Eddychan knew this, and must have told Kuroda-san. The old man, too, wrote us a letter, translated in advance by his office interpreter: "To think that you are living in China and your heart is no longer Japanese—be-



WALKING WITH LULU IN THE WOOD

The wood is a good place to find
the other road down to that hollow
which rocks a little with the same
motion as my soul. Come on, Lulu,
follow me and be careful of the rain
washed leaves. But you were always gentle.
Now that you're dead you can come more silently.
I'll be quiet, too, and we won't disturb
the raccoons or any of the other animals.
I want to talk with the god here, Lulu.
This is a grove where he must be hiding,
and here is a pool for a small water god
to swim in. Let's talk with the god, Lulu.

The sun makes a great splash and you
are the one who is hiding in the tall grass
just the way you used to. Lulu,
you are the color of sand in a certain light,
like the shadow of light. The sun
is embracing me; the shadow also
means death. It is the god's word
in the language he speaks. He says
you are small again, that you have chosen it.
He says your reflection will be in the pool
forever, a blue resemblance, a startled joy.
He says this is your world now, this night
of tall trees, this cave of silences.
He says he loves you, too; he watches you sleep.

Is the grove real? Is this your heaven, Lulu,
that you have let me enter? This glade,
the winter ivories?—the season you missed
by dying in the fall. Are these your jewelled
stones, your curled-up animals, your grass?
And your god, the secret splash in the water
that you always seemed to be listening for?
Is it the god's way—the mouth in the wood,
the opening to paradise?

God of animals and children, separations, loss.
Goodbye. Goodbye, sweet girl, again.
The days pass like oranges tossed
from hand to hand. Then one will drop
and it will be my turn. Wait for me here.
I hope to be fortunate, to come back and share
this winter wood with you, the dark hollow,
the snow-dusted face of the god.

—NAOMI LAZARD

• •

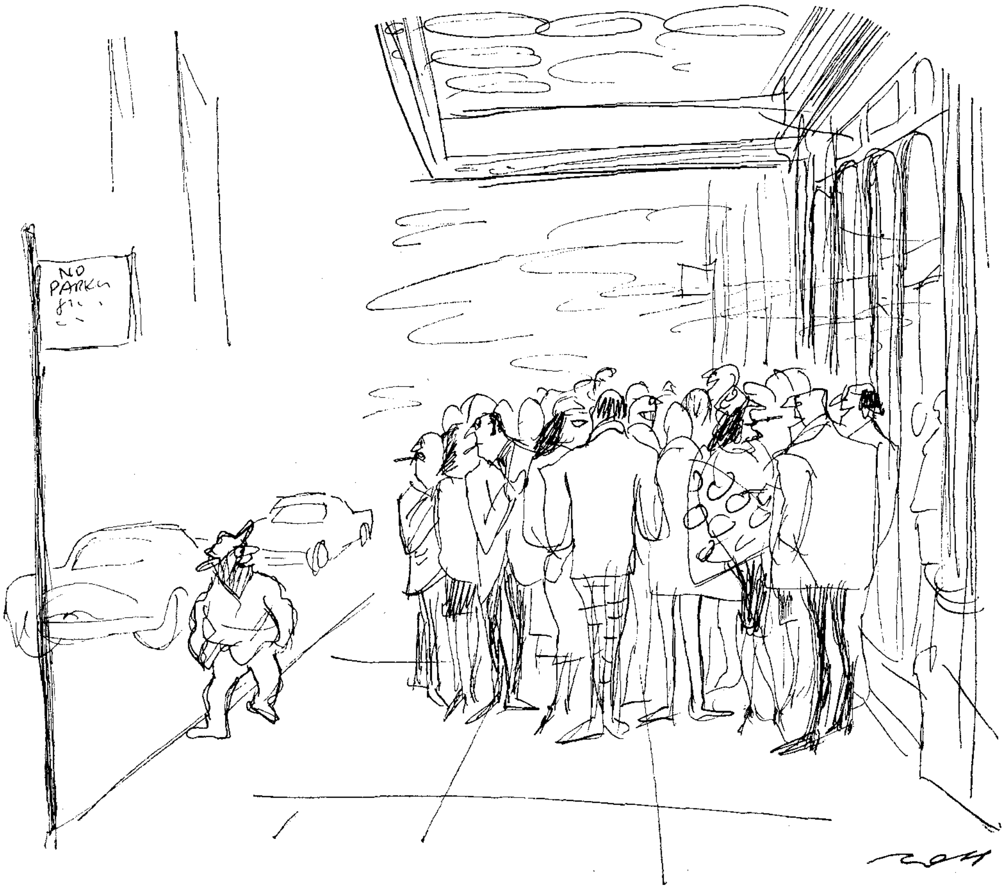
hold me sunk in deepest desolation!"

When Helen began her packing to go home and we sorted out the things we had bought—pictures and carvings and lacquer—we came upon a kimono we had selected, with the help of Eddychan and Kazuko, in a big shop on the Ginza. That day, we'd been crazy about its colors—tender blues and greens that glowed like the flames of burning driftwood—but now the pattern looked strangely insignificant. Now the blues and greens were just colors. The glow was gone.

"Why, it's faded," I said.

Helen said, "It's the light. I've noticed when I'm painting how different things look here. Over there, we saw everything in a misty light. Here, it's all much more harsh. There are things you can't take with you." She folded the garment and put it away.

In the same manner, I folded up Japan, and did a thorough job of putting it away. There seemed nothing else to do, with history developing as it did. The Japanese I read about in the Shanghai papers, careering around North China, grabbing one privilege after another, sending peremptory threats to Nanking, were so far removed from the Japanese I knew that I began thinking of their country as a place I'd never seen. My Japan was an entirely different land, a land where one saw soft, nacreous colors at sunrise and everyone was devoted to philosophy. As the years passed and those other Japanese moved in on Chinese territory, robbing and sacking the cities, the illusion of this duality grew easier to maintain. The small, hairy men in uniform and split-toe rubber boots who overran the Chinese city of Shanghai bore no relation to the people who had fished and bathed in the waters below Jijima and took their children to play at Enoshima. It was simpler not to think at all about Eddychan and Kazuko, especially after Pearl Harbor.



"How about it, folks? Getting your eleven dollars and ninety cents' worth?"

• •

EARLY in the fifties, I went to the East again and spent some time in Taiwan. The records say that the Taiwanese derive from Chinese stock. Perhaps by now they have remembered this fact and behave accordingly, but when I was there they were still very resentful of Chiang and his followers, who had recently taken refuge on their island after fleeing across the Formosa Strait. The Taiwanese clung like barnacles to the Japanese customs with which they had grown up. It was puzzling to see those tall islanders slopping about in sandals and kimonos, and doubling up to sit on the matting-covered floors of their tiny houses. They were like a big dog I once had who would never believe he wasn't a Pekinese. At any rate, the people of Taiwan naturally reminded me of Japan. Japan was close, up to the north, beyond Okinawa. I felt its nearness as a sort of challenge. The feeling grew stronger and stronger, until, finally, I boarded a plane and flew to Tokyo.

It was a stupid thing to have done, I reflected a few hours later in my room at the Imperial Hotel. I was out of temper. Nothing was the same—I had seen that much from the window of the bus during the long, cluttered drive from the airport. This wasn't a return to the past but a meaningless venture into a strange city. Prewar streets had been obliterated and replaced by roads that led in new directions, so that I was lost before I started anywhere, and Tokyo was enormous beyond my power to have imagined it—a great, haphazard collection of buildings without a nucleus. Although the outside of the hotel still looked as I remembered it, like the base of a dark-red pyramid, inside all had been changed—at least, as far as I could see through the crowd of tourists struggling to make their way through the lobby. I asked myself what in the world I was doing there. I would have been tired and depressed in any case, because I'd come by night flight and it was the middle of the morning. As things were, there seemed nothing to do about the debacle but book a passage out as soon as possible. However, after a bath, I reminded myself that I knew people in the city—not friends of the old days but acquaintances from Hong Kong—and I thought I might as well telephone some of them and fill the time. One of them, an Englishman, asked me to join him at lunch. "That is, if you don't mind meeting a couple of other people," he said. "They're Japanese business contacts, and I can't very well cancel them out."

Five minutes after we sat down to eat, the man on my right asked me if I'd looked up Eddychan as yet.

I squealed and dropped my spoon in the soup. "Do you mean he's still alive? I never thought—"

My neighbor, smiling broadly, assured me that Eddychan was still alive, still living at Jijima and working in Tokyo. "I spoke because I remembered meeting you once with him. You were with another lady—your sister, I believe? Oh, Eddychan will be delighted to hear that you are in Tokyo. I had better telephone the news to his office. Excuse me." He hurried from the table to make the call.

When I got back to the hotel after lunch, Eddychan was there.

EVERYONE knows what it is to see a friend after long absence. There is a moment of non-recognition, like that experienced when you catch sight of yourself in a triple mirror at an unaccustomed angle. Then it is gone and you are once again looking at a familiar face. For that moment, Eddychan was a strange, shrunken old man with bitter wrinkles around his mouth, but the old man vanished in the next moment, and I never saw him again. This was Eddychan hugging me and smiling with joy. I was in Japan again, and everything was all right.

"Of course you're coming out to Jijima with me, right now," he said. "Hurry up. Pack a bag."

Without waiting for my answer, he telephoned Kazuko. I heard her exclamation when he told her I was there. Eddychan hung up and said, "She wasn't sure she wanted you to come, but I talked her into it." I suppose I must have looked distressed, for he laughed. "She had to ask what you look like first. Specifically, she wanted to know if you're any fatter than you used to be."

"Oh, yes, I —"

"That's what I told her," said Eddychan, "and she said, 'In that case, hurry up and bring her.' Kazuko's awfully worried because she's put on weight. I really think she'd have refused to welcome you if you'd been slim." He beamed, delighted, as always, with women's foibles.

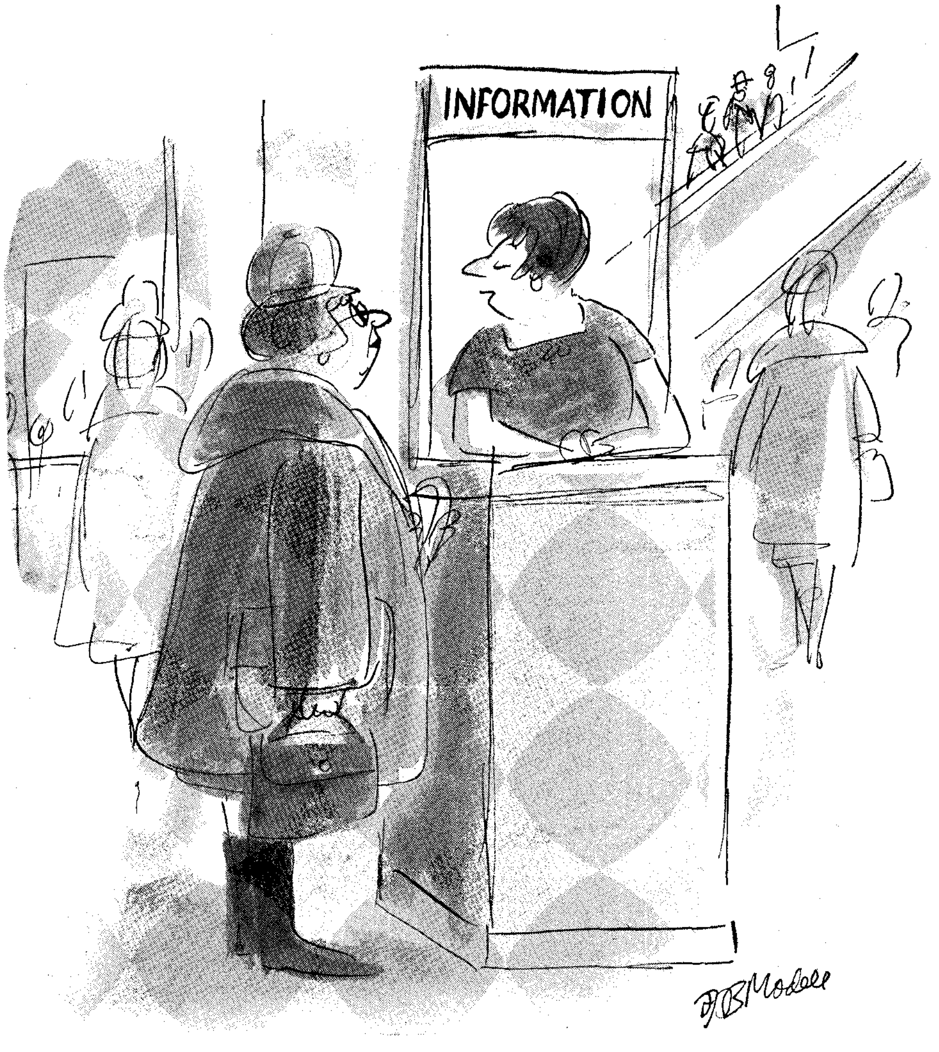
I said, rather resentfully, "Then how can she bear having *you* around? You're so thin I hardly recognized you. What's happened to you?"

Eddychan stopped laughing and said, "I'll tell you all about it when we get home."

I didn't know Kazuko, either, for just a minute, when she came running in clogs along the Jijima street to meet us. She hadn't aged—at least, not to my Western eyes—but she was indeed heavier, and she was wearing Japanese dress besides. But she was Kazuko, and the house, when we got there, was the same house. Contentedly, I wandered around it, pausing at the window, saying, "Just the same, just the same."

"Alas, not quite the same," Eddychan answered. He was getting the little table out of the wall, and the glasses and a bottle. "If you look really closely, you'll find it is all pretty shabby, I'm afraid. Poor old place, it's badly run down. The wood ought to be renewed every so often, and we haven't had it done. I'm afraid the roof may blow off in the next bad storm. It's almost impossible to get work done these days, you see. The real workmen don't exist anymore. Kazuko's got one devoted helper who tries, but it's not the same. He's just the village idiot, and you need a real artist for a house."

He seemed about to embark on one of his old lectures about the Japanese sense of beauty, but instead he broke off to talk to Kazuko about dinner. There were no servants, he explained; Kazuko did the cooking. I refrained from asking about the relatives and their children, thinking that they must have died or gone away.



"Complaints? Sixth floor—for all the good it'll do you."

IT wasn't until we had eaten and put the bowls away that Eddychan talked about the years between. I started it with a question.

"Oh, yes, I saw it coming," he replied. "One couldn't help but know it was in the cards. What I didn't foresee—and nobody else did, either—was the way the military-slanted group would behave once they'd got what they wanted and we were at war. For a while, after Pearl Harbor, things went on quite calmly—surprisingly calmly. We lived much as we'd always done, though, of course, we didn't go into Tokyo. Then, little by little, things happened. Young people disappeared into the services or prison, banks shut—I don't remember all of it. I'd always intended to make arrangements about money—transfer funds to America for safety—before a crash came, but I didn't. At the beginning, I expected to be interned, and when I wasn't we began to think they'd decided to overlook me. I'd been here all my life, and I knew so many people. I'd even thought seriously of taking Japanese nationality at one time, but decided against it because I had commitments in the States. Sometimes I've wondered if it would have made any difference if I'd done that, but I don't think it would. They had the bit in their teeth." He poured drinks. "Kazuko, here, was full of plans. She'd get a job even if I couldn't, and keep us both going." He looked fondly at her. "Then, one day, they came to the door and told me to come along. I was put into a camp in Tokyo for a while, and then sent to another place way up in the mountains—you don't know the district. It was pretty rough."

"What about Kazuko?" I asked. Kazuko looked brightly at me, and back at Eddychan. She was listening closely, understanding most of it.

"She nearly went crazy," said Eddychan. "She couldn't find out where I was. It took her two weeks before she tracked me down."

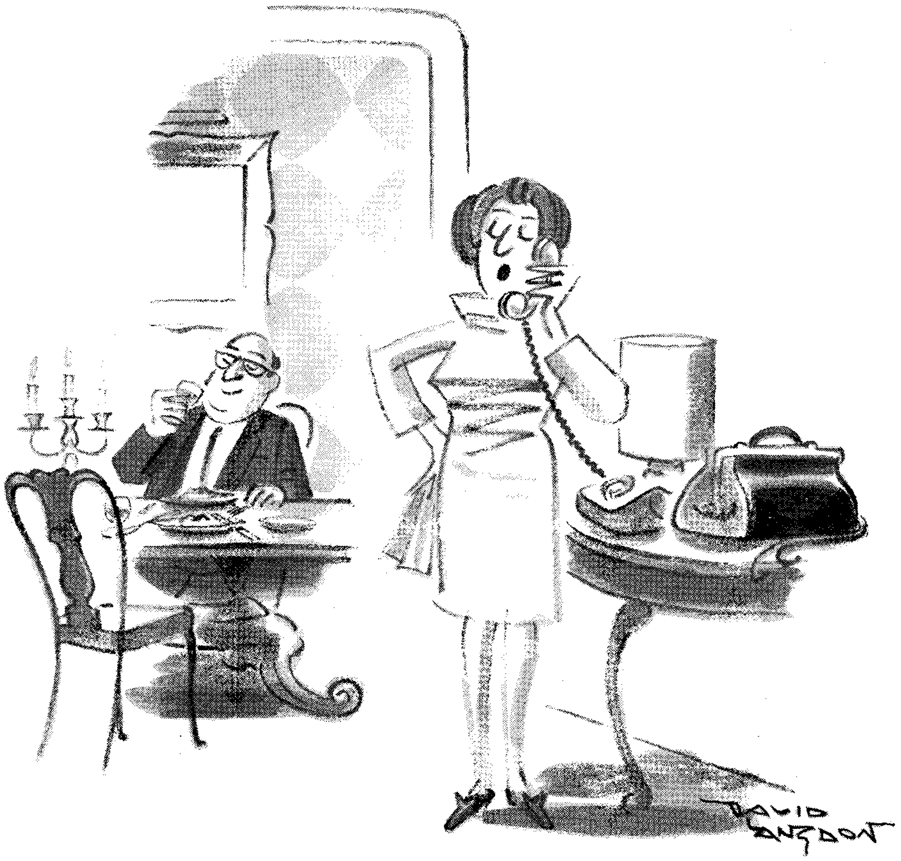
Kazuko said something to him, and he shook his head, but after a little argument he said, "She wants me to go into details about how they treated us, but what's the use? We were set to digging for a new road. Then I got sick, but they wouldn't let me off. They were pretty brutal."

It was dark now, and the only highlights in the room were our glasses. In the dusk, I saw Eddychan reach out to a place on the mat without looking. His fingers closed on his pipe exactly where Kazuko had put it, where he knew it would be, and I remembered my toothbrush.

"This girl," said Eddychan, and shook his head a little. "She dropped everything. Left her family and came up to the mountains to be nearby. She got herself a job, and every day, after work, she walked to the camp. It was several miles each way from the town. She brought extra food and comforts—everything she could get—and tried to bully the guards into passing them in to me. Sometimes they did, but sometimes they beat her up and drove her away."

Kazuko said something again, and he added, "Oh, yes. When it was all over and I got out, I was considerably reduced in importance. I weighed eighty-four pounds. We had a good laugh the first time I put on the clothes she'd saved for me all that time."

IT was several years after that evening that I got a letter from Helen asking me for news of Eddychan and Kazuko. She'd been corresponding with them ever since my visit, but then, she said, Eddychan had stopped writing and she had heard a rumor that he was dead. She wanted me to find out what I could, so I wrote to the man at whose luncheon party I had met Eddychan's friend. He answered, "Sorry to give you such bad news of your friends, but I've just had the report from my people here that he and his girl friend are dead, done in by one of the locals. Apparently, the murderer was the village idiot. They'd befriended him, and he had the run of the house, doing repairs and odd jobs. He must have had a brainstorm. At any rate, he stabbed them both to death."



"This is your doctor's answering service. Speak clearly, as your message is being recorded. . . . This is your doctor's answering service. . . ."

• •

NOT long ago, I had occasion to revisit Japan. This time, there were no moods, no nostalgia. I had a good, practical reason for being there, errands to run, people to see. I wouldn't have had time to look up old friends even if there had been any. One morning, I started for a luncheon appointment a long way out of Tokyo, down the peninsula past Yokohama, by car. There were two Japanese with me, besides the driver. Countryside motoring in Japan is no longer the ordeal it used to be, for splendid new roads were built for the Olympics. Our chauffeur was a steady character, not addicted to sounding his horn in the old, tempestuous way. In short, there was nothing to remind me of prewar days, and I didn't give them a thought until, unexpectedly, something rose up ahead of us—mountain and island in one, close to the shore. Its sides were circled by paths and staircases. Houses and shops balanced on the slopes. Up and down the stairs and along the paths went people, the children carrying pails and spades and other seaside gear. It was decidedly a holiday scene, and I recognized it.

"Enoshima!" I cried.

My companions assented, pleased by my excitement. "Have you been to Japan before?"

I said that I had. "It was long ago," I went on. "I was staying with friends, and they brought me to see Enoshima. They had a lovely house at Jijima."

"Where did you say?" asked the other man.

"Jijima," I repeated.

They looked blank. I wrote the name in a notebook I was carrying and showed it to them. "It's that fishing village, you know, on the bay quite near Kamakura," I said. "You can see Fuji from the front window, most days."

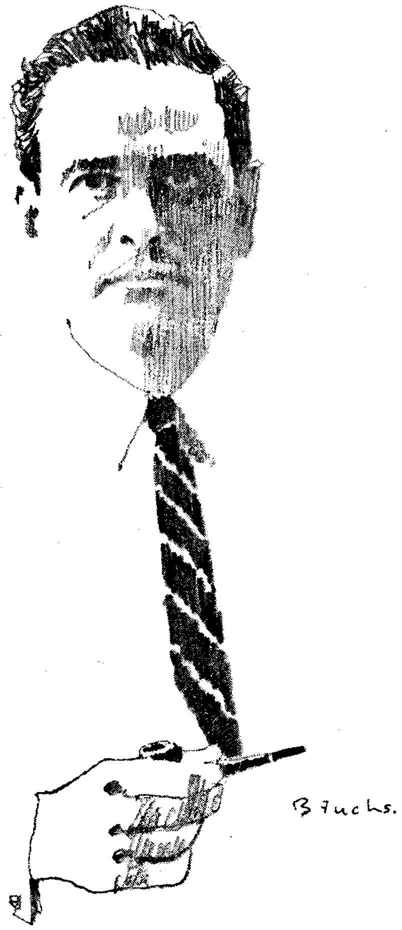
"Jijima." They said it over to each other softly, in perplexed tones. The first man turned to me. "There's been much building in this part of Japan. Boundaries, villages—many of them disappear. Still, perhaps—" He leaned forward and asked the driver, but the driver didn't know about Jijima, either. None of them had ever heard of it.

And I suppose that may be what I mean about seeing a subject whole. In the end, there are death, disappearance—and completion.

—EMILY HAHN

PROFILES

VIEWER FROM THE 14TH FLOOR



SINCE Arthur Ochs Sulzberger became president and publisher of the New York *Times* in June, 1963, this proud, pontifical, externally complacent, internally agitated, tasteful, generally urbane but sometimes editorially outspoken, changing, authoritative, conscientious, generally clearly written but sometimes circuitous, technically resourceful, mechanically unrivalled, generally well printed but sometimes hopelessly blurred, Sabbatically cumbersome (on October 17, 1965, the nine hundred and forty-six pages of the Sunday edition weighed seven pounds fourteen ounces—a record, but not by much), essentially fair-minded, uniquely esteemed, nationally read, widely quoted, hundred-and-seventeen-year-old paper's average weekday circulation has risen from seven hundred thousand to nearly a million, its annual advertising linage has grown from forty-nine million to eighty-five million, its company's net income has increased from $1,069,000 to $11,290,000, and the price of its common stock (allowing for two five-for-one splits and one four-for-one split) has jumped from three dollars and a quarter a share to fifty dollars, as of last week. The man who has presided over this sensational multiple soar (made possible, in large measure, by the death of the *Herald Tribune* in 1966 and the discontinuance of the *World Journal Tribune* in 1967, and rendered a little more volatile by the circumstance that the soar started during a bad strike year for the newspaper industry) is a medium-tall, well-built, intense, impetuous, candid, modest, unaffected, naturally friendly, non-intellectual, black-haired, brown-eyed, good-looking, boyish-looking individual of forty-two who likes to be called Punch. The youngest of four children, he owes his nickname to the fact that his next-older sister, Judith Peixotto Sulzberger (now Mrs. Richard N. Cohen), is nicknamed Judy. To celebrate his arrival, two years after hers, their father, Arthur Hays Sulzberger (the Sulzbergers, descendants of a Bavarian Palatinate family who came to this country in 1848, are also descended from earlier Dutch and Spanish Sephardic settlers named Hays and Peixotto), composed and drew sketches for a holograph book in which, in Gothic lettering, he wrote that his son had "come to play the Punch to Judy's endless show." The nickname has stuck. The "Handbook for Times Employes" (the *Times* stylebook, although claiming to follow Webster, favors this spelling, as Webster does not, perhaps to save printing costs), which is distributed to all members of the staff, contains a warm-welcome-to-newcomers foreword signed "Arthur Ochs Sulzberger," but the publisher signs his interoffice memorandums and most of his correspondence "Punch," and he is greeted as Punch, and is referred to as Punch, by nearly all his friends and acquaintances except his wife, who steadfastly calls him Arthur. He has worked on the *Times* since 1954, and some of its six thousand employees, or employes, have become accustomed to thinking of him as Mr. Sulzberger since he became their leader, but they have had to make an effort. The secretaries of such *Times* higher-ups as Turner Catledge, a vice-president and director who used to be executive editor, and Clifton Daniel, the managing editor, refer to their immediate employers as Mr. Catledge and Mr. Daniel, but they refer to the publisher as Punch. "My brother's secretary, Nancy Finn, calls him Punch," Sulzberger's oldest sister, Mrs. Andrew Heiskell, a *Times* director and director of its Special Activities, has said, "but she calls me Mrs. Heiskell."

Young Mr. Sulzberger's style is as informal as his nickname. His mother, the former Iphigene Ochs—the only child of Adolph S. Ochs, who borrowed seventy-five thousand dollars to buy control of the *Times* at a public bankruptcy sale in 1896—owns a life interest in an Ochs trust that includes 4,383,000 shares of the paper's common stock, currently worth close to two hundred and twenty million dollars. Although her son, who draws an annual stipend of a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars (the individual summit, although not by much, of a corporate payroll of seventy million dollars), stands to inherit a quarter of this, he buys his suits off the rack at Paul Stuart (Mr. Ochs was tailored by M. Rock); strolls around the stately, high-ceilinged, muted chambers of the *Times'* block-long executive floor (the fourteenth) in his shirtsleeves; smokes Edgeworth tobacco in his pipes; and, by way of a working snack, dips into a jar of Home Made Cornish Butter-mints that he keeps in his office. There he also maintains a beat-up Underwood typewriter, on which, employing four fingers, he periodically bats out a column called "View from the 14th Floor" for *Times Talk*, a house publication devoted to "news about the New York *Times* and the men and women who get it out." He has an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, where a workshop in which he used to putter around and instruct his children in carpentry, clay modelling, and other arts and crafts has been converted, at his wife's request, into a room for a live-in maid; he now putters around in the sitting room. (He has three resident children—a daughter of four, an adopted stepdaughter of nineteen, and a son of seventeen by a previous marriage. By this same marriage he also has a girl of sixteen, who is away at school in Bucks County but is a frequent visitor.) He has a house in Stamford, where he likes to weed and dig in the garden, wearing a kind of zip-in Churchill suit. He has a passion for neatness—"He is violently neat," a friend says—which has caused him to try to set up a comprehensive table of organization for the news side of his paper. ("I don't think it's possible," a colleague once said. "You have a whole stable of mustangs there.") The publisher's suits are well pressed, his shirts immaculate, and he has a well-scrubbed look. He has a weakness for gadgets—in the country he has a golf machine, with a plunger and a ball attached to a string, that indicates the length, the loft, and the angle of a drive ("It doesn't help my game a goddam bit")—but his taste in furnishing is for the antique. He is an enthusiastic polisher of brass ornaments and lamps. He is a student of light bulbs. One afternoon, dropping in at the office of Harding F. Bancroft, the *Times'* executive vice-president—a rangy, urbane man who came to the paper from the State Department, calls himself an executive generalist ("I have taken the inchoate responsibility for the general state of affairs"), and surrounds himself with abstract prints and lithographs—he gazed critically at an overhead fixture. "One of your bulbs is out," he said. His preference in food and drink runs to steak and Scotch. He has a live-out cook, but he likes to bend over the stove himself, and sometimes prepares family meals. He is a barbecue man in Connecticut. In town, he is a regular patron of "21." He and his wife were taken to dinner at a French restaurant some time ago by Clifton Daniel and *his* wife, the former Margaret Truman, both of whom are fond of Gallic dishes and the wines of the Médoc. Mr. Ochs's grandson waved away the menu and wine list and ordered steak and a second Scotch.

"His shirts are always the same—white," Mr. Daniel, whose shirts are *not* always the same, once told a visitor. "His ties are modest. Striped. Punch is conservative, quiet, and not given to ostentation, but he does splurge a little on his automobile and his airplane. [The publisher is driven to work in a pale-beige Chrysler station wagon, and he is airborne in a company jet whose cabin he has had decorated with the paper's seal—an eagle surrounded by "All the News That's Fit to Print" in a circle.] When he comes to the house, my two older boys, who are eleven and nine, call him Punch. He doesn't seem to mind." Looking pensive, Mr. Daniel added, "Punch likes Chinese restaurants, and he is not an authority on wines, but he goes along with the good, solid news approach toward food and wine that we are trying to take. The gourmet-food business, which used to be confined to Charles & Co., has become a great interest, and Craig Claiborne, our food editor, is the high priest of this cult. [Mr. Claiborne's embrace is catholic. "Craig is a human locust," another *Times* man has said. "He eats his way across the country."] We try to cover all aspects of life that are of interest to our readers, a somewhat special breed. Prosperous. In New York, we're writing not for the Puerto Ricans of East Harlem but for Park Avenue, and so on. Across the country, the paper is widely read by the local banker, the leading minister, the governor, the senator. [According to its "Handbook," the *Times* is read in more than eleven thousand American cities and towns, and, regularly, by thirty-three governors.] Some people think we're rather frivolous. Not true. We're just as deadly serious about food and society as about Dean Rusk and the upsets in the Middle East. In the nineties, Gould and Vanderbilt marriages were covered in the most detailed and gossipy kind of way. That sort of treatment more or less lost

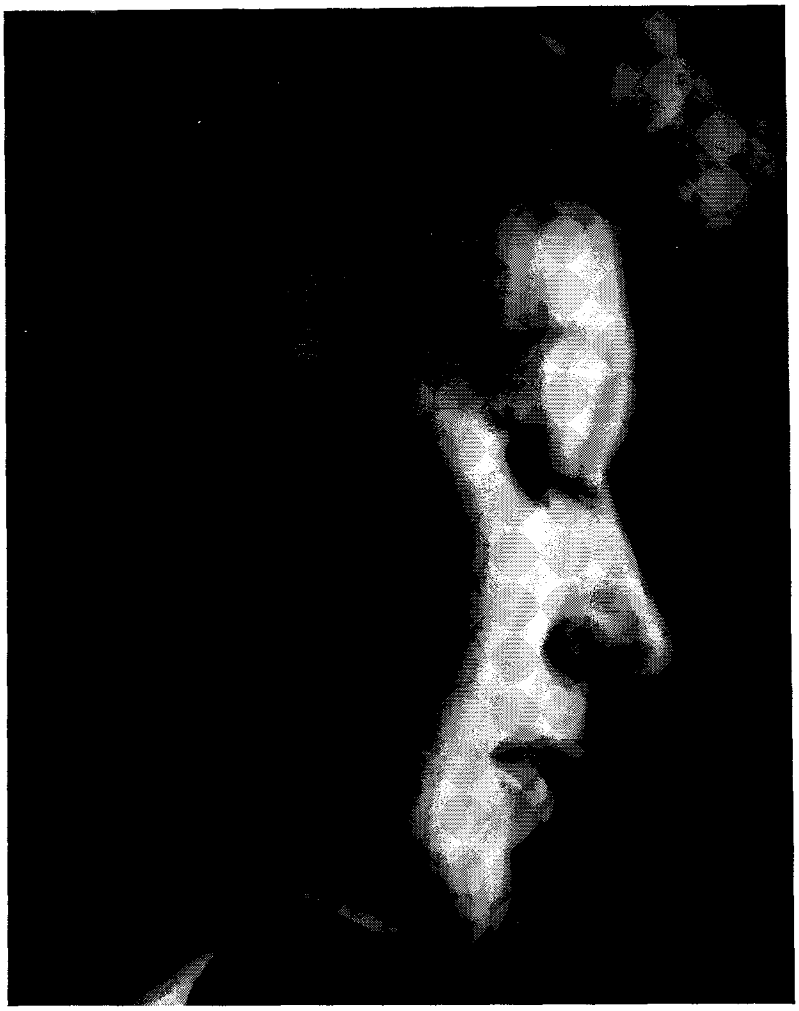
JUNGLE NIGHT PARFUM

"Hey, you sure these things are stuffed? One of them just batted an eye."

out. Society news came to consist of simply reporting engagements, weddings, charity balls, and some births. We are still a newspaper of record, so that approach is O.K., and such things are still largely reported in a routine way, but, under Charlotte Curtis, our women's-news editor, there has been a new approach. In recent years, society has become an increasingly important element, owing partly to increased leisure. It plays a tremendous role in Washington. We kept looking around for— How shall I put it? For some sort of sociological approach. Charlotte runs a very attractive and interesting page. [Miss Curtis, who was made women's-news editor in 1965, directs a society page seven days a week and a "food fashions family furnishings" page six days a week, as well as pages on these subjects in the Sunday *Magazine;* Mr. Claiborne reports to her.] I don't think the publisher is terribly happy about our society coverage. His mother may not approve. But the management of this paper interferes less with the news policy than the management of any other paper I have ever heard of. There is nothing like those orders from Hearst. Punch has no news policy for attracting or retaining advertising. No blacklists. No 'must' lists. No policy on O. Roy Chalk, who owns the apartment house he lives in. In fact, he has not had a very great influence on the news side at all, except to give it encouragement. He attends our daily afternoon news meeting, where the next day's stories are outlined, but he never says anything, except to make a joke. He's sure of himself in his job. He was *born* in it. He behaves as to the manner born. He's a gregarious, friendly guy, who likes the good fellowship of office parties. He's a great conciliator. He likes everybody. He thinks that a trip together, a lunch together, a drink together will solve all problems."

THE EASTERN NATIONAL BANK
ASSETS OVER $2,000,000,000

As a gloss on Mr. Daniel's résumé, a few examples of the *Times'* new approach to society reporting may be adduced. In an account of the engagement of Miss Consuelo Sarah Russell to James L. Toback, the prospective bridegroom was identified as the son of the president of the New York League of Women Voters and a contributor of articles to *Commentary*, *Dissent*, and *Esquire* ("A piece on the critic Susan Sontag is scheduled for publication in the July issue of *Esquire*"), while his intended was described, in more routine fashion, as "a great-granddaughter of the late Mrs. Jacques Balsan [the foreign equivalents of Mr., Mrs., and Miss, the *Times* stylebook decrees, "may be used when desired for special effect, but not in the normal reporting of news," leaving the matter somewhat up in the air], who was Consuelo Vanderbilt when she was married in 1895 to the ninth Duke of Marlborough, a cousin of Sir Winston Churchill. The future bride is also a descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt." The wedding of Mr. George Plimpton, a noted tennis player, activist, and author-about-town, was reported, under Miss Curtis's byline and the head "PLIMPTON DROPS SINGLES FOR DOUBLES," as follows: "Mr. Plimpton was married here last night not to Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Queen Elizabeth II, Jean Seberg, Ava Gardner, Jane Fonda, Princess Stanislas Radziwill, or Candy Bergen, all of whom he has escorted at one time or another, but to Freddy Medora Espy, a wisp of a photographer's assistant whom he met at a party in October, 1963." And, not long ago, an essay headed "FIFI, BUMPY OR TOOTIE, BA, CZ OR MOMO, THE NICKNAME'S THE KEY" identified Mrs. John R. Fell and Miss Josephine Widener as Fifis, Mrs. Bernard F. Rogers (of Chicago) as Bumpy, Mrs. Cortright Wetherill (of Philadelphia) as Tootie, Mrs. S. Carter Burden, Jr., as Ba, Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest as CZ, and Mrs. F. Warren Pershing as Momo; by way of sociology, it remarked, "The Budies and Mimzys and Blipsies and Pooks on a lower level, in Council Bluffs or Whitefield or Ft. Wayne or Kalamazoo, are likely, as they go out into the world and make new contacts and create whole new



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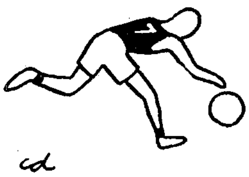
GORHAM DIVISION OF textron
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

environments, to shed the pet appellations they bore through childhood, perhaps even through college."

The publisher's mother, who is given to the controlling-stockholder's "we" when discussing the family paper, does *not* altogether approve of the latter-day sociological approach. "Some of the young ladies who write the social news have more spirit than common sense," she says. "We are not the social arbiter of the nation, and it is not our role to hold up anyone to ridicule. You don't get any nearer the truth that way. A casual remark can make a person look awfully silly. My father always said the paper should go into the home as a friend." The daughter of Mr. Ochs, whose paper was going into only nine thousand homes when he took it over, first visited the *Times*, with her father, when she was six or seven; in the composing room she was presented with her name made up in a slug of type, and she has ever since had a proprietary concern for the paper, by whose compositors she is now referred to, not unaffectionately, as "the old lady." She occasionally takes Miss Curtis to lunch at the Côte Basque and airs her views on society, house furnishings, and fashion. ("People won't wear those clothes. They're too far out.") Her son, with some reservations, likes the way women's news is handled ("I think Charlotte is superb, but I don't like some of the others in her section. I like the scalpel, not the meat axe") and backs the department. "Punch likes anything playful," an associate has said. "He's amused. He doesn't always get the point."



VERY well. The great conciliator was born on February 5, 1926, and the first of several talks I had with him happened to fall on his birthday. A male receptionist on the fourteenth floor ushered me down a long corridor to an anteroom that contained some family snapshots; a color photograph of the publisher and his wife with the Pope; a mounted "stone from first shovelful for West Side Plant, June 4, 1957;" a drawing by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, a seventeenth-century Italian artist; a 1779 watercolor of three clipper ships; and a small library of books about newspapers, a biography of Joseph Pulitzer, and a five-fat-volume 1758-1949 history of the London *Times*. Mr. Sulzberger appeared almost at once and led me into a heavily curtained office, where a much bigger gallery of family photographs, dominated by one of his father, covered most of one wall. My host was wearing a dark herringbone suit, a white shirt, and a striped tie. His manner was slightly diffident, but markedly friendly and direct. He waved an empty pipe from time to time as he talked.

"This is my birthday," he said. "If I'm a little vague, it may be because I was awakened at dawn by a singing telegram. It was from a general in Texas who knew me when I was in the Marines. He does this every year. It always embarrasses me."

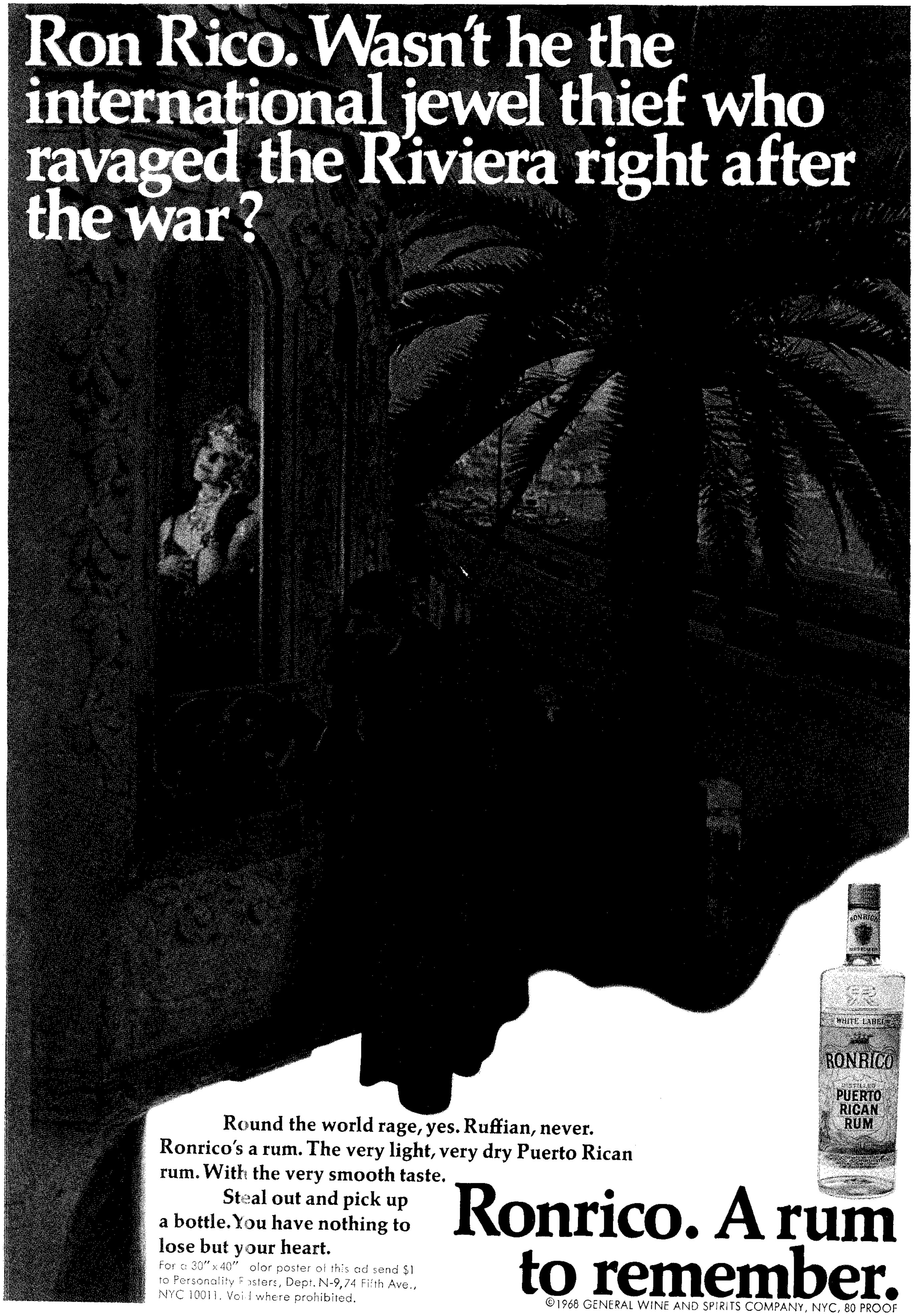
He was, however, far from vague as he responded to a number of questions and launched into an exposition of his own.

"I was brought up in a big house at 5 East Eightieth Street," he said. "A beautiful house. It's still there. Lewis S. Rosenstiel, the Schenley man, bought it from my family. Now it belongs to somebody else. My parents also had a place in White Plains, where I used to chase mice in the barn. I liked to work with my hands, and I still do. I remember as a young boy rebuilding a broken-down car, partly from cannibalized parts. I was interested in natural history, too. I'm probably the only person who ever got sunstroke on the roof of the American Museum of Natural History. Mother got me a summer job there when I was in grade school. I worked in the Department of Animal Behavior, in a penthouse. I was assigned the task of finding out whether or not turtles could hear. I constructed a great T-shaped box out on the roof, suspended two bells over it, and put some turtles in it. Then I rang a bell. If they turned in the direction of the bell, they would find that the food box was open. For a while, nothing happened. Maybe I never got the turtles hungry enough. One day—a Friday—they all turned the right way. I was so excited that I came in the next morning, when the department was officially closed, and repeated the experiment. This time, they all turned the wrong way. I also cleaned cages. One day, I felt sick as hell. I'd got sunstroke. I went home and never came back. My experiment with the turtles ended inconclusively."

I asked the retired herpetologist whether he had been brought up to go on the *Times*, and he looked surprised.

"My only ambition was to get through *school*," he said. "I didn't have the world's most glorious academic record. I went to St. Bernard's

Ron Rico. Wasn't he the international jewel thief who ravaged the Riviera right after the war?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For Pack Age people

and Browning in New York, and to Loomis in Connecticut. I was left-handed, which some of my teachers at St. Bernard's thought was a bad thing. They bashed me over the hand with a ruler. I guess this made me switch, up to a point—I'm now partly left-handed and partly right-handed—but apparently it gave me trouble in the way of spelling and of reversing numbers in arithmetic. I still have that trouble. I was at St. Bernard's four years, and played right wing on the soccer team. It was a pretty distinguished team—George Plimpton was center, Jimmy Symington [James W. Symington, former Chief of Protocol in the State Department and now a congressman] was left wing, and Warren Leslie, the novelist, was fullback. When I joined the Marines [he served as a private from January, 1944, until April, 1946], my family didn't worry about me for a minute. They knew that if I got shot in the head it wouldn't do any harm. In the Marines, I realized I had to get a college degree. I had had a poor record at Loomis, but after I got back from the service the school did give me a certificate that enabled me to get into Columbia—of which, come to think of it, my father was a trustee. After college [he graduated in 1951, and is now a Columbia trustee himself], I was recalled for the Korean war and served seventeen months as a lieutenant. Then, in 1953, I went to the Milwaukee *Journal* for a year. There was a triple attraction there—it was a damn good paper, it gave you a chance to stand on your own and get involved in an entire paper, and it was owned by its employees. I was in charge of everybody who died. I wrote obits. I never got to meet my subjects. I also worked on the national desk. I rented a house in Milwaukee. I'd got married in my junior year at college, and had two very small children."

Mr. Sulzberger—or Punch, as I shall endeavor to call him, in deference to his wishes—moved over to the *Times* early in 1954. He did not appear in the role of crown prince. His father, who had succeeded Mr. Ochs on the latter's death in 1935, was still in charge, and the man who was being groomed to succeed *him* was another dynastic son-in-law, Orvil E. Dryfoos. Mr. Dryfoos had been on the *Times* for twelve years. He had come to it in 1942, six months after marrying Marian Sulzberger (the present Mrs. Heiskell); his father-in-law had talked him into exchanging Wall Street, where he had a seat on the Stock Exchange, for West

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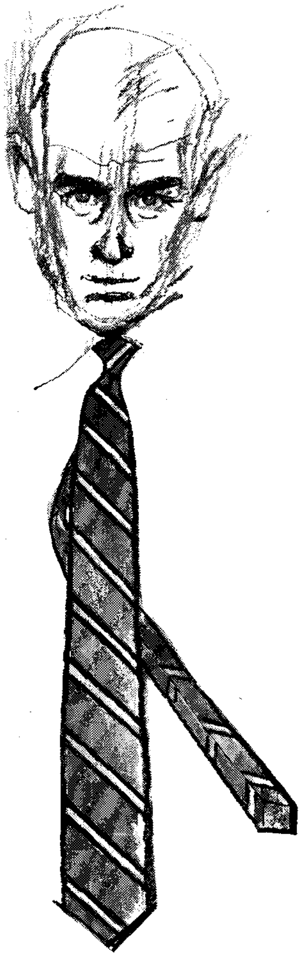

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Forty-third Street. When Punch joined the company, Dryfoos was assistant to the publisher and a vice-president and director. He was forty-one years old (Punch was twenty-eight), and he was the heir apparent. Punch, apparently, was not heir to much of anything. "Punch wasn't treated very well, to tell you the truth," a senior colleague, who wishes to be nameless, has said. "His family undersold him. He was undersold and underemployed. He was a late developer. Some of us were asked to take care of him. He was never given an important job. He was briefly a copyreader on the foreign desk here, and then he was sent off to Paris as a kind of junior correspondent. After he came back, in 1956, some of us used to be asked to give him something to do. He was kept away from the hub. His duties were ill-defined. He was named assistant treasurer in 1957, but I doubt if he ever got into the treasurer's office. During the 1963 printers' strike, when the *Times* failed to publish for a hundred and fourteen days, he was almost publicly shut off by Amory Bradford, the paper's general manager. Punch was very fond of Orvil Dryfoos, and Orvil reciprocated this feeling, and Punch always had the interests of the *Times* very much at heart, but the attitude of at least one of his superiors was 'Get that boy out of my way.' "

Arthur Hays Sulzberger suffered the first of a series of strokes in 1961, and Orvil Dryfoos became publisher that year, moving up from president, which he had achieved two years earlier. His father-in-law, in turn, moved up to chairman of the board, a position he held until his death last month. Two years later, shortly after the 1963 strike, Dryfoos died of a heart attack. For twenty-six rumor-ridden days, the *Times* was without a publisher. The choice was up to its voting trustees—Punch's father and mother—who chose their son. "My son, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, has more than proved himself over the many years he has been here," Arthur Hays Sulzberger announced in the *Times*. The paper went on to report the resignation of Mr. Bradford, who in a goodbye letter to the senior Sulzberger remarked that one of the reasons for his departure was that "I am not in agreement with the proposed plan of organization." This plan, besides naming the new publisher, called for the upping of Mr. Bancroft from secretary to vice-president, and the upping of Mr. Andrew Fisher from assistant general manager to business manager for pro-

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In most countries, a phone is just a phone. Not here. Over the American telephone network, people talk, machines talk, pictures go back and forth. Anything goes—instantly—anywhere, anytime.

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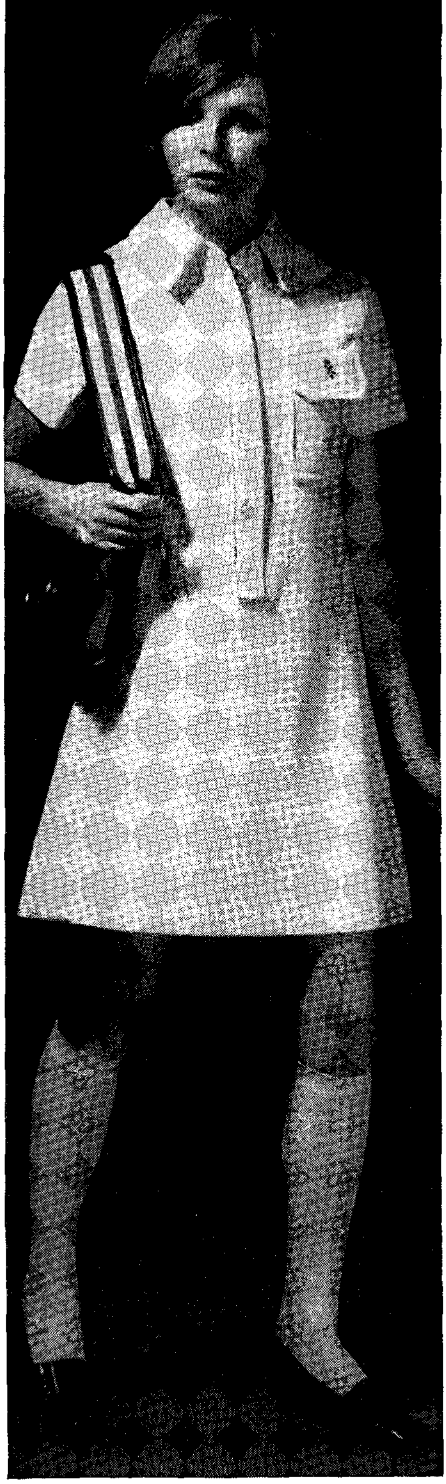


duction, a freshly created post. Mr. Bradford's office of general manager was discontinued. He is now suing the *Times* for compensation benefits.

Punch's picture was run on the first page of the *Times*, and his appointment was additionally celebrated by an article in *Times Talk* entitled “My Brother the Publisher,” by Ruth Sulzberger Golden, who is a director of the *Times* and the president and publisher of the Chattanooga *Times* and the Chattanooga *Post:*

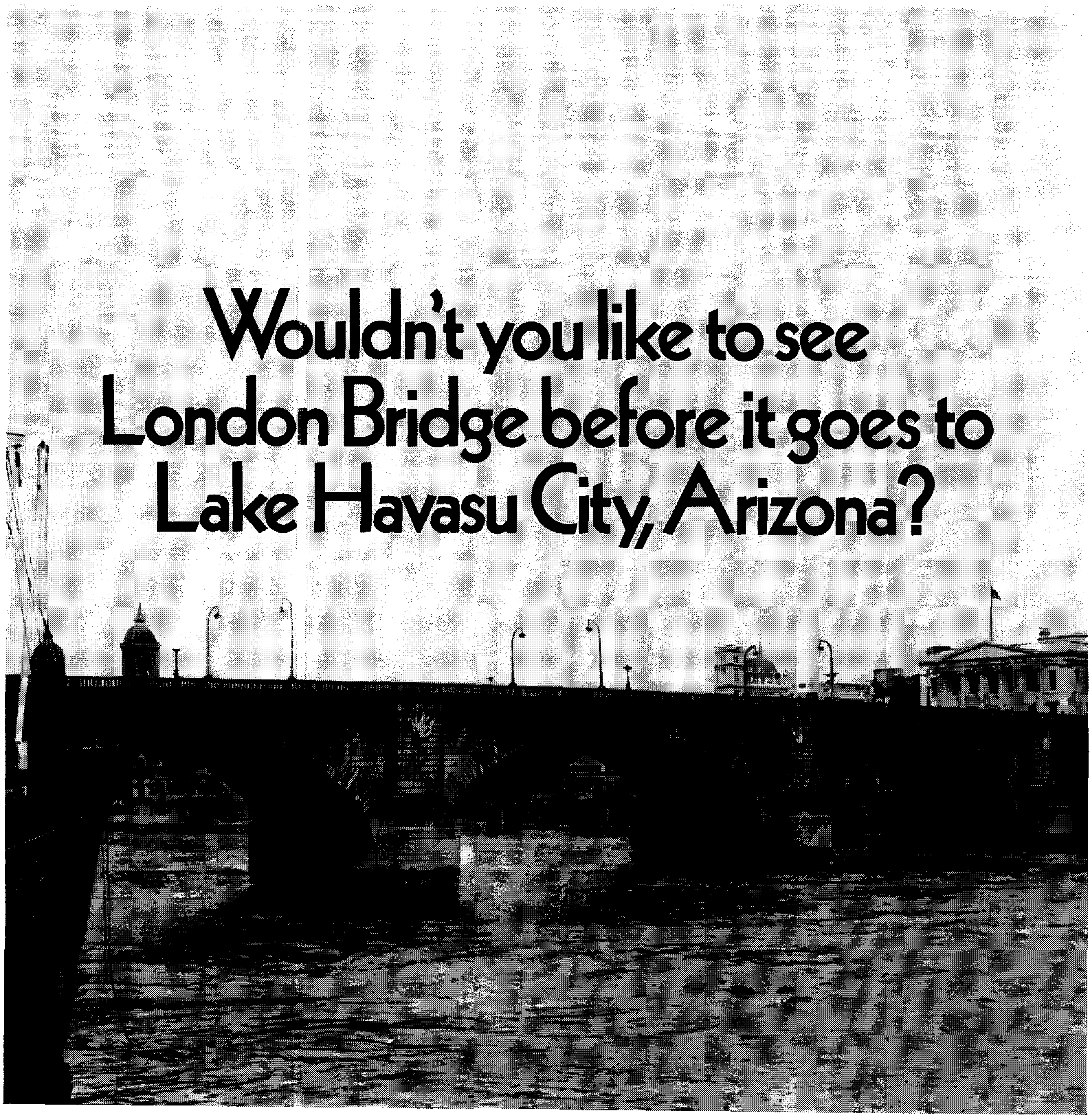
> He never remembers anyone's name, but is impeccably skillful either in disguising the fact or making Old Nameless feel wanted. [Punch may have mended his ways since this was written. “He knows an extraordinary number of employees,” Miss Curtis says. “He calls them by name and asks about their fourteen-year-old daughters. And they *have* fourteen-year-old daughters.”] . . . He is a strict housekeeper and compulsive neatener. . . . He likes to catch planes and trains much too early, and is content to waste whole half hours just waiting for a departure to be announced. . . . He thinks ahead about flat tires, and has a glove compartment in his car full of inflaters, blinkers, patchers, and instant road-blockers.
>
> His reading tastes jump from Mickey Spillane and worse to Bruce Catton and better. . . . He has a gaiety which inspires that same emotion all around.
>
> There is good reason to believe that *The New York Times* will go forward with deliberateness and force. The new Publisher has good instincts. Judy called him on the day of his promotion, and he told her: “I have just made my first top-level decision. I have decided not to throw up.”

Other decisions followed. In September, three months after taking office, the new Publisher made Mr. Bancroft executive vice-president and, from the ranks of business managers, created three new, unadjectived vice-presidents—Mr. Fisher, in charge of production and general services (i.e., manufacturing operations, newsprint supply, and custodial procedures); Monroe Green, in charge of advertising; and Ivan Veit, in charge of circulation, promotion, and personnel. Today, things have shifted a bit. What with the recent accession of Mr. Catledge, four vice-presidents now serve under Mr. Bancroft. Francis Cox, the former company treasurer, is vice-president in charge of money matters. Mr. Green having retired, Mr. Fisher has added advertising to his chores, along with circulation (taken over from Mr. Veit) and long-range planning—the fourteenth floor is crazy about long-range planning. Mr. Veit, along with promotion and personnel, handles development and acquisitions, and WQXR, the radio station owned by the *Times*.

What did all this mean, sociologically? I put this question to Mr. Veit, who has been watching the paper closely since 1928, when he came to it as a solicitor of classified advertisements.

“The *Times* was highly centralized under Mr. Ochs,” he said, “and after his death it was highly centralized under Arthur Hays Sulzberger and General Julius Ochs Adler, its general manager. As it got more complex, it needed to spread authority a little more widely. Punch put the running of the business in the hands of an executive group. Under this structure, the vice-presidents have made financial decisions in many matters of a kind that formerly clogged the general manager's desk. [“Punch has an organization of Chinese warlords who exercise great power,” Mr. Theodore W. Kheel, the labor-dispute arbitrator, has said. “There's great confusion over there.”] Punch suddenly became the boss of people much older than he was. He has measured up to a very difficult situation very well. What he has working for him is that he knows what the *Times* is all about. He learned at his grandfather's knee. [This kind of dynastic remark, widely prevalent in the Times Building, is discounted by the publisher. He was nine years old at the death of his grandfather, whose last two years were clouded by illness, and he has no recollection of him as a publisher.] He's impatient with red tape. He sometimes likes to get things done a little too fast. Like his father before him, he is a man of good taste who tends to be conservative, but he is—or has been—open to new ventures.”

The publisher's revamping of the business chain of command was followed by other changes. Early in 1964, he closed down the paper's Western Edition, which had been started in Los Angeles in October, 1962, by Mr. Dryfoos. Punch often turns for advice to his senior colleagues, but in this instance he made his decision in the face of opposition from Andrew Fisher, who had been in charge of the Western Edition's production and business operations; from James Reston, then the chief Washington correspondent, who has been executive editor of the



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New York product since June, 1968; and from Lester Markel, then the Sunday editor and now retired. "Punch and I had a strong difference of opinion," Mr. Fisher says. "I felt that he was pulling down the flag too soon. I told him he was influenced by past frustration. I wonder why I wasn't fired." (Mr. Fisher's salary and "supplemental remuneration" come to $95,000.)

The recalcitrant president feels that his motivation was not emotional but economic. In 1963, as a result of the strike, the *Times* had gone into the red for the first time since its 1896 acquisition by Ochs. (In its publishing operations, that is, which netted a loss of $527,000; as a company, it earned a profit of $1,069,000, thanks largely to dividends from the Spruce Falls Power & Paper Co., of Kapuskasing, Canada, of which it is a major stockholder, and to the sale, for $425,000, of the Little Theatre, down the block on Forty-fourth Street.) As an individual, young Mr. Sulzberger is a generous sender of flowers to ailing associates and their sick spouses, and he takes pleasure in giving presents to friends and relatives on their birthdays (of which Miss Finn keeps track), but in his corporate position he does not care to play Santa Claus to the public. Red ink invariably dismays him. At his behest, another *Times* outpost bit the dust when, in May of 1967, its International Edition, published in Paris, was merged with the Paris *Herald Tribune*, owned by Whitney Communications and the Washington *Post*. Now called the *International Herald Tribune*, it is one-third owned by the *Times*, which supplies much of its content through the New York Times News Service, and provides it with some of its editorials—always attributed to the New York *Times*—but it is run by John Hay Whitney and Mrs. Katharine Graham, owner of the Washington *Post*, and the Times Company has no editorial responsibility for it.

A major shift on the *editorial* side of the New York product occurred in 1964, when Punch raised Mr. Catledge from managing editor to executive editor—a new title—and transferred Mr. Markel from Sunday editor to an associate editorship. Markel, who had been brought over from the *Tribune* by Ochs in 1923, had run the Sunday paper since then as an independent duchy; he had a staff of his own, which had grown to around a hundred, and he was accountable, during the last three decades of his tenure, only to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who left him alone. Markel's old bailiwick was assigned, with diminished autonomy, to his chief assistant, Daniel Schwarz, and was placed under the direct supervision of the executive editor. So were the art and news departments. (The latter, in *Times* lingo, takes in all the critical departments.) Prior to his recent retirement, Mr. Markel, who was wafted from the eighth, or Sunday-edition, floor to the warlord fourteenth floor, presided rather grumpily over something called the Committee of the Future, of which *Times Talk* wrote, "COMFUT, as Mr. Markel has come to call it, has now turned its gaze on the world of five, ten, and twenty years from now and will attempt to ascertain what effect social changes and technological advances will have on newspapers in general and on the *Times* in particular; what the community and its habits will be like; and how the *Times* can best meet its needs." In their 1957 version, these needs were met, in part, by raising the price of the Sunday paper in the metropolitan area from thirty-five cents to forty cents, and from fifty cents to sixty cents elsewhere. The following year, the price went up another ten cents in the city and fifteen cents in the country.

"I thought we'd lose ten per cent of our readers when we raised the price to seventy-five cents," Mr. Sulzberger said during our turtle-reminiscence session, "but we dropped only two and a half per cent. I have a Sulzberger theory about this: The price *was* sixty cents, which was too much anyway, so fifteen cents more didn't make a great deal of difference. I must admit that I don't act that way myself. If my Edgeworth pipe tobacco went up five cents, I wouldn't buy it."

What did the 1964 editorial changes mean? "They meant that the executive editor is the man in the middle," their producer said, blowing some inexpensive smoke from a Dunhill pipe. (Such are the vagaries of the rich.) "They resulted in a cutting down of repetition in the Sunday edition. Sometimes, in the old days, we'd tell the same story to our readers three or four times—in the main section, in the summary of Section 4, at the back of Section 4, and, occasionally, in the *Magazine*. We've got away from the Review of the Week in Section 4, and run signed pieces instead, which aren't repetitive. The Sunday paper is still an integrated newspaper, but at least there's an exchange between it and the daily news department.

"I like mixing in with the editorial

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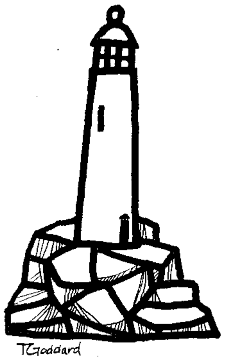
side," he went on, "but I don't want to edit the copy. I'm interested in how you *direct* the paper. Dad did many more things than I do. He acted as a kind of executive editor. The paper was smaller then. I don't mean to say that it was any easier. He ran things with a much tighter rein. For example, the editorials were read to him before publication. I don't have this done. I have a different kind of rapport with our editorial-page editor, Johnnie Oakes [John B. Oakes, a nephew of Adolph Ochs and a former Rhodes Scholar, who has been with the *Times* since 1946 and does his thing in a tenth-floor office adjoining a library of forty thousand reference books and three hundred current periodicals]. I get a Xerox of the editorials when they leave his desk and before they go to the composing room, and I get galleys later on, but I don't necessarily read the editorials before they run. I know that if something controversial is in the works, or something involving a change in editorial policy, he will call it to my attention. These problem editorials are marked 'Hold for Orders.' I can recall only one that was spiked because John and I couldn't agree. I think it was about supersonic transport. John is more opposed to this than I am. He has about ten people writing for his page, off and on. Abe Raskin does most of the labor editorials, and runs the page when John is away. Ada Louise Huxtable will do one on architecture or city planning. Fred M. Hechinger will do one on education. Sometimes we ask a sportswriter to write one on sports. Every Sunday since 1942, Hal Borland, who is not on the staff, has been writing about the birds and the bees. [Mr. Borland lives in Connecticut, and sends in his dispatches from the field.] In general, there's rarely a sharp difference of opinion here when it comes to an editorial or news approach. Our position on Vietnam [dovish] has been an easy one in terms of *Times* relationships but not easy in terms of Washington. I've been asked once or twice by high officials of the government not to do something. I was chased by Dean Rusk on our C.I.A.-exposure series. [In 1966, the *Times* ran five articles on this hush-hush organization, citing, among other things, the civil war in the Congo as a classic C.I.A. operation that functioned as a direct instrument of Administration policy.] We ran it, and I think we did a public service. Boy, they got caught sucking eggs! Someone high up in the C.I.A. came to this office and urged us not to publish it as a book, as we had planned to, and I agreed. I was satisfied that we had already given the story to our readers."

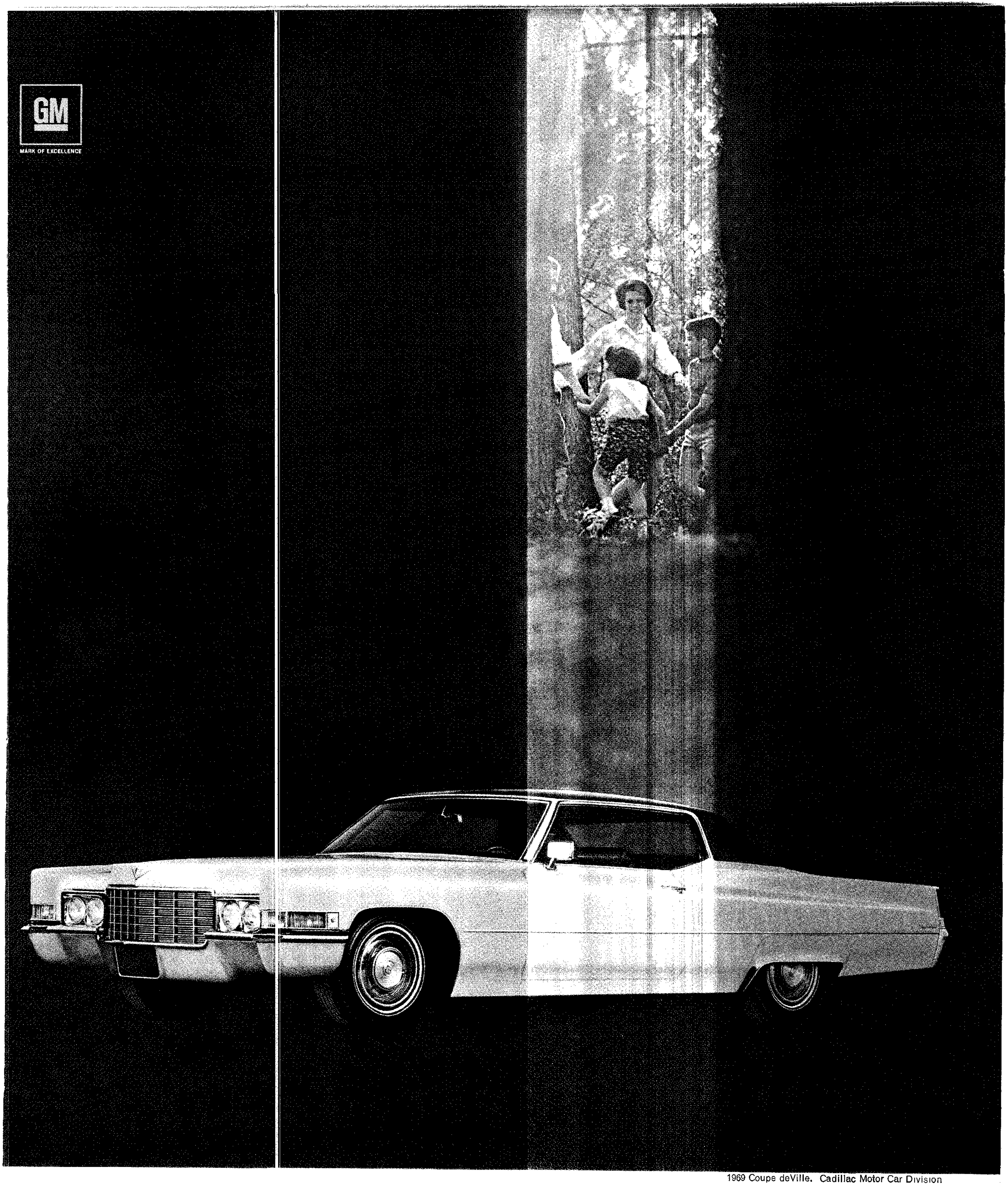


Young Mr. Sulzberger smiled, gesticulated with his pipe, and said, "Our editorials have a sharper point of view now than when they were a combined experience of my father and Charlie Merz, who ran the editorial page before Oakes. My relationship with John Oakes is one that didn't exist before. Mother told me that when they were on a trip abroad Dad was distressed because he couldn't see the editorials. I go to Europe a month at a time and don't see a damn thing. Another point: In my father's day, our financial statement was a closely guarded secret. It was available to the stockholders, of course, but there weren't many of them, and it was really studied by only three people—Dad, Godfrey N. Nelson, and Julie Adler. It wasn't published. I understand that at the annual meeting it was passed around rather rapidly and then recaptured by Mr. Nelson. Now we're listed—over the counter at the moment and on the American Stock Exchange in January—so our statements are public."

Oh, for a footnote here—for a dozen footnotes! Mr. Nelson, who had been Mr. Ochs's and the *Times*' tax lawyer since 1920, was a director, secretary, and vice-president of the New York Times Company from 1935 until his death in 1954. For more than twenty years, he contributed a highly technical weekly column on taxes to the financial section of the Sunday edition. ("I could never understand it," Punch says.) General Adler, a nephew of Ochs, had been a director and general manager for twenty years at the time of his death in 1955. The *Times* "went public" in 1960, largely for tax reasons—to create a market for the shares that one day may have to be sold to satisfy inheritance taxes.

"I have an idea about subjecting our news coverage to self-analysis," Mr. Sulzberger continued, shifting from a consideration of dollars to one of words. "What are we trying to tell our readers? There's a lot more happening in the world than we can possibly tell them."

I asked him how, in that case, he



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could justify the paper's motto, and he treated me to a finesse.

"In 1967, we dropped the period after 'The New York Times' at the top of the first page," he said. "The *Daily News* calls itself 'New York's Picture Newspaper,' but we have more pictures than the *News*—certainly if you include Sunday. And the Chicago *Tribune* calls itself 'The World's Greatest Newspaper.' "

He cleared his throat, and went on, "We have a huge amount of what we call mortgaged space every day—what *has* to be in the paper, such as weather, stock reports, the whole editorial page, football and baseball tables, and so on. After you subtract that, you find you don't have the great flexibility that everyone thinks you have. The heart of the paper is in that non-mortgaged space. What is our mission? How big a news staff should we have? We can cover every hospital on the East Coast if an Andrea Doria goes down, but how often does this happen? Should we leave the less important stories up to the news agencies? Or should we be prepared to cover everything ourselves? Perhaps we should not be staffed for the disasters. Look."

He pulled a printed list out of his pocket and handed it to me. Headed "A New York Times Miscellany," it revealed that the *Times* subscribes to fifteen news services, including the Associated Press, United Press International, Reuters, the United Nations News Service, and Science Service; that in 1967 it received seven hundred and thirty million words—sixteen million by telephone—of which it ran seventy-two and a half million; that its picture file contains two million positive prints; that the paper published nearly twenty-seven thousand pictures, maps, and charts in 1967; that it has a file of ten thousand maps and a morgue, or clip file, of one million three hundred thousand biographies; and that it has "won 34 Pulitzer awards—more than any other newspaper."

"I can't keep all that in my head, so I carry this around," Punch said. "We've grown like crazy. When I became publisher, we had fifty-four hundred employees; now we have nearly sixty-four hundred. When I show guests our newsroom, they gasp and say, 'It's so big!' [This room, occupied in day and night shifts by six hundred and fifty people, seats four hundred and sixty people, each of whom has a clear view of at least one of forty-seven wall clocks and one of ninety three-months-to-a-page calen-

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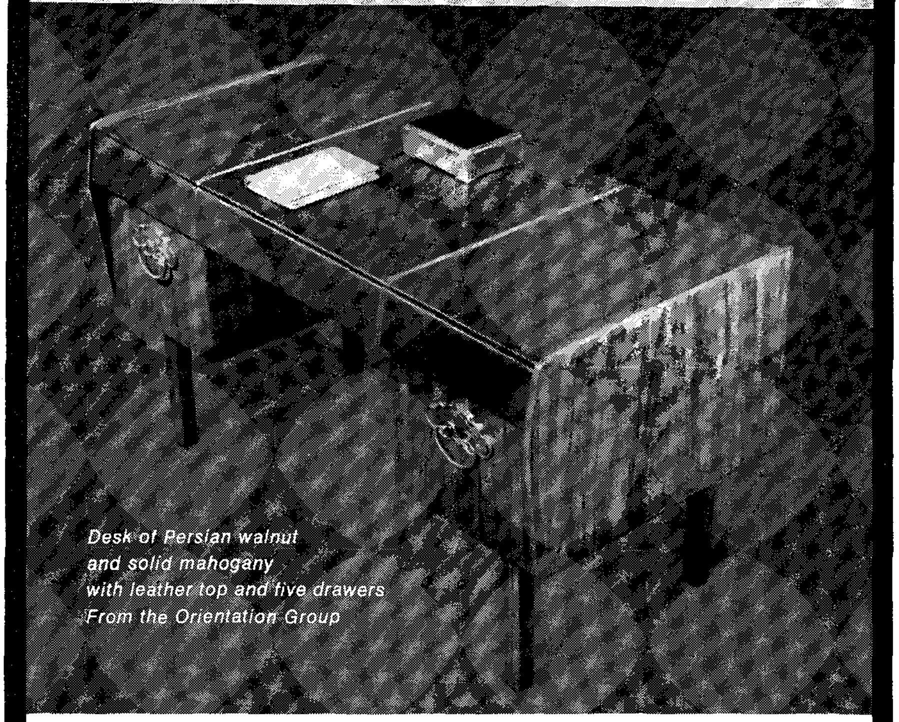

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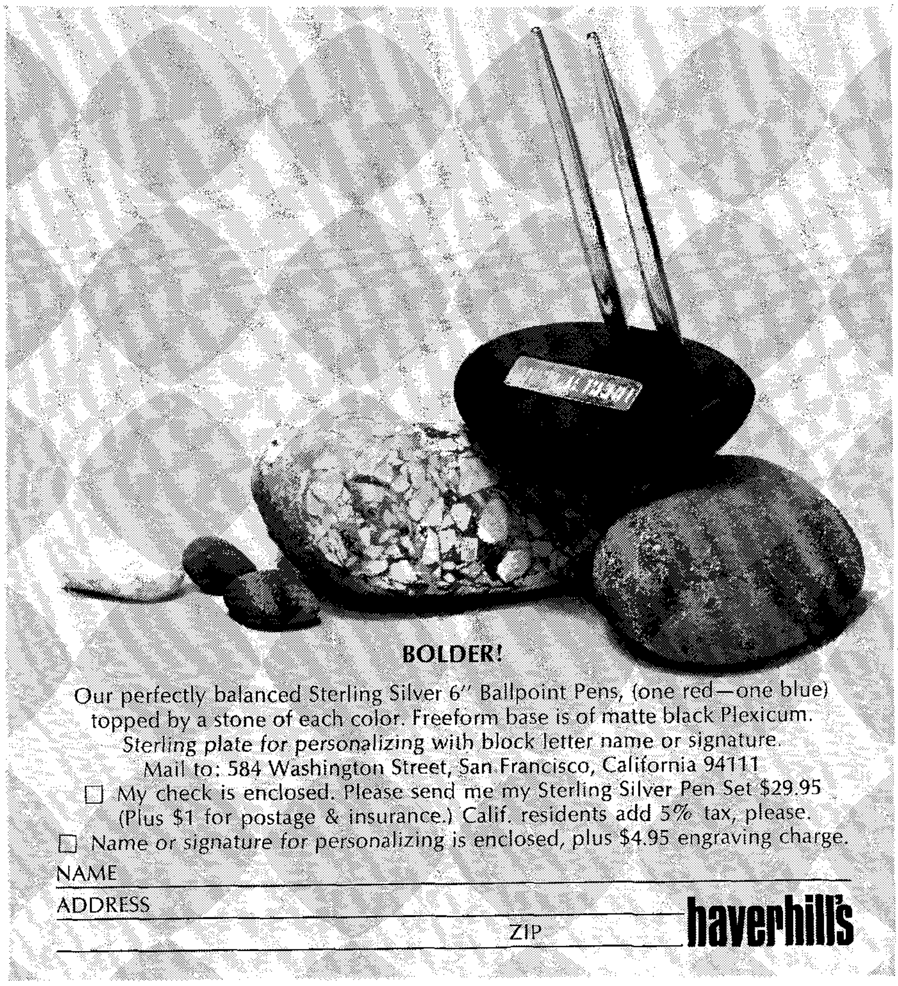

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dars. Strangers occasionally help themselves to desks; an insurance man who had been working on his reports on a *Times* typewriter and quaffing free *Times* coffee was once unmasked by an editor who asked him to perform some chore after seeing him there for several weeks.] I think it's too big. This great sea of people! They're not busy all the time, of course, and lots of them can see the others not having enough to do. We even call them on a loudspeaker. Our competition in the old days was the *Herald Tribune*. Now it's intangible. It's television, the news magazines."

The intercom squawked, and its owner, leaning over it, said, "Professor! Yes. All right."

"I've got to get another model of this thing," he said to me. "It's intrusive. It breaks in on phone conversations. That was Turner Catledge. I call him Professor. He's been kind of a mentor to me. He calls me Doctor—I don't know why. I did get a couple of honorary degrees after becoming publisher, but he started calling me that long before. There's a policy-setting meeting I *have* to go to. At least, that's what it's intended to be. If you like, I'll scratch out some time for you next week."

He pulled a typed list of engagements out of his pocket and said, "I'm messed up in spades on Thursday. How about next Monday at three? I never remember dates. Nancy makes out lists for me. Birthday dates, family and friends."

He showed me out through the anteroom, and observed that the sofa in it could be turned into a bed. "I sometimes sleep here in a labor crisis or in the summer when my family is in the country and I don't want to go home to an empty apartment," he said. "It gives me an opportunity to wander through the building until late and see people on the night shift."

I WONDERED what it was like to sleep in an empty seventeen-story office building (the night-shift telephone reporters ordinarily go home at three o'clock in the morning, and the printers in the sub-basement, the last to leave, are through, except in times of emergency, at four-thirty), and, by way of improving my frame of reference before Monday, studied some more of the publisher's "View from the 14th Floor" columns. These reflected, again, a rather offhand humor. "I think the editor of *Times Talk* wants her office refurbished or a raise (or both), for she has invited me to become a regular contributor," the first one began. "I have accepted for a number of reasons, not least among them being the fact that now I can say 'yes' when asked 'Which Sulzberger—the columnist?' " (The writer's first cousin, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, has been a *Times* foreign correspondent since 1945 and a foreign-affairs columnist since 1954.) Other Sulzberger "View"s have thrown off, "If the Federal Government really wanted to help the New York newspaper situation, it would set up a bureau to control unidentified flying rumors," and "The TV page has been recast to be more useful, which is more than can be said about the programs." They have exhibited, occasionally, a breadth of classical allusion unexpected in a disciple of Mickey Spillane. One started with a quote from Matthew Arnold and ended with one from Coventry Patmore, and, in between, for good literary, or horticultural, measure, likened people on the *Times* to "a tall stand of reeds, each a fine specimen, and each reaching high into the sky." The Viewer's metaphors are sometimes vehicular. "When I was young, I remember going to Europe with my mother, three sisters, a nurse, and dozens of cases of bottled water," he wrote in the spring of 1964, and, after describing this trip, he went on:

> Now that I have gotten this far, let me try and draw a parallel between my personal family and my business family. I hope it isn't too obscure.
>
> In the good old days, life was simple—there weren't any unions [Oh, my. Typographical Union No. 6 was founded in 1850, the year before the New York *Times*] and there wasn't any Publishers' Association.
>
> In this modern age we have a big business family, and life isn't quite as simple. To start with, we don't just have one papa—we have about fifteen—six for the newspapers and the rest for the unions.
>
> In 1962, without deciding where we wanted to go, we set off together on a trip with all 15 heads of families trying to steer at the same time in different directions. The trip was eminently unsuccessful because the engine boiled over for 114 days. No one liked this—particularly the wives and children.
>
> Things are looking better now than they were during that unhappy trip. We recently all went down to the Mayor's office and got a road map in the form of a joint board and a framework for action. Now we are in the process of chipping in to buy a nice new fire engine. The fire engine will serve two purposes. First, it's the only piece of equipment I know of that two people have to steer, and it will only work if they go in the same direction. Second, when the engine is on the roll it can put out fires before they once again burn down all our houses.
>
> After some head scratching, the Publishers' Association has selected its driver—John J. Gaherin—who comes to us

There are ways to avoid winter. One is to pack some pretties (like this) and go wait it out on a beach somewhere. Another is just to have the pretties, and perhaps an ice cream soda or a bunch of paper daffodils, and fake it. Close your eyes and smell the fresh-cut grass. Cotton and acetate, in Pistachio, Partait Pink, Robins Egg Blue, Canteloupe, Canary. 3 to 15.
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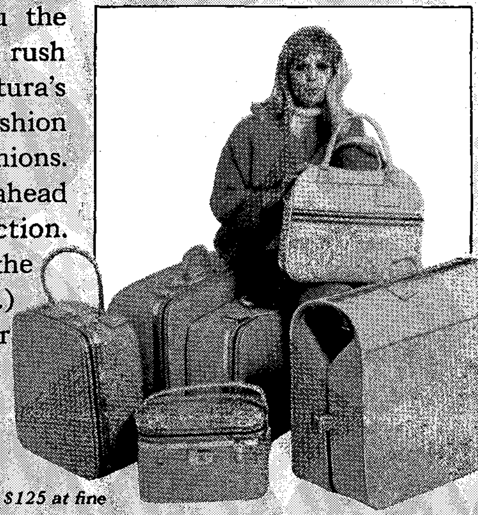

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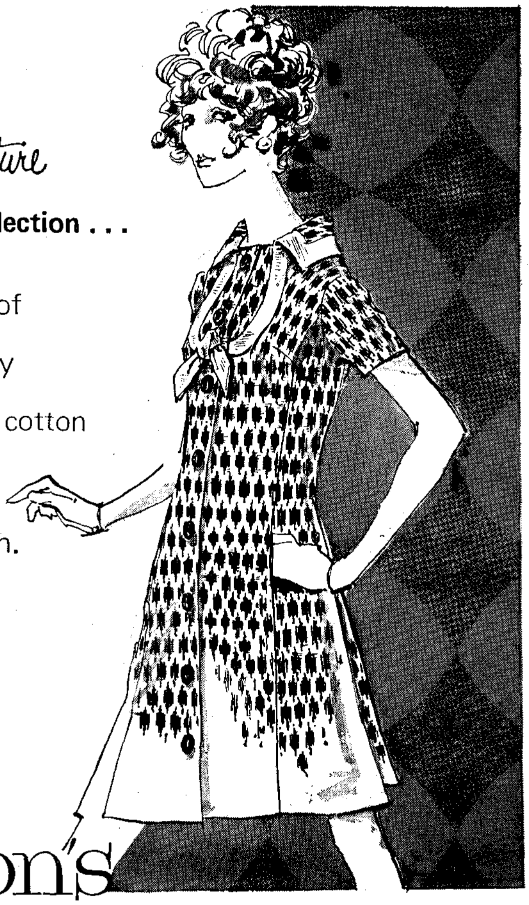

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with long and understanding years in industrial relations. Now we hope that the unions will soon fill the other driver's seat.

Mr. Bertram A. Powers, the papa of Typographical Union No. 6, which brought on the engine boil-up that put the *Times* in the red for 1963, was the occupant of the other driver's seat, and he took a less cozy view of the new piece of equipment. "In the Newspaper Joint Industry Board meetings . . . the atmosphere is formal and both sides seem to proceed with their guard up," *he* wrote in the spring of 1964, in his union's *Monthly Bulletin.* "The attitudes between the publishers and Union remind me of the story of the psychiatrist who said 'Good morning' to a second psychiatrist, who said to himself, 'What did he mean by that?' It is hoped, however, that with time a thaw will set in." On one occasion, in line with his feeling that the personal equation tends to solve all problems, Punch and his wife took the Powerses to a dance at the Century Country Club, in White Plains. Mrs. Powers, who was then teaching senior English at a high school in Long Island, informed her host that she used the *Times* in her class. The conversation turned to the hundred-and-fourteen-day strike, and Punch said, "How could you get along so long without us?"

The *Times*' fractional owner of the providential fire engine is also, on his own say-so, the co-proprietor of a rather large nautical vessel. "We must realize that all of us are in the same boat together, and it doesn't really matter much if the leak is in one end or the other," he wrote last year to the men and women who get the *Times* out. "We must work to plug the hole, not to enlarge it. Failure to find the plug has already sunk some once-strong newspapers." And, again: "How are we going to pay for it all? Will this great newspaper by itself be able perpetually to finance our still uncharted course, or must we develop a new and broader economic base? Some people refer to this as diversification, others as capitalizing on the vast assets that we presently have. But call it what you will, we are planning to chart our course in these waters and to sail them."

The aforementioned leak, in the *World Journal Tribune* end of the boat, has done the *Times* no harm, as has been noted, but the company's official line, expressed to me by the publisher's mother, is "I think the demise of the *Herald Tribune* is unfortunate. The city deserves two points of view [so much for the *Post*, the *News*, and the *Village Voice*], and it's easier to compete against somebody else than against yourself. It takes a lot of self-discipline to realize your responsibilities to the country and yourself."

"How are we going to pay for it all?" is a recurrent cry of Sailor Sulzberger's. He has looked out of his boat on the fourteenth floor to remark, after the *Herald Tribune* sank, that the *Times'* added circulation, although gratifying, was a heavy expense: "We will lose seven cents on the average on every added daily copy, and 70 cents on every added Sunday copy, because the cost per copy of printing and distributing the paper exceeds our circulation income by that much. To meet this cost burden, we shall have to seek additional revenues."

The publisher's estimated annual benefits upon his retirement (at sixty-five) come to $57,748. Most white-collar *Times* employees, who normally retire at seventy, get from thirty to forty per cent of their final salary under a joint Newspaper Guild-*Times* plan. Most of them enjoy salaries that please them, and in some instances they have been agreeably surprised by generous crumbs from the rich corporation's table. A couple of years ago, Mr. Alden Whitman, the newspaper's chief obituary writer, dispatched what he thought was a jocose memorandum to Mr. Daniel suggesting that he be sent abroad for a few weeks to interview distinguished candidates for his attentions. (The *Times* has a bank of more than two hundred nearly-ready-to-go mortuary biographies set in type, and two thousand obituaries that could be put in final form at a moment's notice.) The managing editor O.K.'d this, and the arrangement has been renewed annually ever since.

MY second appointment with Mr. Sulzberger fell five days after all hell had broken loose on West Forty-third Street. A group of home-office editors had prevailed upon the publisher to replace Tom Wicker, then head of the Washington bureau, with James Greenfield, a former assistant vice-president of Continental Airlines, who had come to the *Times* seven months before. He had come with the assurance that if all went well he would be given an important job within six months. Punch, who is a good friend and occasional travelling companion of Wicker's, gave him the news of his administrative descent. (He was, however, to continue his editorial-page column, "In the Nation.") It was not favorably received by the recipient or

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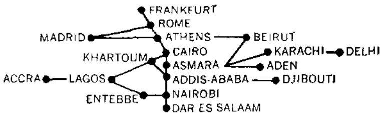

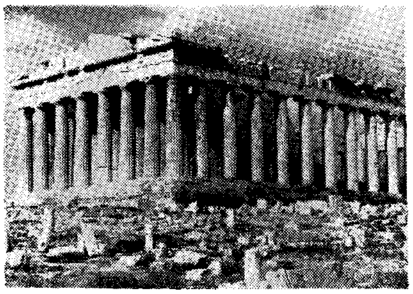

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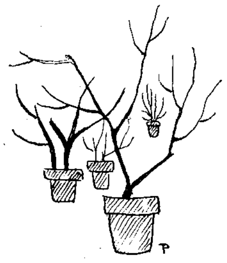
by his mates in the nation's capital, who interpreted it as a power play by the New York office. Wicker and Reston (who was then still in Washington) flew to New York and had a ninety-minute chat with their boss, who thereupon reversed himself. By the time of *my* chat, sister publications of the *Times* had had a field day. The Washington *Post* and the New York *Post* had reported the contretemps in news stories headlined, respectively, "A NEW YORK TIMES COUP THAT WAS ALMOST FIT TO PRINT" and "HE DIDN'T GET HIS JOB THROUGH THE NEW YORK TIMES." *Newsweek* had written it up under the title "Punch—and Counterpunch," and *Time* had chortled its way through an article headed "Mutiny on the Times," which stated that while "everyone now insists that resignations were never threatened . . . the danger of losing Reston, Wicker, and White House Correspondent Max Frankel was implicit. . . . The loss of such stars was too much to risk."

I found the hero, or villain, of this episode slightly exhilarated but otherwise calm. (He was wearing a herringbone suit that looked familiar, a striped tie, and a white shirt.) A sheet of paper, partly typed, was in his Underwood. "I'm writing a reply to the *Time* piece for my column," he said. "It was all wrong. There was no mutiny. Did anyone offer me his resignation? No, sir, not a soul."

He gesticulated with his pipe and said, "It's extraordinary to me how the *Times* lives in a fishbowl. Reporters are notorious gossips—the world's worst gossips. The Washington thing was sloppily handled from top to bottom. There were many heartbreaks. I'm delighted to talk about it. It's part and parcel of the strange relationship of the publisher to the news department. It's the first time I said no to them. It hurt Jimmy Greenfield. He was just a pawn. The senior people in the news department—Rosenthal [A. M. Rosenthal, then an assistant managing editor and now associate managing editor], Daniel, Catledge—had recommended that he be made head of the Washington bureau, leaving Tom Wicker free to write his column, which takes him all over the country. I had agreed to the suggestion, but then I talked it over with Scotty Reston, Harding Bancroft, and my wife, and I literally changed my mind. I just had a feeling that it would create a huge problem. I felt that this kind of change would make a lot of people here wonder where they were going, and perhaps be amenable to other offers. Talk about a wholesale rebellion simply isn't true. Maybe somebody would have walked out the door, but I like to think that people here are more loyal to the *Times* than that. Still, I think it would have done something inside of people that just isn't worth the price. Tom writes a superb column. I think the major disagreement lay in bringing in an outsider over lots of people who want a crack at the Washington job. Tom Wicker was upset when I told him about it. The guys in the news department feel they were repudiated, which is incorrect. Washington feels it has won, which is also incorrect. This was the New York *Times*' Bay of Pigs. I think it has its good side. It has caused complacency to disappear.



"Six columns on page 3 of the Washington *Post!*" the collector of silver linings went on, waving a clipping at me. "Why did they give it all that space when so many really important things are going on? Kay Graham called me up, and I told her there was no story, but she printed it—a story about no story."

He handed me the non-story, which I had envisioned from his description as taking up the better part of a page, and I was disappointed in its size. There were six columns, all right, but the first one was only five lines long, the second and third ran to seven lines, and the others to thirty-five lines.

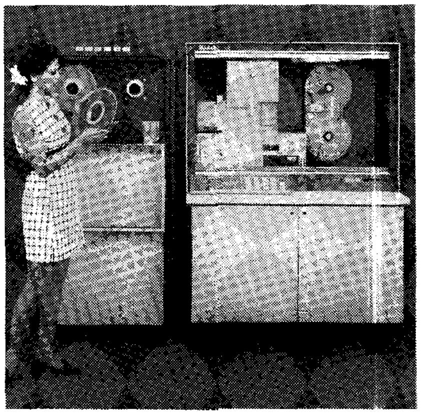
"People's feelings are still bruised," Mr. Sulzberger said. "I had a nice note from Jimmy Greenfield. He has resigned, but I hope we'll get him back."

Mr. Greenfield has since joined the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company (the *Times* ran a two-column story on this move, with a photograph), and the salubrious disappearance of complacency hailed by Punch has since been made manifest to me in talks I have had in the news department and elsewhere. "No one questions Punch's authority, but they might question his wisdom," one man said. "He was considered by a lot of us to have gone back on his word on the Washington thing. It came to a decision between the people who would stay and those who might leave. It was purely pragmatic."

"The publisher was asked for a decision," another man said. "He

In hope of understanding each other

Ignore but keep



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If on the other hand, you see the point and are in a position to act on it, the Business Systems Division of Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. wants to find you.

Reaching and teaching the less bookish

There seems to be some problem as to who is willing to pay for science, let alone raise the ante a few percent per annum. If the difference between science and technology gets to be more widely grasped, the problem may get worse. Cheer may portend, however, in that more of the population now goes to college and there encounters science. Were this not so, scientists would be harder pressed than they now are to turn into technologists.

Scientists who teach are therefore well advised to do a good job of teaching at levels of the human genetic and cultural pool which science must tap for sustenance but where it is not quite enough to suggest that elementary wave mechanics, for example, can be understood by devoting an afternoon to Heitler's 190-page little classic on the subject.

There seem to be more effective routes to the minds of a generation whose education began before kindergarten with Saturday morning cartoon shows. We made the film those shows came on, and we make film on which, in the opening words of a recent announcement by the Commission on College Physics, "The physics film underground is about to go legit."

The Commission proposes a "film publication system," referee-controlled, whereby the physics teaching community turns out films for each other. Most of the activity is to be at the advanced undergraduate and the graduate levels, for which few films now exist.*

Aside from helping with the publicity, we can also help with the KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC MFS-8 Projector.† It establishes a relationship between the student and the film that the teacher-filmmaker can put to good use. No longer does the film have to start at the beginning and run to the end. Even if the film wasn't conceived with this projector in mind, its edge can be marked to stop automatically at any frames to halt the action, make a statement, raise a question. When the student is ready, he presses a button to thaw the freeze and resume at 6 to 18 frames/sec, forward or backward as prescribed, until the next marked frame.

If gadgetry can help bring light to the less bookish of the populace, let's not consider it indecent.

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*The Commission can be reached at the University of Maryland, 4321 Hartwick Road, College Park, Md. 20740.

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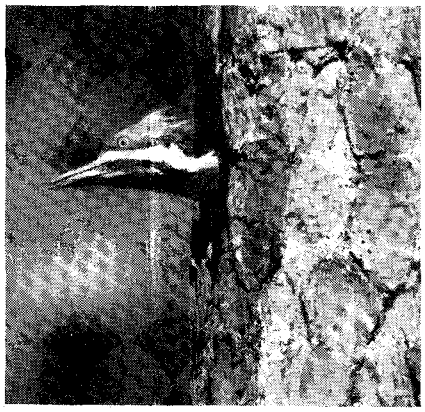
The log-cock



He was known as the log-cock long ago, when birdwatchers had no such high-flown label as "pileated woodpecker" and did their watching for the family table and for the game markets in the towns. He doesn't taste very good. Nevertheless, his numbers declined. Then he came back, as the forest returned to poorer farmsteads, abandoned with the recognition of agriculture as a business. He can be watched again in much of North America by watchers good at watching.

The behavior pattern that comes with his long, hairlike scarlet crest and his scarlet mustache makes him a living jackhammer. The chips that fly run 3, 4, even 6 inches in size. Rarely do he and his mate use for nesting one of the dead trees they have riddled in quest of ants. For a nest they select a special tree and spend a full month patiently and meticulously carving a huge chamber high up in it. The eggs are laid on the bed of chips. During daylight he and she take two-hour turns at incubating, but for the night he takes over alone.

The log-cock's world and man's remain in conflict in a minor way. A dead tree that has been impregnated with preservatives and replanted as a utility pole is still a dead tree to the log-cock. Computers may refine the figure, but $6 million is believed a fair estimate of the annual cost of the log-cock's assumption. We have reason to believe that if p-benzoquinone were added to the preservative recipe, he would be alerted to a difference. p-Benzoquinone is one of many chemicals that our manufacturing processes produce. Ingenuity in finding markets for them is admired in our marketers and gets them singled out as bright.

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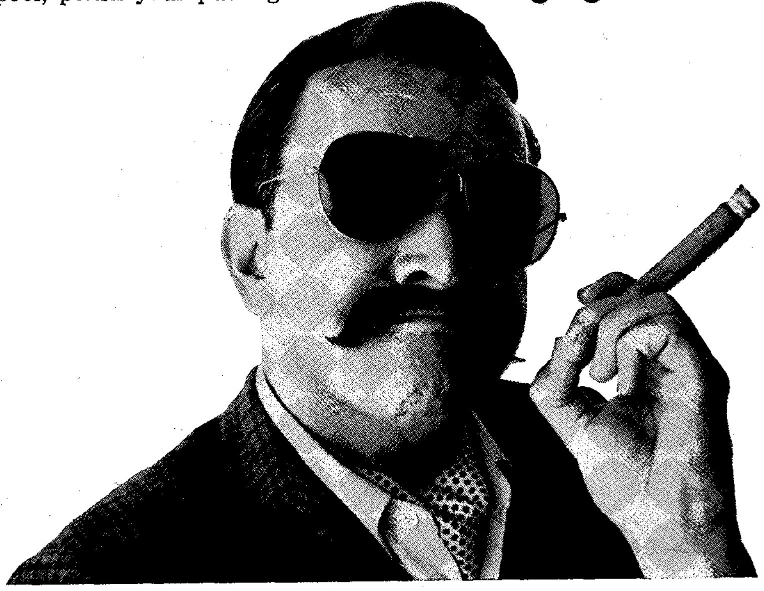

agreed to put Greenfield in Washington. Jim had just the qualifications we had been looking for. Tom Wicker did not have the time, and perhaps the inclination, to be the bureau chief. Then a little campaign was organized to make the publisher change his mind. A little family quarrel got out in the open, which we regret. I think Punch had the impression that if he went through with the recommendation as many as six people here and in Washington might quit the paper—younger people, in the forties range. The principal one was Wicker himself. [Mr. Wicker is forty-two.] Punch has made a definite effort to bring young people forward on the *Times*—people more or less in his own age bracket. He feels more *comfortable* with young people."

"If you grant that the original decision was a mistake, which I think it was, Punch did the right thing," a third man said several months after the non-story broke. "He's been criticized for publicly reversing himself, and for disowning Daniel and Catledge and Rosenthal in so doing, but he recognized that he had made a mistake—one that people will take a long time to recover from. 'I exercised the prerogative of a woman and a publisher,' he told me. 'I changed my mind.' Punch is a very simple man, totally uncomplicated. At times, he's insensitive about human relationships until things are spelled out for him. Scotty Reston's appointment as executive editor may have been influenced by a disintegration of morale in the news department after the failed Washington putsch. Reston is an old friend of the Sulzberger family; he delivered the eulogy at Orvil Dryfoos's funeral. It was very moving. The *Times* has reprinted it. [Mr. Reston has since delivered the eulogy at the memorial service for Arthur Hays Sulzberger.] Scotty has an inspirational quality for the people who work with him. His succeeding of Catledge means, presumably, that Daniel, who *might* have become executive editor, won't. Punch doesn't like to hurt anyone's feelings. When Reston's name went on the masthead as executive editor, Daniel's name appeared there for the first time. [So did Daniel Schwarz's.] Punch has a streak of tough, hard decisiveness. He likes mixing in with the news department. I sometimes believe that he thinks, 'I'm going to show all those people who said I was a publisher by accident.' After all, Punch is the first [post-Ochs] publisher of the *Times* who is not a son-in-law but is in the direct line of succession. He doesn't have to worry about what his in-laws will think."

The publisher may or may not worry about what his mother thinks. Soon after the Wicker-Greenfield dustup, the magazine *Ramparts* ran an article, headed "Mother Knows Best," that stated, in part:

> One of the favorite objects of journalistic peekaboo for years has been the Byzantine politics at the New York Times. . . . As an institution it more resembles Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County than IBM. . . . This is due in no small part to the clubbish and churlish politics of the Times' editorial department which is divided into more camps than an army of gypsies.
>
> Its hang-loose publisher, Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger Jr. [*sic*] . . has tended to let all this politicking ride, but his mother and the matriarch of the Times family, Mrs. Arthur Ochs [*sic*] Sulzberger, has in recent months become progressively more upset over published reports of the Times' internal affairs.
>
> The last straw for her came earlier this year when the press reported an attempted *putsch* of the Times' Washington bureau as if it were Dunkirk. . . . Mrs. Sulzberger let it be known, in the way only mothers have with their sons, that she had had it. The respectable Times had never had its dirty linen washed so regularly in public before, and it was indecent, Mrs. Sulzberger said. She told Punch to end the system of rival city-states that made up the Times' editorial department by installing a straight line of command, preferably with Reston at the top.
>
> So this month the publisher cleaned house. . . .

Punch clipped this piece of journalistic peekaboo and sent it to his mother with a note: "Next time you rake me over the coals, don't call up *Ramparts*."

FOLLOWING my Byzantine-politics session with the hereditary Ochs, I mixed in briefly with the news department, where he had invited me to accompany him to the daily four-o'clock news meeting. This was held in Mr. Daniel's office, adjoining the big newsroom. A dozen editors sat around a long oval table; three or four overflowed onto a sofa. Sulzberger and Catledge sat in chairs behind Daniel, who presided at the head of the table. (The publisher's expression was interested but a trifle tentative, and I recalled something that his Professor had told me a few days before: "Punch felt there was a 'Keep Out' sign in the news department, which wasn't true. Ochs set up a complete separation of church and state, and Arthur Hays Sulzberger never attended news conferences, but Orvil Dryfoos did occasionally. When Punch became publisher—I was managing editor then, and

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conducted them—he asked me whether he would be welcome. I told him what I told Marshall Field, who had asked me a similar question when I was editor of the Chicago *Sun*. I said, 'For what you pay, you can sit in anywhere you want to.' ") Arthur Gelb, the metropolitan editor, who, in addition to general local news, directs obituaries, science, and cultural news, faced Mr. Daniel at the other end of the table.

Mr. Gelb read off summaries of some of the next day's features. Mr. Daniel cut in on the outline of a crime story involving the murder of an off-duty policeman with a question: "What does an off-duty policeman do?" Mr. Gelb told him. He asked another question. Mr. Catledge made a comment on something he had heard over the radio about the United States government's approving executions in Vietnam; he suggested that this be checked. Movie and theatre reviews by Renata Adler and Clive Barnes for the next day were identified by Mr. Gelb; an obituary was mentioned. At four-ten, Claude F. Sitton, the national-news director (he has since been succeeded by Gene Roberts), seated at Mr. Gelb's left, gave a summary of the Washington news. Catledge interposed an occasional question. Daniel criticized a crime-reporting essay in the current edition—too many generalities, he said.

At four-twenty, Seymour Topping, the foreign-news editor, seated at Mr. Gelb's right, reported on the war. "Get the record straight," Daniel said. At four-twenty-seven, Thomas Mullaney, the financial-and-business-news editor, reported on the stock markets, the petroleum industry, stock splits, and so on. He got through this in three minutes. At four-thirty, Miss Curtis, the only girl in the lot, who was sitting with one leg tucked under her, outlined a story on a shopping center for dogs and one on the modelling activities of Miss Penelope Tree. Mr. Catledge queried the significance of the model story. Miss Curtis championed it. At four-thirty-two, Joseph Sheehan, an assistant sports editor, seated at Mr. Sitton's left, discussed basketball and racing. At four-thirty-four, John G. Morris, the picture editor, across the table from Mr. Sheehan, discussed the next day's photographs. "Thank you," Mr. Daniel said at four-thirty-five, and Mr. Catledge told me that the meeting had run long—it usually takes thirty minutes. "The idea of these conferences is cross-fertilization," he said as we left the room. "I'm now an observer, but I often butt in. We're interested in thoroughness and accuracy.

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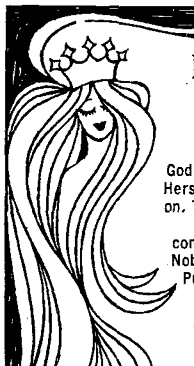

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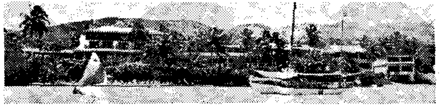

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We have a much larger obligation than we used to have."

Mr. Theodore M. Bernstein, an assistant managing editor since 1952 and the author of a number of syntactical treatises, including "Watch Your Language," seated at Mr. Daniel's right, had watched his language to the point of not opening his mouth. He is in charge of the night shift, which puts the paper out, with a deadline of 8:45 P.M.; the presses start to run fifty minutes later. "The daytime editors *direct* the coverage of the news," I was told later. "The night editors process it. Some of the stories outlined at the news meeting get bumped and never see the light of day."

Mr. Sulzberger, who had not made a joke, took me back to the fourteenth floor and, at its north end, a block's length from his office, showed me a boardroom, thirty-eight feet long and twenty-two feet wide, whose walls were lined with photographs and sketches of some of the famous people who had visited the *Times*. Most of them were inscribed to Adolph Ochs. They included Thomas A. Edison, the John D. Rockefellers, Sr. and Jr., King Alfonso of Spain, Lords Northcliffe and Rothermere, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, the Ogden Reids (as a young couple), Joffre, Clemenceau, Jusserand, Chiang Kai-shek, John Jacob Astor (who went down on the Titanic), Andrew W. Mellon, Jacob H. Schiff, Nancy Astor, Nicholas Murray Butler, Daniel Guggenheim, Charles A. Lindbergh, and Bishop William T. Manning. "This used to be Granddad's office," my guide said. "That portrait of him"—he pointed to a László oil at the south end of the room—"wasn't there when this was his office, but there *was* a photograph of my father. Dad took it down when this became the boardroom, and substituted one of Arthur Sulzberger Bay, at the South Pole, which was named after him by Admiral Byrd." (Richard E. Byrd, the explorer, whose expeditions to both poles were written up by him for the *Times*, paid further topographical tribute to the family of its owners by naming—on a map of Antarctica—Adolph S. Ochs Glacier; Mount Iphigene, facing the nominee's husband's bay; and, not far off, Mount Marujupu, named after Marian, Ruth, Judith, and Punch, who was three years old at the time. "We argue about who has the top and who has the bottom," Punch says.)

The bay Sulzberger's boy showed me his father's thoughtful pictorial re-

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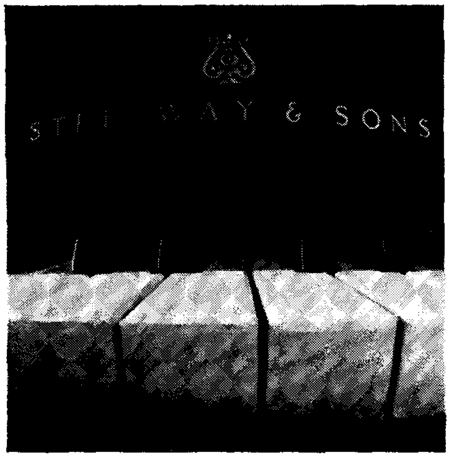

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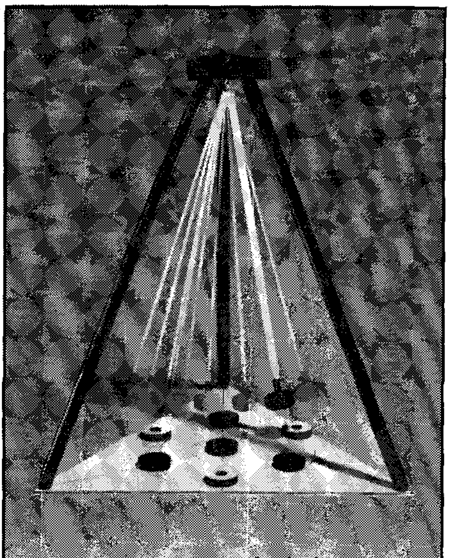
placement and said, "We had a picture of Mussolini that stayed up all during the Second World War and was removed only in 1963, when Haile Selassie came here for lunch. You can still see the nail marks. I don't know where the Mussolini is now—I suppose in some desk or table drawer."

He pulled a few drawers out, but the Mussolini didn't show.

"Most of the people on the walls came to the *Times* for lunch," he went on. "We have a guestbook with their signatures and, in many cases, their comments. Selassie's message, a rather long one, was written in Amharic. No one here could read it. I think it was a tribute to the *Times*. We gave him back his sword—the sword of Menelik II. Herbert L. Matthews, who covered the Italian campaign for us in the Second World War, got it from a sergeant in the Italian Army. I presented it to the Emperor, who was astounded. We still have distinguished guests at our daily editorial lunches. [These are held in the publisher's dining room, on the eleventh floor, which also boasts three private dining rooms, as well as an employees' cafeteria.] Our guests generally talk off the record. The purpose is to give our editors the best background information. The guests are helpful to us as journalists, and they, in turn, often hope to influence us. We try to get a good cross-section. In my day, besides Haile Selassie, we've had the head of the Eastman Kodak Company, the head of the Stock Exchange, Henry Ford, Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Barbara Tuchman, Louis Auchincloss, and Nelson Rockefeller. The Governor is a frequent repeater; he comes every few months. He sometimes invites himself, through a representative—we're delighted, of course. [One such suggestion was made, and immediately accepted, last winter, after Mr. Oakes, in one editorial, had taxed Mr. Rockefeller with "political cowardice" for the part he played in the garbage strike and, in another, had characterized his televised message to the public as "unctuous."] Ted Kheel is coming in next week, and so are the Governor of Puerto Rico, the Defense Minister of Israel, and Cass Canfield."

Punch, as host, guides the interviewing at the lunches, which are attended, typically, by the Messrs. Bancroft, Catledge, Reston, Daniel, Oakes, and Schwarz, and now and then by Charles Merz, who sometimes drops in at his old paper. Departmental editors may be recruited when the day's guest of honor is connected with their spheres.



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"Guests are picked from lists of candidates sent to Punch," one of the *Times'* tall stand of reeds has explained. "The lunches are very good. Genteel performances. Totally general conversation. No booze. Punch is gracious as a host. He plays the role admirably. He never pontificates on world problems. He is a good questioner. He sometimes makes outrageous remarks. Once, when Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corporation, was here, Punch said, 'Why don't you give all your money away and terminate?' Pifer was stunned." (Guests are not always stunned, however. "Pleasant enough, but perfunctory," one of them said when I asked about his command performance. "I don't recall that young Mr. Sulzberger said anything much.")

I expressed a curiosity about the guestbook, and the publisher introduced me to a lady, who, when I came back the next morning, unlocked a cabinet in a sizable chamber adjoining the boardroom and told me to help myself to what proved to be not a single roster but a dozen volumes, bound in brown leather and stamped "The New York Times Guests' Book" in gold. Their array of signatures would have provided a field day for a graphologist. Volume I started on March 12, 1924. The day's entry included the names of Mr. Ochs; Rollo Ogden, then editor of the *Times;* Carr V. Van Anda, the managing editor; and Arthur Hays Sulzberger. Over the years, Colonel Lindbergh cropped up more than once, and so did former President Truman, who wrote, on April 12, 1960, "Harry S Truman, Independence, Mo. Retired farmer and former contributor to the New York Times." (The *Times* had published his memoirs.) Ochs grandchildren were represented down the decades; a 1933 entry bore the signature "Arthur Ochs Sulzberger" in childish handwriting.

I concluded this visit with an inspection of a small museum of *Times* memorabilia, containing the foreign decorations of the chairman of the board and the flag carried by Byrd on his North Pole flight, and with a peek at a scrapbook that went back a good deal farther in *Times* annals. This started out with an April 16, 1896, clipping from the Chattanooga *Times,* which stated that Colonel Ochs, its owner, was about to assume control of the New York *Times.* (The bankruptcy sale had been held three days before; the property was formally transferred two days later.)

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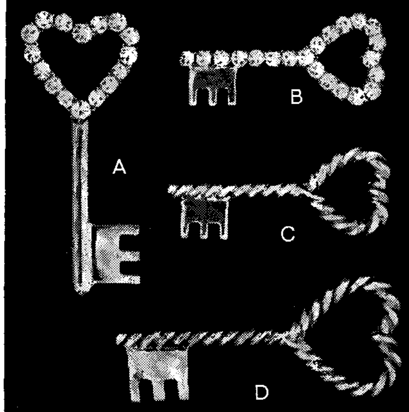

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geous, well-edited and high-toned newspapers of the country [it went on]. It was this paper that exposed the Tweed Ring, and many are the reforms that have been brought about by *The New York Times*. It is free from claptrap measures and sensationalism, and is the paper of the best element of the metropolis. It is famous especially for its literary department and, in all, is a clean, first-class newspaper.

ANOTHER session I had with the proprietor of this high-toned property, which, *mutatis mutandis*, now lights bravely into such phenomena as unmotivated massacres, principled vandalism, and copulation on the stage, took place not long after the assassination of Robert Kennedy. I learned that Mr. Kennedy had lunched at the *Times* in 1960, in 1964, and on January 17, 1968. "It was shortly before he made up his mind to run for President," his host said. "He was very, very eloquent. He gave an eloquent presentation of the problems of minority groups. John Oakes asked him to write a piece on this for our editorial page, and he did. We don't ordinarily recruit writing talent at these lunches."

I asked how the news of the Kennedy murder had been handled technically, and Mr. Sulzberger had Miss Finn bring him a report got up by Nathan W. Goldstein, the circulation director. According to this, and an accompanying memorandum, the *Times* received news of the shooting a little after three o'clock in the morning. The presses, which normally run until four-thirty, were shut down at three-twenty-two for the insertion of a detailed story of the event, telephoned in from Los Angeles, and were started up again at five-fifty-eight. They ran until 7:12 A.M. Two hundred and eighty-two thousand copies of the final edition were printed, making a total of 1,009,257 for all editions, of which 965,000 were sold. The following morning, after Kennedy had died, the presses, which had been running late with an extra order of fifty thousand copies because of the Senator's condition, shut down at five o'clock and started up again at six-thirteen. They ran until 7:11 A.M. Two hundred thousand copies of the final edition were printed, making a total of 1,097,000, of which 1,050,000 were sold. Twenty-two thousand copies of the first edition, which is usually off the presses at 11 P.M., go to Washington by train. On the occasions of the Kennedy shooting and death—and on many previous occasions involving late news of particular importance, such as the re-

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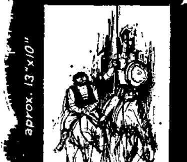

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sults of last June's primaries, the murder of Martin Luther King, Johnson's announcement that he wouldn't run again for President, and the killing of Lee Harvey Oswald—the *Times* instructed its Washington distributor to junk these copies. It then chartered a plane to replace them with later editions. (The rest of the country is not so favored.)

Our talk drew to an end on a lighter note. Mindful of our previous chat, I asked Punch whether I might see a copy of his reply in *Times Talk* to *Time* on its description of the Washington-New York confrontation.

"Ivan Veit wouldn't let me run it," he said. "I had worked in a joke that I thought was pretty good—about the Jewish farmer who had a knife through his stomach and was still alive. 'The Arabs raped my wife and my daughter and slaughtered my cattle,' he said. A soldier asked him, 'Doesn't it hurt a lot?' 'Only when I laugh,' he said. That's how I felt about the *Time* story, but Ivan wouldn't let me run it. He said that five thousand of our employees wouldn't know what I was talking about."

The development-and-acquisitions vice-president's decision had not impaired his president's cheerfulness. "I love this job," he said, showing me out through the anteroom. "I happen to think that the old lady we grind out is pretty good—considerably better than she was."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

DEAR ANN: During the holidays we gave a series of small dinner parties. On two separate occasions, invited guests brought along another couple. I would not have minded if they had telephoned first but they just showed up and said, "We knew it would be OK."

I felt like a hypocrite smiling and saying "Oh, it's perfectly all right." Frankly, I was burned up. My husband says I am pretty. What do you say?

SHORT ON SILVERWARE
—*Chicago Sun-Times*.

You're beautiful when you're angry.

•

It is true that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Meade entered Congress at the same time; Mr. Nixon went on to greater things and Mr. Meade returned to Kentucky after a single term. It taxes credulity to believe that this brief encounter was the basis for a demon-pithiness friendship lasting for more than two decades.—*Lexington* (*Ky.*) *Herald*.

Look, when those old demons go to work, they knit people together and make them pithy.

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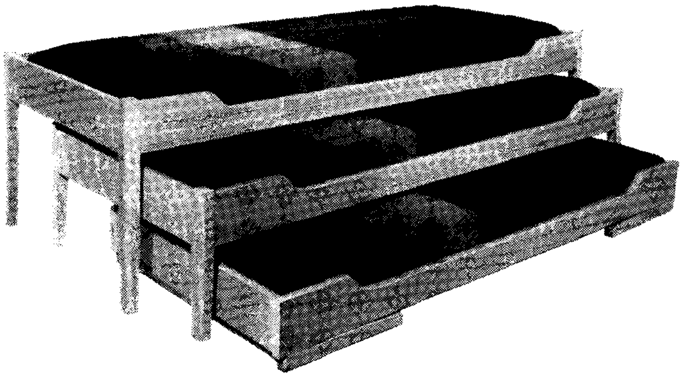

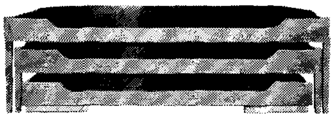

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THE THEATRE

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"HADRIAN VII," at the Helen Hayes, is an old-fashioned and not very resourceful feat of dramatic composition, but Alec McCowen has such a marvellous time playing the title role—has, if he will forgive my saying so, such a marvellous time playing himself playing the title role—that one's evening turns out to be entirely pleasurable. Mr. McCowen "created" the role (as the saying goes and shouldn't: it is playwrights who create roles) in London last year; by now he is in the fullest possible possession of its quiddity, and we take an extra measure of delight in watching him roam and rummage about inside his lines, as the owner of some great country house might stroll its enfilade of rooms at night, never doubting where the next long stretch of moonlit parquet will lead him. There are, of course, risks for the actor in any hint of overconfidence; it is the occasions when Mr. McCowen seeks to make his role more pawky and curious than it really is that we begin to notice *him*, and the temptation arises to consider not only how interesting he must be in his own right but also how much less interesting his role is than it ought to have been. For the playwright, Peter Luke, although he has had an ingenious notion, has not carried it out as ingeniously as it deserves; he has given us a tidy melodrama instead of a substantial play.

The bizarre plot of the novel "Hadrian VII," by Frederick William Rolfe, alias Baron Corvo, becomes the heart of Mr. Luke's play: After twenty years of vain pleading, an English Roman Catholic named George Arthur Rose, a scruffy Grub Street type, is permitted to enter holy orders and within a matter of weeks finds himself crowned Pope in Rome. The plot is a daydream enjoyed by the hero, who is Rolfe himself, and whom we encounter, in the opening and closing scenes, as a brilliant and anguished outcast, longing to be at once celebrated and ignored, loved and rejected. By all accounts, Rolfe was a classic paranoid, with, among his many gifts, the gift of alienating everyone who tried to help him. His "Hadrian VII" is certainly one of the purest fantasies ever to flow unchecked from mind to page—as nearly flawless a gem of wish fulfillment as "Through the Looking Glass" and the tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Much of the clever dialogue of the play comes word for word from the novel, but the acute and caustic quality of Rolfe's intelligence is shown at its best in passages of exposition in the novel that remain, for stage purposes, inaccessible. (Rolfe on Rose: "He taught himself, in a very bitter school, the arts of selection and discrimination, and the art of annihilating rubbish. To this perhaps was due his complete psychical detachment from other men. He trod upon so many worms.") Between them, Mr. Luke and Mr. McCowen come close to depicting Rolfe's Hadrian; they have not depicted Rolfe.

The large cast includes several admirable actors, among them Gillie Fenwick, as the Cardinal Archbishop of Pimlico (Rolfe is said to have influenced Firbank and Waugh); William Needles, as the Bishop of Caerleon; and Peter Jobin, as a youthful protégé of Hadrian. The villains who attempt to destroy Hadrian by revealing to the press the squalor of his secular life in London are played by Miss Sydney Sturgess and Gerard Parkes; I am afraid I found their acting as preposterous as the writing of the Boucicault-like scenes that featured them. I also disapproved of the extremely broad acting indulged in by Louis Zorich, as the Papal Secretary of State. Double takes in the Vatican, *sub specie aeternitatis*, should be sparely employed. But no matter—I am not in a mood to find fault, for fear it will seem to diminish Mr. McCowen's well-earned glory. "Hadrian VII" was directed by Peter Dews, and the settings and costumes are by Robert Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher has dressed his many cardinals to the nines; in their yards and yards of red moire, they make a glorious spectacle. The only glimmer of religious feeling that I detect in me is sartorial.

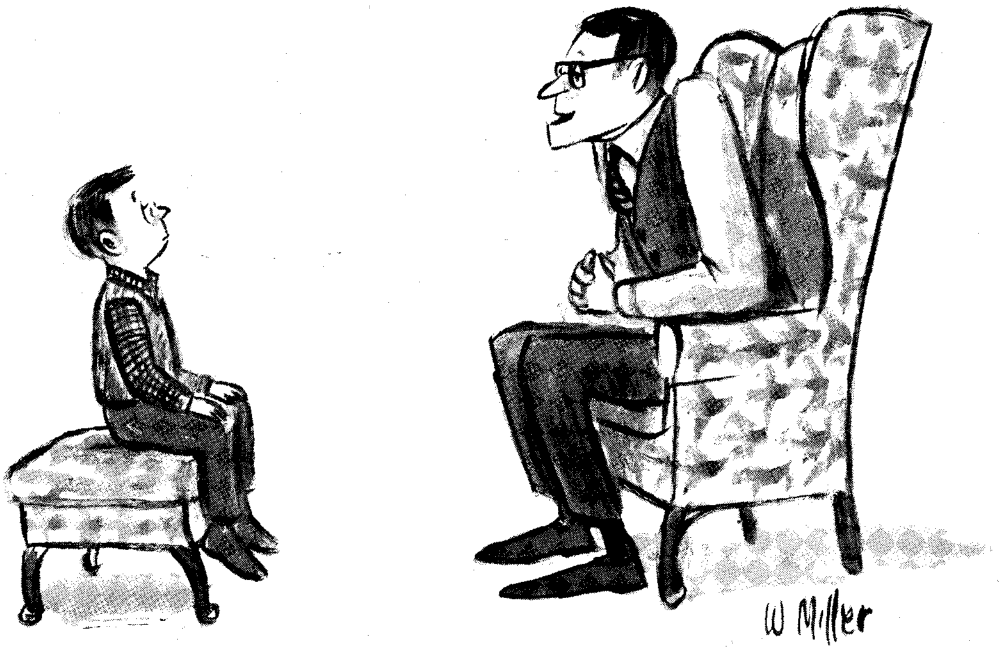
—BRENDAN GILL

•

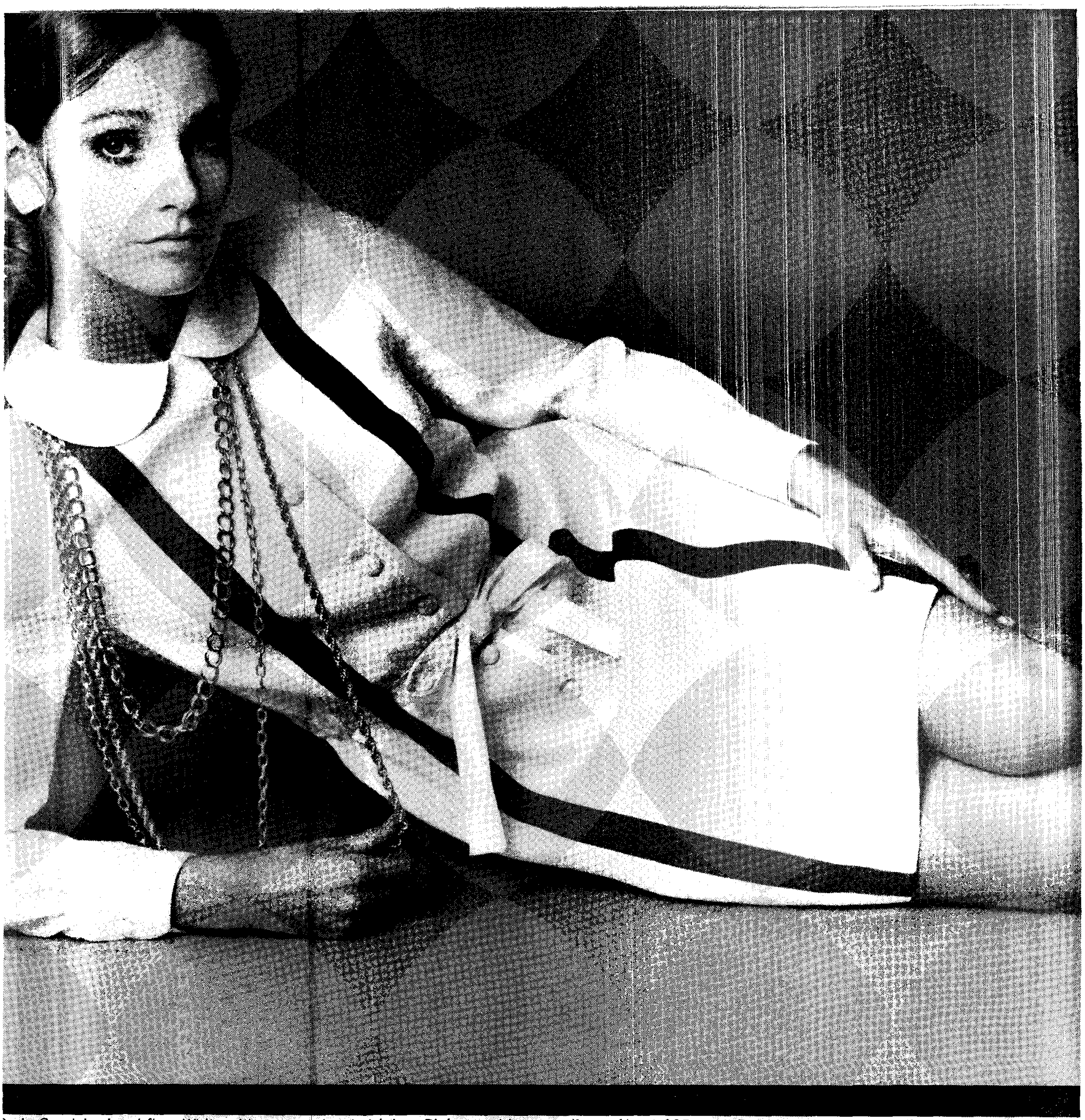
ITHACA, N.Y. (AP)—How long does it take to prepare dinner for 200 persons? The U.S. Army can do it in an hour.

A new field kitchen, developed at the Army's food laboratories at Natick, Mass., does it by using microwave ovens and huge blenders—all mounted on a normal size truck. A blender, for example, can toss salad to 100 men in two seconds. —*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger.*

Yeah, but can they field it?



"Of course, Son, you should remember that a carefully tended portfolio is just one aspect of manhood, and as such it should always be kept in perspective."



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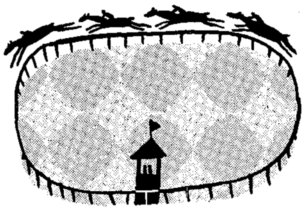
THE RACE TRACK

Santa Anita Revisited

IT'S been longer than I care to think since I last went racing at Santa Anita. Happily, during the recent holidays I could make the trip, and I've seldom had a more enjoyable time. The plant has blossomed like a rose. The grandstand and the clubhouse are bigger, and so are the crowds, while the infield, which was always popular, looks especially attractive, with its palm trees, a fountain, and picnic circles, where special groups coming to the track can have their own lawn parties. I was amazed, too, at the number of women and children who come to watch the morning workouts and applaud their favorites—Quicken Tree got a big hand as he galloped by. Early visitors can also tour the stable area in little trains with open coaches like those at the World's Fairs. (The New York Racing Association might think about this item for Belmont Park, but it probably won't.)



As for the races: The California Breeders' Champion Stakes, for two-year-olds, at seven furlongs—a preview of eligibles for the Santa Anita Derby later in the meeting—was won by Mrs. Joseph Forno's Mr. Joe F. (named for guess who) by a head from Fleet Allied, the favorite, with Major Glory third. Interest had centered on the meeting of Fleet Allied, winner of the Del Mar Futurity, and Fleet Kirsch, who beat him in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship earlier in the season, but Fleet Kirsch quickly tired and wound up last. Another lively finish came in the San Gabriel Handicap, for older horses, at a mile and a furlong on the grass course, in which Easy Mark beat Deck Hand by half a length. Biggs, the winner four years ago, was third. Finally, there was the Malibu Stakes, at seven furlongs, which has become a race of status and importance, leading up to the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the top event exclusively for four-year-olds. (Damascus won it last year and Buckpasser the year before.) Eighteen ran, and the winner turned up in First Mate, a 15–1 shot who led much of the way. Skookum was second and Dignitas third. This weekend, the San Fernando, at a mile and a furlong, will be the final test for hopefuls before the Strub, on February 1st. As you know, this is the big one for which Dark Mirage is pointed. I saw this department's darling on the track at Santa Anita one morning, and she looked fit and ready for anything.

ON days when there's no racing, one tours the breeding establishments. During my too brief stay, I was privileged to visit Hastings Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farms. It really isn't a showplace as showplaces go in California. Rather, it's a well-planned, workmanlike setup, completely equipped with all the newest appliances. Situated in the Santa Ynez Valley, about forty miles from Santa Barbara, it covers three thousand acres, close to a third of which is for the horses. The site and the layout—chosen by Harcourt, who is a perfectionist, and by Marvin Roberts, his managing partner and a practical horseman—seem ideal for producing first-class race horses. Even the soil in the paddocks and pastures is remarkable, having, I'm told, a higher content of calcium and phosphorus than that around Lexington and Ocala. The complex includes a forty-stall barn for the animals in training, which has a nonskid floor and too many other innovations to list here; a barn for the stallions and another for the mares; and one for the ponies and quarter horses used on the place. There's also a posh administration building, from the second floor of which you can watch the workouts on the training track. Then there's the circular foaling barn, also thought up by Harcourt and Roberts, in which an attendant sitting in the center has no trouble seeing what's going on in any one of the nine stalls. Nearby is a first-aid clinic, with two veterinarians in attendance.

As for bloodstock, Harcourt has bought the best available (there is some that can't be bought at any price) in this country, Ireland, England, France, and Argentina. He has five stallions—Successor, who needs no introduction; Tirreno, a full brother of Forli, the Buckpasser of the Argentine; Fleet Discovery, a star on the California tracks; Model Fool; and What's Ahead—and thirty choice broodmares, seventeen of whom are expected to foal homebreds this spring. He also has thirty-one horses in training. And it's only a few years ago that he bought his first one—a quarter horse for his daughter-in-law. If you've wondered about the stable's *nom de course*, when all the horses are in the starting gate at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, the track announcer says over the loudspeakers, "The flag is up," which means the field is ready to go. (There actually is a man with a flag, and he raises it at post time and drops it when the runners take off.) Harcourt, whose father was one of the founders of the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace & Co. fifty years ago, once explained what he had in mind when he picked the name. "It means we have done everything possible to bring a horse up to a race in perfect condition. When the flag falls and the race starts, the rest is up to fortune."

May Flag Is Up Farms have all the best.

ON my way home, I stopped off at Bowie for the opening of the 1969 Maryland racing season. The temperature all afternoon was around twenty-eight degrees. In Los Angeles it had been eighty-two. Last Saturday, I caught Bowie again, this time on TV. Four races were shown: the daily double, won by No. 6 and No. 8—nobody's supposed to name the horses in the daily double, only their numbers—which paid $522.20; the sixth race, which went to First Hunt after Little Mahoney's number was taken down; and the Southern Maryland Handicap, won by Juvenile John, with Salerno second and Sub Call third.

WHEN the weights for the Experimental Free Handicap come out, can the opening of the Big A be far behind? As almost everyone expected, Tommy Trotter, handicapper to the Jockey Club, assigned Steven V. Wilson's Top Knight top weight of 126 pounds in his rating of the two-year-olds of 1968. The next three colts—Beau Brummel, at 125 pounds, and King Emperor and Reviewer, at 124 pounds each—are, as you know, from the Phipps and Wheatley Stables, and it's the first time in five years that this establishment hasn't led the list. Obviously, Trotter couldn't make up his mind who was the best filly, so he gave Gallant Bloom, Process Shot, and Shuvee 118 pounds each. And, if anyone cares to know, this fallible department picks Dike, rated at 122 pounds, to get some part of what's loosely called the Triple Crown. —AUDAX MINOR

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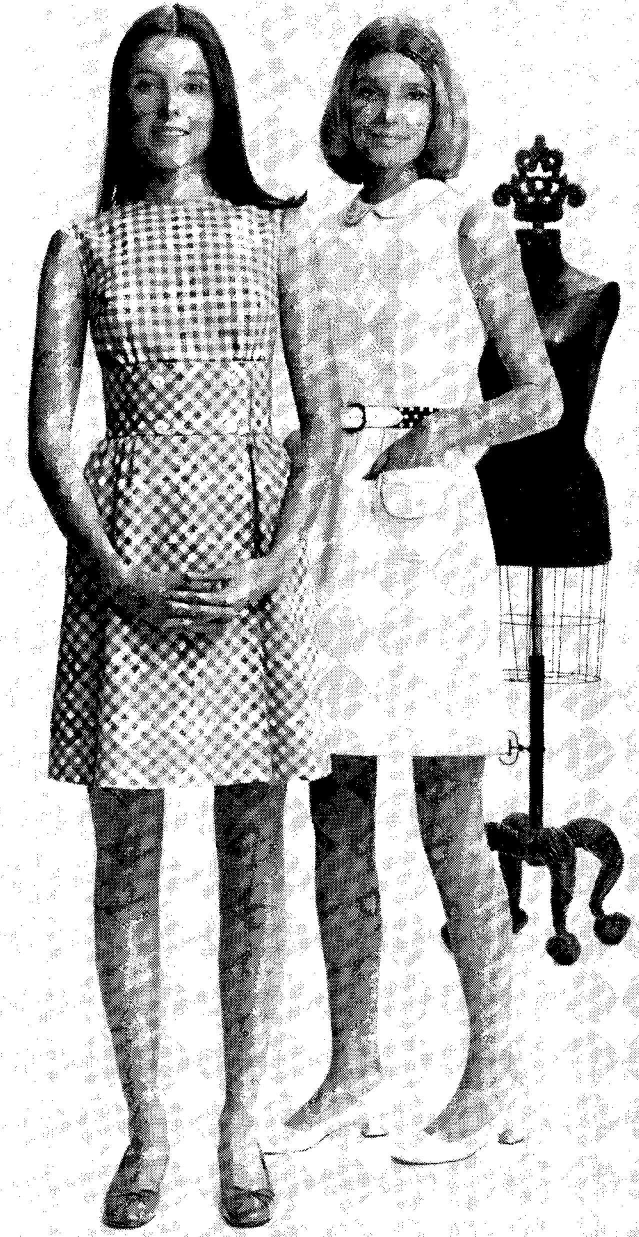

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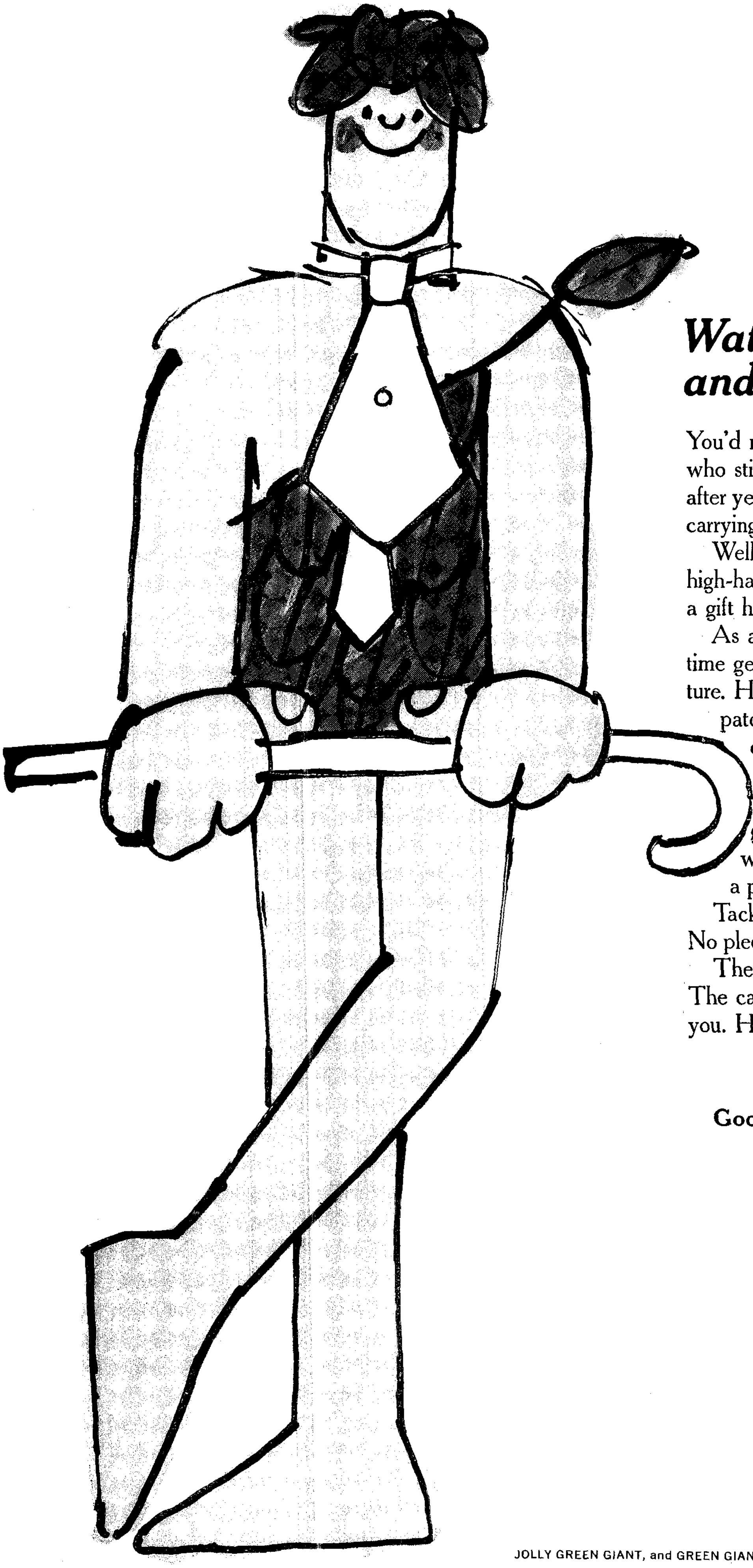
“THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY’S” is another of those movies that (like “I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!” and “Greetings”) are enjoyable if you don’t go expecting too much, but there’s so much talent involved in it that it should have been a classic movie musical (like Comden and Green’s “Singin’ in the Rain”), not just an erratically entertaining one. “Minsky’s” is a backstage-onstage musical—a genre which is often disparaged, because the songs and dances are not integrated in the story, as in the “Oklahoma!” or “West Side Story” kind of musical, but which I much prefer. The best movie musicals are usually wisecracking and irreverent, and a little seedy, with chorus girls past their bloom. “Minsky’s” has a wonderful chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. They dance behind the beat, and when the fat tenor lifts his tired arm in a gesture it’s as dispiriting as a flag being raised to half-mast. The parodies of burlesque dances have been skillfully staged by the choreographer, Danny Daniels, who has also designed a beautiful little example of the interpretive dancing of the twenties for Britt Ekland. The costumes, by Anna Hill Johnstone, are authentic in the true sense: they derive their satirical charm from theatrical history. Charles Strouse and Lee Adams have, with miraculous self-effacement, composed songs that are hardly likely to become hits. But “Minsky’s” doesn’t hold to its own best style. What’s bad about the movie is not that there is plot in it but that the plot doesn’t develop out of the great possibilities in the material. What takes place onstage has been worked out with a consistency of approach; the rest hasn’t, and much of it is thin invention. Burlesque was built on the comedy of gullibility almost as much as on sex, and I wish something had been made of this special appeal to audiences of greenhorns who were wising up. The film’s evocation of the lower East Side early in the century seems an irrelevant exhibitionism of movie skills, and just too clever, but it would not be irrelevant if the film showed that burlesque was a vital, popular theatrical form for workingmen (who often got better theatre than the refined audiences uptown, who discovered burlesque comics years later). We need to see the innocence of burlesque under the tawdriness. Was this kind of ritual theatre—for burlesque is as repetitive and as preordained as a Punch and Judy show—integral to the period, and is that why burlesque “died”? Those who made this tribute to burlesque don’t seem to have had enough confidence in the richness of their subject. If the director (William Friedkin) and the writers (Arnold Schulman, Sidney Michaels, and Norman Lear) were just going to spoof burlesque, they should have skipped the historical material. The way it’s used makes the past seem cute, and that degrades us all. And the period montages become fatiguing, because their purpose is so shallow; they’re finally on a par with the divers springing back to the board in the old Pete Smith shorts. When we have had enough of the tricks and are ready to get involved in something, they’re still going on.

This tribute to burlesque lacks an organizing idea—an idea of the kind that “Singin’ in the Rain” and Kaufman and Hart’s play “Once in a Lifetime” found in the transition of movies from silents to talkies. And there is an idea close at hand—so close that the movie keeps stumbling into it but then out of it again. The lives of the performers offstage seem to be burlesque, too, yet the movie never quite takes hold of this idea of the unity (and diversity) of onstage and offstage life, which, basic to many backstage stories though it is, offers possibilities that are limited only by the moviemakers’ talent and depth of perception. (It may be developed with as much complexity as in “Children of Paradise” or “The Golden Coach.”) There are complicated relationships between the style of a theatre and the life style of the performers, and between character and the type of performing talent one has. The kinds of people involved and how burlesque affected them—this is the material, perhaps, of a more ambitious tribute. But I think Jason Robards’ performance begins to suggest it; he plays his role—the straight man of a comedy team—as sly, self-pleased, lecherous. Robards is so unusual an actor in being willing to be dislikable that he is fascinating to watch even when you’re not sure—as in the stage routines here—whether he’s deliberate-



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Green Giant

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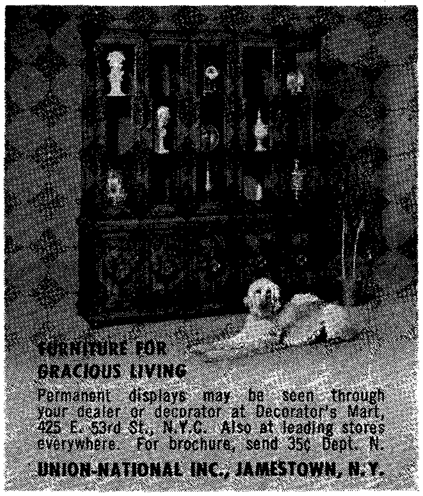

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ly bad or just bad. "Minsky's" does carry the onstage relationship of Robards and Norman Wisdom into their backstage lives, but somehow it misses out on elements that seem waiting to be developed, so that it isn't clear that Wisdom, the patsy in their routines, is performing in the tradition of the great stars who came out of burlesque. When I've seen burlesque, the audiences have been much more restrained than they are in this movie, but I enjoyed the audience-reaction shots, which are witty and, I assume, are also intended as burlesque. The movie has two other principal attractions—Joseph Wiseman (as the senior Minsky), giving an elegant demonstration of comic style, and Britt Ekland, who is anachronistic and can't act much, either, but who has the biggest, most warming smile since Loretta Young. Movies are not built on talent alone.

A HOMOSEXUAL once told me how for weeks he was afraid to speak to a man he saw regularly in his cruising terrain, because the man looked so large and powerful and masculine that the homosexual was afraid he'd be slugged if he made any overtures. Finally, he approached the man and told him how terrified he felt, and the man replied wistfully, "I wish I could find somebody I'd feel that way about." There is something ludicrous and at the same time poignant about many stories involving homosexuals. Inside the leather trappings and chains and emblems and Fascist insignia of homosexual "toughs" there is so often hidden our old acquaintance the high-school sissy, searching the streets for the man he doesn't believe he is. The incessant, compulsive cruising is the true, mad romantic's endless quest for love. Crazier than Don Juan, homosexuals pursue an ideal man, but once they have made a sexual conquest the partner is a homosexual like them, and they go on their self-defeating way, endlessly walking and looking, dreaming the impossible dream. In "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger chases after John Phillip Law so long that when he grabs him and kisses him it's the climax of the picture. Then Law slugs him and Steiger goes out and shoots himself, and that's it. If Steiger had grabbed Law and been rebuffed an hour and a half earlier, he could have said, "All right, so I made a mistake," and maybe the picture could have gone on and been *about* something.

What is wrong with "The Sergeant" is precisely that it takes the

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Army sergeant, played by Steiger, so long to make his pass that the picture keeps going just on the waiting level and we never learn what seems essential: Is he consciously or unconsciously homosexual? His character and his activities have no resonance; we don't know anything about him except that he's fat and domineering and chases the hero. He is a middle-aged man; what has he been doing all these years? If this flirtation is one in a series, why is he so inept? (And why does he kill himself?) And if it is his first crush, what set it off? Why *this* boy? What was there about him that attracted a homosexual response? It's not merely Steiger's character that seems to be newly minted for the purpose of setting the plot in motion; the whole movie lacks resonance. The script (by Dennis Murphy) is the kind of disciplined, workmanlike writing that is meant to be spare but is actually sparse. There isn't a phrase of Army slang that one can take away; there isn't a single imaginative or believable or (what would be blessedly welcome) irrelevant touch in the dialogue or the characters or the imagery that might give the story a sense of life. Nobody in it has any more character than is absolutely necessary for the plot. Every scene sticks to its bare little point, every line of dialogue stays on its impoverished course; things happen neatly one at a time. We never for a minute have the illusion that those people so obviously assembled to be "background" will go on doing what they're doing when the camera cuts away.

The sergeant is not just homosexual—he's a psychopathic personality. It would be unfair to accuse the movie of implying that one has to be crazy to be homosexual (that would be like accusing "Oedipus Rex" of implying that only kings can love their mothers), but one can legitimately ask: Why are all the other soldiers so incredibly, antiseptically straight that it really begins to look as if you *did* have to be crazy to be homosexual? In the French and German girls'-school movies of the thirties, it was perfectly obvious that lesbian feelings were implicit in the situation, but here in this *Army* situation there is nothing in the atmosphere that links up with the sergeant's homosexuality, and when everyone is this one-dimensionally "normal," and homosexuality is, to all appearances, unknown and without cause, it does begin to seem as if only a monster could have such aberrant in-

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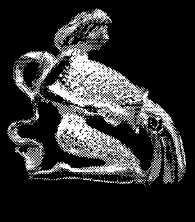

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pulses. Except for the sergeant's, there is no passion or sexuality of *any* kind in this sterile movie, so a heterosexual display of love would seem just as crazy. (When the nice hero and his nice girl are in bed together for the first time, she says "Hello" and he says "Hello.")

This determinedly grim and "strong" movie, directed by John Flynn at a relentlessly unvarying tempo, is not without artistic flourishes. It's "daring" in a "mature" way, and means to be taken very seriously. But wasn't the idea behind the financing of the movie that the star must be an actor the public likes and thinks is a great *actor*, so they'll know it's not for real? Why else would Rod Steiger be cast in the lead—if those who made the movie had any sense of how an actor's physical presence must make the right sexual connections for a role? Just on the face of it, I'd say that an actor who wears wigs like Steiger's doesn't have the kind of aesthetic sense to play a man drawn to a beautiful boy. He was used as a grotesque parody of a homosexual in "The Loved One" just because there's something funny in the idea of a man who looks like Steiger as a homosexual; his hairdresser bit in "No Way to Treat a Lady" was preposterous. A repressed (if that's what it's meant to be) homosexual seems to be totally outside his range; he keeps his face prissy, with his lips pursed, throughout the movie, as if waiting for his emotional outbursts, so that he can let go, but the prissy blank is a blank. Does playing a homosexual paralyze him as an actor? He gives such a tense, constricted performance it's almost as if he didn't want to convince anybody. He never looks at Law with love. (He looked at Poitier with more affection in "In the Heat of the Night.") "The Sergeant" is so insufferably "tasteful" and controlled and careful about its homosexual theme that, ironically, it has less homosexuality in it than many movies have had unconsciously or by the accidents of casting or by carelessness or indifference—"Strangers on a Train," for example, or "Purple Noon," or any of those Westerns in which the manly friendships begin to suggest something that wasn't intended. And there was that come-back-to-the-raft-ag'in-Huck-honey classic of a couple of years ago, "The Fortune Cookie," with Jack Lemmon leaving his dirty wife for his clean, sweet Negro buddy, and with the memorable closing shot of the two of them playing ball together.

—PAULINE KAEL

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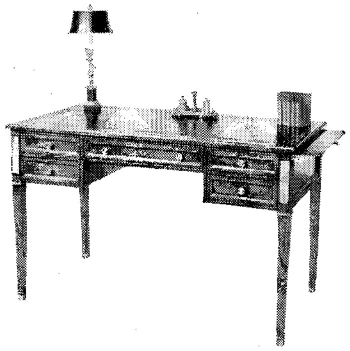

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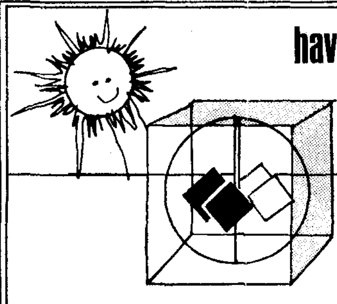

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BOOKS FROM THE WOOD

THEY say that when the time comes for M. Simenon to write his one hundred and eighty-ninth or his two hundred and fiftieth novel all he has to do is to pick a list of names from the telephone directory and let them simmer for a while. Some of the names prove to be stillborn; others germinate and grow, gathering about themselves features and forms and personalities and backgrounds. They become living characters, waiting in the wings. It now only remains for M. Simenon (throwing a silver ball from hand to hand, as is his wont when plot-constructing) to bring them all together in a small seaport in Normandy, and the job is done. So simple a way of making a fortune naturally attracts imitators. But the imitation ought not to be slavish. A telephone directory is not the only source of names likely to expand, agglomerate, and finally coalesce into a situation pregnant with explosive possibilities.

Brigadier Herbert Macdonelly has been germinating for upwards of two years now. He is stencilled in bold black capitals on a sheet of plywood that stands in my workshed waiting its turn, along with bits of hardboard, orange boxes, odd lengths of quartering, and the other jetsam of a handyman who has produced in his time enough shelving to take the whole of M. Simenon's output. There is no mystery about the presence of the Brigadier's name. The sheet of ply once formed part of a crate that was addressed to him c/o the Baggage Master, Cunard Line, S.S. Queen Mary, Pier 92, North River, New York. The contents of the crate were Fragile, and the Brigadier wisely had them packed and shipped for him by the Security Storage Company, at an address in Washington, D.C. All this I know because it is clearly stated, either in stencilling or by means of printed labels, on my piece of ply, and I also know the dimensions of the crate and its gross weight in lbs. The net weight has been sawn off after the figure 6, but should I need it at any time I have only to go out to the garage and peer upward at the underside of the lid of a rather rickety box I knocked together last April to hold insecticides.

Mrs. Delia Rundle came under my notice several months after Brigadier Macdonelly. She is tacked to the end of a nurseryman's seedbox and lives at a house called Porringers, not far from Worcester. The nurseryman, who is not without issue, is called Billet and is in a big enough way of business to have his labels typed and affixed to his boxes with wire staples.

Dr. Tremayne is scrawled in indelible pencil on a length of two-by-four (known to the trade as "scantling"). Perhaps he ordered it from the yard and, after one quick, professional glance, sent it back. He may have detected signs of druxiness. "Druxiness," says my manual on joinery in a handy series of "Teach Yourself" booklets, "is a form of decay started while the tree is growing and due to spores of fungus finding their way into wood and causing decomposition," and it is obviously not much liked by joiners. Doatiness is bad, too. Or the Doctor may have observed warping, twisting, bad knots, waney edge, or the shakes. My manual divides shakes into heartshakes, starshakes, and cupshakes, and also makes brief mention of upsets as a thing that every handyman should beware of. To me, the piece of scantling appears to be free of all these disastrous defects. A qualified medical man, however, could well be harder to deceive.

In a way, I start with certain advantages over M. Simenon. My characters come, not in utter nakedness like names in a directory, but trailing little wisps and snippets of their pasts. The Brigadier—urbane, a good mixer, with a strongly developed sense of direction—would certainly have his passions well under control. We do not pick our men lightly for these liaison appointments at the Pentagon nowadays. He served his full term in Washington, I do not doubt, and left in an orderly and soldierly manner, with plenty of time to have his heavy load of glass and china properly crated up. Mrs. Rundle, pretty comfortably widowed out there in her rambling old house ("Porringers" is a name that goes with property; it was never in this world gouged out in pokerwork on a slab of druxy oak affixed to the front gate of a semi-detached), presents a clear-cut, broad-beamed back view, endlessly planting out wallflowers. Of Billet I have no very definite predetermined picture, though the "& Son" suggests that he would be somewhere about Mrs. Rundle's age.

Is it possible that she is, in fact, the boy's mother—a closely kept secret known only to Dr. Tremayne? Or *thought* to be known only to Dr. Tre-

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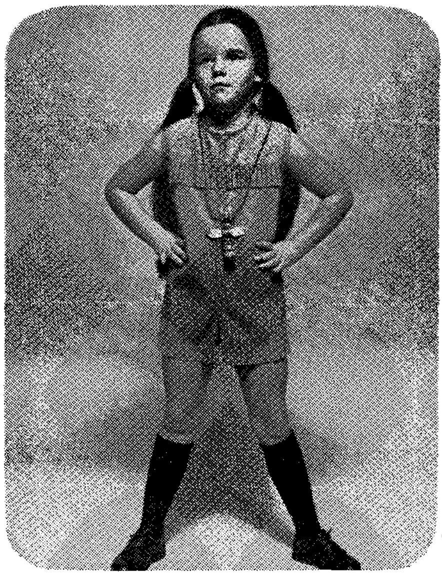

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mayne, that fussy perfectionist with a bent for the construction of stoutly framed outbuildings?

There comes into my mind, as I stand by my own workbench tossing a heavy claw hammer from hand to hand, a furtive, sneaking character called Scantling, who will trigger off, perhaps inadvertently, the whole disastrous sequence of events that will make my fortune and may even one day be adapted for serialization on TV. What was he doing in Dr. Tremayne's outbuilding, and what evil genius drove him to pry into the huge crate that loomed up at him from the shadows? You can still see, if you look carefully at my sheet of plywood, the splintering at the corner where Scantling forced in his tire lever or other makeshift jimmy. But only the imagination of a writer can tell of the look of sheer terror that glazed his ferret eyes when he shone his torch into the dark interior, or of what passed between the two brothers when Billet Senior found him, hours later, crouching in his carnation house with as severe an attack of the cupshakes as even Dr. Tremayne could remember.

The system works, you see. Already Scantling has germinated into the disreputable brother of the successful nurseryman. But how came the crate to elude the watchful care of the Baggage Master at Pier 92 and find its way to the little village of Waney Edge, nestling on the fringes of the Shropshire hills within an easy forty-minute run of Porringers? And who substituted for the Macdonelly china its present gruesome burden, whatever that may turn out to be?

Is it possible that the Baggage Master himself was in it up to the neck? Baggage Master McGinty—so called because he controls a chain of hussies operating in every port along the Eastern Seaboard of America? No. This is deliberate contrivance, not the slow natural process of germination. It is essential that the plot should grow out of the characters, in the Simenon manner, not vice versa. Otherwise, we shall end up with nothing better than a second-rate melodrama. Suppose, then, that one of the vice-presidents of the Security Storage Company had at some stage been tricked into going through a form of marriage with Delia Rundle and planned, in revenge, to drive young Billet into matricide through the unconscious agency of Dr. Tremayne. In that case, the crate would be stuffed with bogus marriage certificates, and Scantling's overwhelming panic on catching a glimpse of its contents by

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torchlight becomes difficult to explain. Also, we are losing sight of Brigadier Macdonelly, who ought to be a prime mover and is now in danger of being elbowed out into a quite minor role. It is to some hitherto unsuspected flaw in the Brigadier's makeup that we must surely look for the key to the whole black business.

What flaw in a Brigadier's make up would prompt him to conceal I knew not what in a crate with his own name on it and dump the lot in a doctor's homemade outbuilding in Shropshire? Doatiness? A passion for Porringers that even he is unable to keep under control? I don't know. These people won't germinate properly. They refuse to coalesce. My hands are calloused with hammer throwing, and all I have down on paper so far is the name of the book, "Hollow Ground"—a good title, which, if not exactly matured in the wood, is at least etched on the blade of one of my chisels. But what can you do when your characters fail to coöperate?

Or is the failure perhaps in me? If so, somebody else had better write the book. He could begin by asking himself what flaw in a handyman's temperament could prompt him to smash up a quantity of old timber with a claw hammer and ship the relevant bits to a French novelist to put together.

—H. F. ELLIS

•

Mr. and Mrs. Vasco Neal of Crestwood announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Miss Patsy Hazel Neal, to Mr. William Larance Eddins, son of Mrs. Vernon Adams of Crestwood and the late Mr. Richard Virgil Eddins. Miss Neal was graduated from Kentucky Southern College. The wedding will be Friday at 7 p.m. in Brownsboro Christian Church. includes a bust of a woman and two wooden hands, painted with the same designs that are repeated in her painting, butterflies, roses, and map-like areas.

"She is more strange than I am," said her husband.

"I don't get involved in school so I have time to think," was her rejoinder.

—*Louisville Courier Journal*

That's what marriage is—one person stranger than the other, and plenty of time to think.

•

Only boys of noble birth could become eligible for knighthood. He began his training at the age of seven and served as a page until his teens. After serving as a page, the boy became a square and, when a square was about 21, he took the solemn vows making him a knight.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Tribune.*

Unless he chose to remain a square errant.

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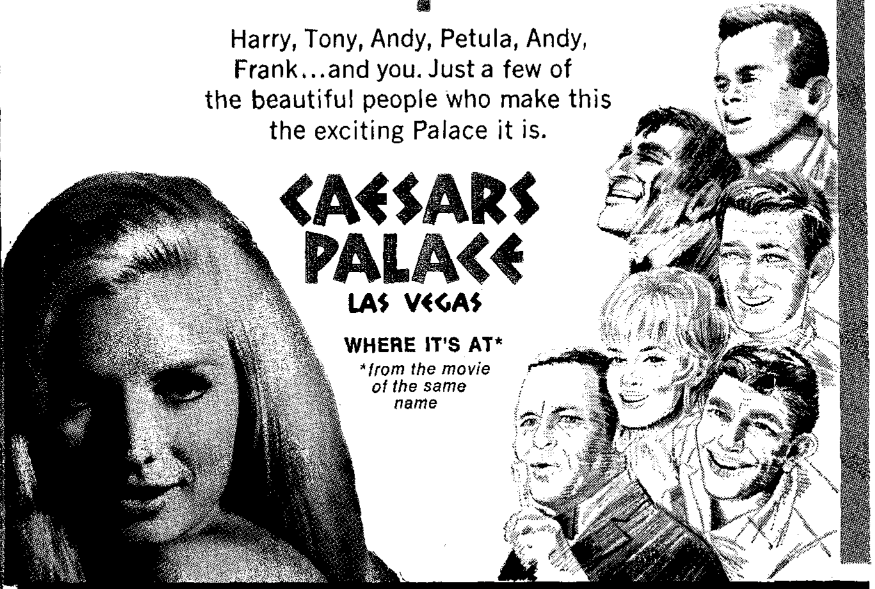

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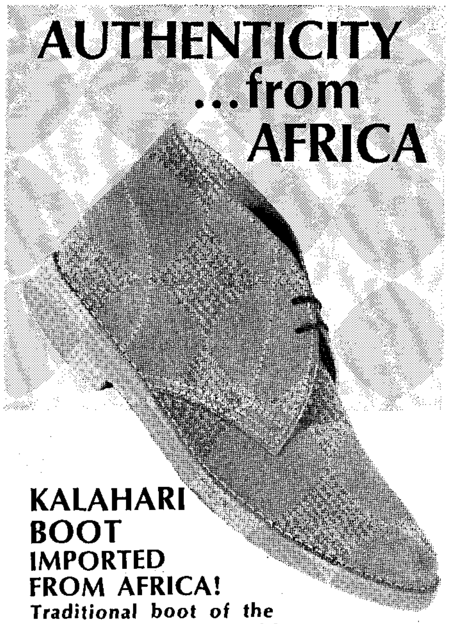

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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RECORDS · BOO

"PROMISES, PROMISES" (United Artists) is the first genuinely exciting show recording to come along in years; indeed, it would be necessary to go back as far as "The Pajama Game" to find a musical on a contemporary theme that bubbles over with so many irrepressible songs. But these pieces that the composer Burt Bacharach and the lyricist Hal David have put together represent a good deal more than the sudden appearance, after a long dry spell, of a lively new score. What they truly signify is the advent in the American musical theatre of a popular composer of major stature who happens to be blessed with a lyricist of unusual sensibility as a collaborator. In discussions of the "Promises, Promises" music, there has been talk of an abrupt break with the past, but it has less validity than one might at first suppose. The break is with mediocrity and—with all due respect to our few practicing older writers of superior attainments—with forms that have become a bit timeworn. The Bacharach score, though it observes any number of conventions, expands the familiar materials of the Broadway musical in several directions and in such a manner that the genre, which was beginning to go to seed some years back, just when we were priding ourselves on its vigor (and isn't there some sort of natural law at work here?), appears to have been reborn overnight. It's funny, but whenever we brood about the state that music is in, and—worse—endeavor to predict where it is going, that singular chap *the* composer shows up to settle the matter.

One of the more gratifying things about this effort by the Messrs. Bacharach and David—their first for the theatre, by the way—is its surprising taste. To illustrate this in a roundabout fashion, let me say that "Hair" (Victor), which purports to show us all where it's really at but does no such thing, and "Zorba" (Capitol), which, though it was constructed by able, and even probing, songwriters (John Kander and Fred Ebb), struck me as unbearably self-conscious, and therefore tiresome, both suffer from a certain cheapness, which is exemplified in "Hair" by calculated (but occasionally high-spirited) attempts to shock us, and in "Zorba" by a much more disturbing attitude of simple callousness masquerading as earthiness. These lapses rest largely, of course, with the lyrics, but the vulgarity does extend to the music. It is actually a carry-over from the days when songwriters dared flirt with "sex," as distinguished from "romance," only in the theatre (let's ignore the raggle-taggle world of night clubs), and, because they were just flirting, resorted to suggestiveness of a sort that found its deftest expression in the conceits of such writers as Porter, Coward, and the team of Rodgers and Hart. At this moment in the history of professional entertainment, when few words or verbal constructions, let alone holds, are barred onstage, I find it revealing that Bacharach and David, with a story that lays itself wide open to innuendo and more, decided to play it straight. (I assume everybody is aware that "Promises, Promises" is based on an all too knowing screenplay called "The Apartment," which almost everybody is acquainted with.) It might be argued that this was the only way such a delicately balanced enterprise could have worked, but I prefer to congratulate the songwriters on being men of exceptional quality in a frequently raffish profession.

But is "songwriters" what these men really are? I guess there's no denying it, and yet the designation may be too narrow. For example, the big ballad, that almost indispensable adjunct of a musical, turns out here to be more on the order of an aria—to get right down to it, a Puccinian exercise with a seductive legato and a skillful use of rubato. Entitled "Whoever You Are, I Love You," it is probably the writers' crowning achievement. There are all sorts of happy inventions elsewhere in the score, though. A kind of wrong-note rag—a Christmassy dance divertissement with a title, "Turkey-Lurkey Time," that would surely have become a pitfall for less surefooted men—is engagingly novel; "She Likes Basketball" is an exultant, all-elbows piece of business; "Where Can You Take a Girl?" is a raucous plaint by a quartet of middle-aged executives who feel like the Beatles; "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" is an irresistible duet, to guitar accompaniment, whose underlying gaiety is a denial of the title; and each of the many other items has an appealing life of its own.

For the most part, Bacharach writes in the four-four and three-four time long honored by songwriters. But whereas in the past four-four time lent itself readily to the fox-trot and three-four to the waltz, such handy dance references are pretty well hidden here, with three-four time more apt to result in something on the order of a jazz waltz and four-four time in rock. Wherever possible, the eighth-to-the-bar beat, so prevalent in rock, is employed, with characteristic drum rolls and rim-shot accents. But these are only generalizations, because the music (all of which seems to me, though I may be completely mistaken, to have been set to completed poems) repeatedly shifts times, often for just a single bar—from three-four to five-four and on to six-four, two-four, and four-four—to accommodate and emphasize this or that phrase in the lyrics. This versatility in the music is nowhere more evident, or more effective, than in the final piece, the title song. And, thinking about this, I couldn't help reflecting not only on the composer's schooling (he studied with Milhaud, among others) but on his experience as an arranger and conductor of supper-club acts, such as Marlene Dietrich's, in which devices of this sort are not uncommon.

Bacharach is not credited either with the arrangements for "Promises, Promises" or with its musical direction, but his touch is evident throughout. Never in the recording of a musical show have the dynamics been more scrupulously handled. A few soprano voices (their owners are unseen in the theatre, by the way) are employed in the upper part of their register to blend with the orchestra in support of the singers onstage, and in the stage performances their relation to the other voices is determined electronically, by an engineer at a console. I find this an interesting development, and to those who may object to such goings on in the living theatre I can only suggest that once the microphone was introduced onto the stage, and accepted, complaints about subsequent refinements of the technique seem gratuitous. (I must admit, however, that I occasionally think back fondly to the tenor Richard Tauber's last appearance in a show here, when, in a revival of "Land of Smiles," at the as yet unbugged Shubert Theatre, he lined out several choruses of "Yours Is My Heart Alone," each in a different tongue, and, in one chorus, pitched his voice in such a way that it might

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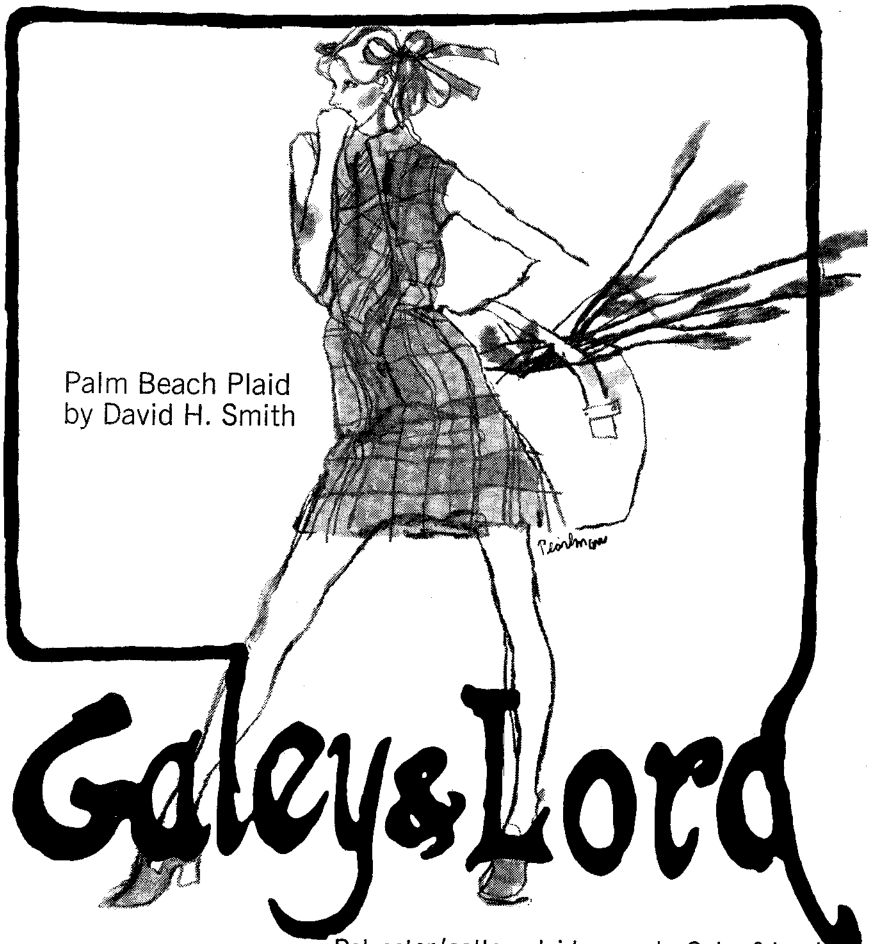

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have seemed small in a living room yet was perfectly clear, because of its placement and the attentiveness of the auditors.)

Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara, who sing most of the Bacharach songs, are quite a pair, he with a strong, thrusting, sometimes braying voice and a marvellous presence, and she with a distinctively hoydenish one that now and then slips into an attractive pianissimo. Others who sound good, in addition to the elderly wolf pack I referred to earlier, are Marian Mercer, A. Larry Haines, and Edward Winter.

I might also mention that three of the best pieces from the score—"Wanting Things," "Whoever You Are, I Love You," and the title song—are sung with winning persuasiveness by Dionne Warwick, a singer who practically grew up on Bacharach-David creations, in a new Scepter recording, which is also called "Promises, Promises," and in which she applies herself to attractive efforts by several other writers as well. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Tea & Coffee Trade Journal*]

Furthermore, there is the possibility that what we used to consider ideal iced tea weather may be gone for some time. According to Dr. James P. Lodge of the National Center for Atmospheric Research at Boulder, Colorado, air pollution is having such a drastic affect on our weather that we probably "will have a substantial number of years without any summer in cities across the northern United States."

Even when he admits that statement may be on the pessimistic side, Dr. Lodge hedges with the comment that "I think it's safe to say that whatever may come it's going to be distinctly less comfortable."

Fortunately, we know beyond any doubt that the barrier cold weather places before iced tea sales is largely a psychological one.

•

NEW YORK—Pat Summerall, who retired as a star place kicker for the football Giants to become a sports telecaster, was so proficient at kicking points - after - touchdown that his teammates nicknamed him "P.A.T." The appellation quickly was telescoped to Pat and he has become known that way, although his correct name is 1963, Ed Walsh; 1964, Dennis Ross; 1965, Pat Flaherty; 1966, Walter Quigg and 1967, Kevin Killarney.

—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

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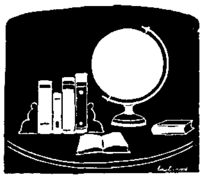
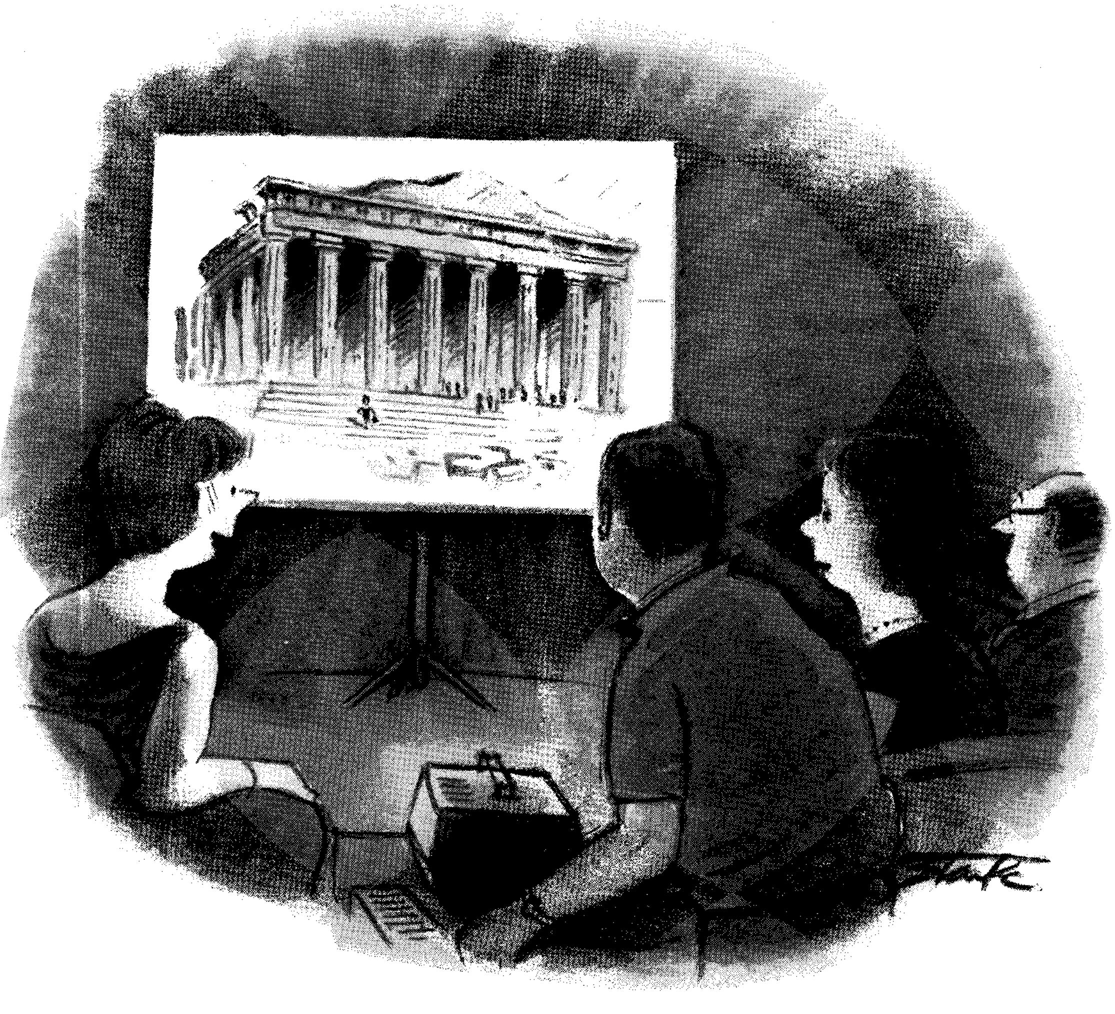


LAST spring, some flower folk in Haight-Ashbury asked me to spend a night in their commune, a gray and sometime pale-yellow clapboard two-story house. All the props were in place: beads, mattresses, serapes, posters of Bob Dylan and the Maharishi, old cereal boxes, vistas of Nepal grease-thumbed at the edge, a guitar, one string missing. The hi-fi was on perpetually, humming out ragas—endless invariant chords like dry sand blowing across shingles. My hosts were as mournful and sweet as the odor of pot, which hung everywhere—in the stained drapes, around the red lampshade with Hopi motifs, and along the hospitable floor. They said all private property was theft, that there need be no laws but those of shared life, that somewhere inside the sweet smoke and that music, if you could only follow its glissandos all the way, a lost innocence shone—a place they remembered but had not yet been to. Singsong, their voices at floor level and patient in the dark, explaining the obvious to a deaf, uptight visitant from an ugly outside. I said that Proudhon had said the same before them, that Bakunin had said it at sharper risk, and Kropotkin with far more humanity and political acumen. No, they didn't know of those men, or at best they knew of them dimly, suspiciously, like the empty rush of traffic on the bridge or up Telegraph Hill. Another world, museum-dead. One of them, the perfect stand-in for General Custer in a low-budget epic, made a shrewd point. I had been shown the action, the sit-in dance emporium, the vegetarian restaurant, the schools for meditation. Had I noticed something missing, something that was part of all traditional radical movements, of the old-style anarchies and utopian phalansteries I had mentioned? "You're pretty blind, man. No bookstores." He was entirely right. "We don't read. Or not much." Then a girl produced a paperback, almost thumbed to bits, out of her shoulder bag: "We read this. I know it by heart. I damn near know every word of it." It was Hesse's "Magister Ludi." And in the kitchen, by the stale brown loaf and eviscerated green peppers, I saw the "Steppenwolf."

This juxtaposition is not fortuitous. Two tropes, two dream scenarios worked out with caressing solicitude and detail, organize the sum of Hermann Hesse's writings. First, the secret society. There is in the world an occult club, a Skull and Bones of the soul, a freemasonry of the elect. Sometimes it is a monastery, sometimes an association whose members recognize one another by hermetic rites and magic rings. One accedes to the League, as it is called in "The Journey to the East" (one of three Hesse novels published recently by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by mysterious invitation—a tap in the night, a sudden summons from one of the hieratic brethren. Preliminary initiation and an arduous novitiate ensue. The novice keeps anxious vigil over his own soul and learns the cabalistic lore of the sanctified ones. He may be found unworthy of acceptance in the inner *penetralium* and be rejected. He may, in some reflex of impurity or intellectual arrogance, leave the League. He may—and this is the very heart of nightmare—believe himself still a member in good standing when in fact he has been expelled, when the "higher ones" no longer admit him to the waters of life. The mundane pulse of social, economic, political existence beats on; the world moves on in loud, unfocussed fret. The "secret ones" may dwell in the midst of it, with no outward mark of their elevation. But they are set apart; they see ordinary life for the corrupting sham it is; by abdicating from it, they have entered upon the true king-



"That's me again on the steps of the what's-its-name."

EXECUTIVES...

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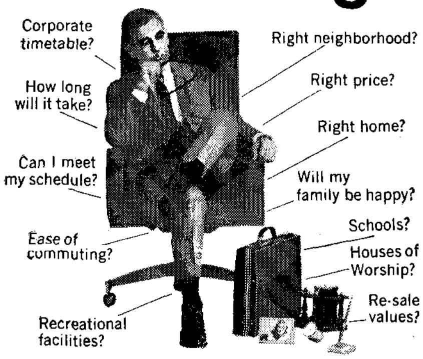
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dom. Compared to membership in the League or Order (as Hesse also calls it), secular wealth, the statesman's power, even the creations of the artist, are as nothing.

At least once in his secretly consecrated life, a member of the Order must, like a Knight of Malta returning to the Master's seat in Rome, undertake the Journey to the East. This voyage is, in Hesse's book, both a purely symbolic and an allegoric-realistic item of geography. It signifies the garden of life, the lost Atlantis in which man knew truth and love before he stumbled into the bitter mire of history. It is the place of the Mandala in which Platonic and Jungian archetypes stand naked as at first light. But it is also, more substantively, northern India, Tibet, or the garden of a Zen monastery in Japan. In the Kangra valley and the uplands of Nepal, the Brotherhood was, in times immemorial, instituted and sent into the fallen world. Thence its sacred books, the Orphic emblem that initiates wear, the knowledge of extrasensory powers. In most of Hesse's fables the two themes conjoin: a member of the Order journeys through the world, seeking the fount of being, the place of the talisman; his master or chosen brother stays behind. The one represents action, the other contemplation. They must unite at the last—be it in the epiphany of death—if man is to be saved, if the life of the spirit is to be freed from that of sensuality and blind hatred.

The sources for this reiterated parable are fairly evident. There is scarcely a child or an adolescent alive who has not dreamed of himself as a chosen being, as a secret agent and ministrant in some band of brothers set apart from his obtuse surroundings. The reverie is a graphic, reassuring commonplace: I am not what I seem, not the puny, ordinary, often thwarted or teased being others take me for. I am one of the rare spirits. We look like Johnny-next-door, but that is cunning, necessary concealment. When the hour comes, our radiance will out. Secret clubs, badges, passwords, oaths of fidelity, pig Latin—who hasn't in some attic or school-yard corner been a member or wept scalding tears for being kept out? After which there are fraternities, Porcellians, tomblike edifices in New Haven, thirty-second-degree Masons, Cambridge Apostles. The Journey to the East is no less familiar. Many of us take it in the short voyages of sleep, *when the uncensored mind conjures up* gardens and sacred rivers, pure Hima-

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layas and stone flowers, to strengthen us against the slag landscape of the day. This East stands for the place where memory coincides with hope; out there, in the travel-poster Bali that nearly all of us carry inside, our lives could be simple and whole. We have missed our road. Show me the way to go home.

In Hesse's fastidious, soft-spoken allegories, these common images are made more particular and portentous by reference to specific occult traditions. Hesse was a bookish dreamer with a considerable knowledge of Gnosticism, of the Cabala, of the medieval Adamites and *illuminati*; he was familiar with that undercurrent of "hidden" revelation, of direct angelic lore, that crops up throughout the history of Christianity, from Julian of Norwich to Jakob Böhme and the descent of the Angel at Palmyra, New York, that set the Mormons on their journey to the Tabernacle. He was much interested in Rosicrucian doctrines and the Orientalizing mysticism that attracted so many European poets and publicists immediately before and after the First World War (one thinks of Yeats and Mme. Blavatsky or of Gurdjiev and the unfortunate Katherine Mansfield). Hesse travelled in the Far East and was deeply drawn to Hinduism, Chinese Taoism, and Zen Buddhism. He steeped himself in the Upanishads, the Vedanta, and the I Ching. In Switzerland, where he lived after exiling himself in 1912 from Germany, whose aggressive future he foresaw, Hesse came into intimate contact with the hermetic and Oriental obsessions of C. G. Jung. Hesse's drawings are explicitly like the illustrations in Jung's studies of the collective unconscious. Both were confident that the Tree of Life grew in an orchard outside reason and that the soul would find its home in caverns measureless to man.

"Beneath the Wheel" (another Farrar, Straus & Giroux book), is one of Hesse's very early novels. First published in 1906, it looks forward to many elements in his mandarin daydream. But the tale itself belongs to a distinctive Teutonic genre: the saga of school-day torments and adolescent neurosis. Brought up in a small town, Hans Giebenrath is sent to Stuttgart for examination. His brilliant performance gains a state scholarship to the Cistercian academy at Maulbronn. At first, the boy does well. But soon a tide of shadows, feverish doubts, and lassitude, bone-deep, corrodes his will. The claustrophobic intensity of his training, the years of drill in which mundane ambition has stood for the life of feel-

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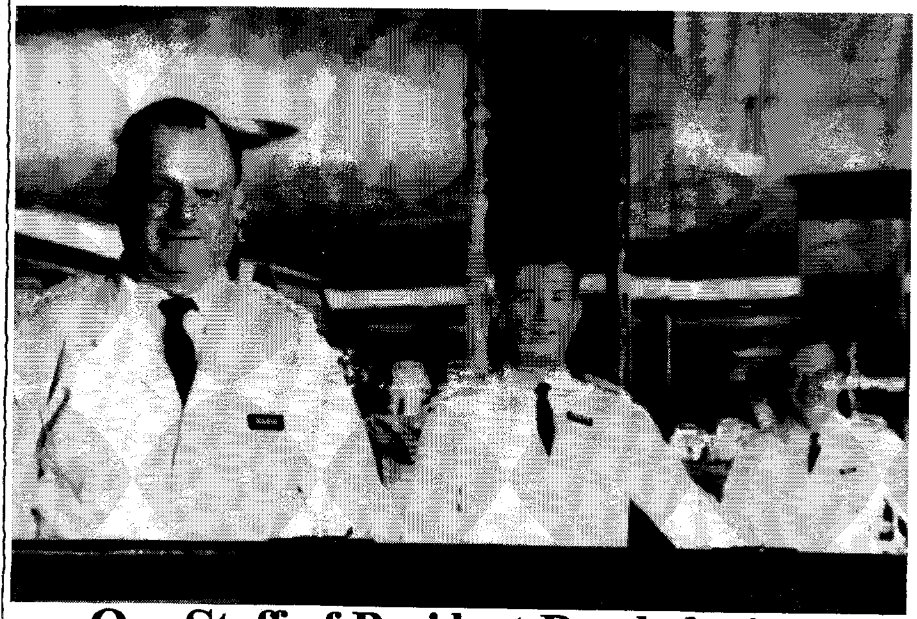

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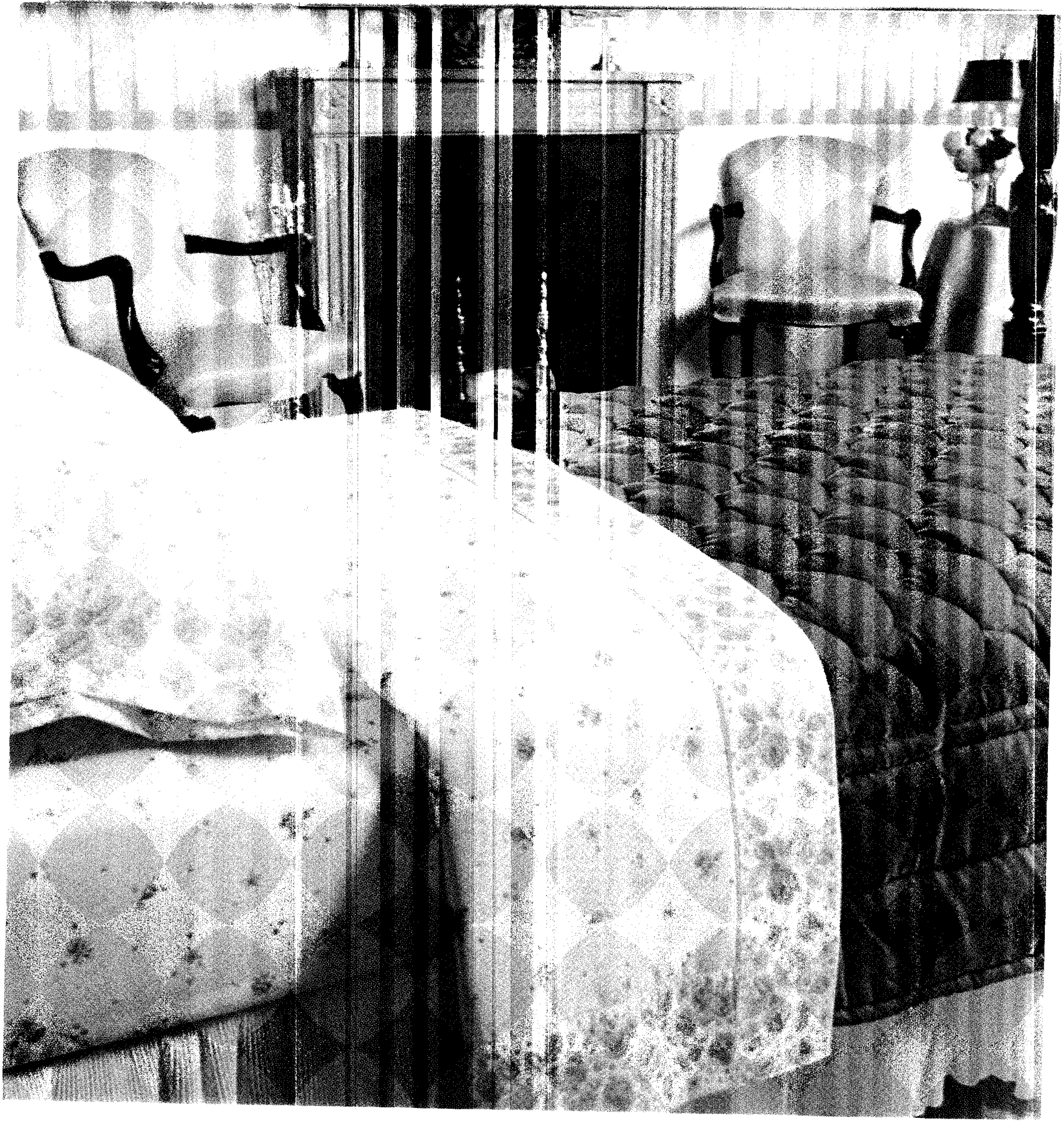
ing and spirit, bring on Giebenrath's collapse. He comes home an emotional cripple, suited neither to academic work nor to the manual labor he must now take up. Sex rears a futile head. The end is a predictable tableau in the style of Edvard Munch: "All nausea, shame, and suffering had passed from him; the cold, bluish autumn night looked down on the dark shape of his drifting body and the dark water played with his hands and hair and bloodless lips. . . . Perhaps the sight of the beautiful water had attracted him, and when he bent over the water the night and the pale moon had seemed so peaceful and restful that weariness and fear drove him with quiet inevitability into the shadow of death." The dust jacket compares this pallid exercise with Heinrich Mann's "Blue Angel" and Robert Musil's "Young Törless." Nothing could be more damning of Hesse. The astringent force of Mann's novel, the fact that it retains its macabre authority for all its local color and datedness, derive from sheer social and political intelligence. "The Blue Angel" proved a prophetic book; behind the crackling pedagogue and his unchained class press the shapes and sounds of a society heading toward hysteria. Musil's story, perhaps the grimmest ever written about the intricate hell of boarding schools and of "little men in uniform," exhibits precisely those qualities and risks that Hesse waffles. Musil creates children possessed of a specific, miniaturized, but demonic individuality, and faces up to the sexuality of his theme. In "Beneath the Wheel" all is hushed and tremulous. What an odd decision to publish now Mr. Michael Rollof's translation of this minor piece of Victorian tristesse.

"Narcissus and Goldmund" (the third Farrar, Straus novel) is a much larger, more serious enterprise. It appeared in 1930 and represents, together with "Magister Ludi" and "Steppenwolf," Hesse's most characteristic work. Here his chosen themes of action and contemplation, of stasis and voyage, of initiate and heretic, are lovingly set out. Though scarcely changed from its shadowy and serene contours in "Beneath the Wheel," Maulbronn has become the great cloister at Mariabronn. The most luminous of monastic hierophants is Narcissus; he has "elegant Greek, impeccable manners, quietly penetrating thinker's eyes, and beautiful, sharply outlined lips." Burning suavely beneath "the shadows of his long black lashes," these eyes seem to penetrate the very souls of his gentle brothers and of the pupils in his holy charge. Among them is Goldmund, his chiming name emblematic of blond comeliness and fine-nerved talent. A deep, secret love springs up between the boy and his teacher. Goldmund is feverishly drawn to the life and ceremony of the order. But Narcissus sees more clearly: Goldmund must be a pilgrim in the world, he must pass through fire and blood. Particularly, he must know woman. Goldmund has lost his mother when he was a very young boy; now Eros pulses in his veins:

> He would repeat long prayers to the holy Mother of God, letting flow the excessive feelings that drew him toward his own mother. But often his prayers would end in those strange, magnificent dreams of which he had so many now: daydreams, with half-awake senses, dreams of her with all his senses participating. The mother-world would spray its fragrance about him, look darkly from enigmatic eyes of love, rumble deep as an ocean, like paradise, stammer caressing, senseless endearments, or rather endearments that filled his senses with a taste of sweetness and salt and brushed his hungry lips and eyes with silken hair. His mother meant not only all that was graceful; not only were her gentle look of love and sweet, happiness-promising smile caressing consolations; but somewhere beneath this enticing exterior lay much that was frightful and dark, greedy and fearful, sinful and sorrowful, all that gave birth and all death.

Drawn by the "eternal feminine," by the Mater Magna of Eastern mysteries and C. G. Jung, Goldmund leaves his beloved Narcissus. His long voyage home takes him through an Ingmar Bergman landscape: he encounters pestilence and human hatred, license and persecution. The witch fires smolder, and hunted or sensuous beings come out of the forest. Goldmund makes love and creates art. About to be hanged, he is rescued by Narcissus, now Abbot. Together, shadow and substance, Yin and Yang ride back to Mariabronn. Goldmund carves a wondrous set of wooden panels for the monastery lectern. But once more the fever of living possesses him. He makes a last foray into the world and returns mortally ill. He knows now that he has always borne inside himself the figure of his mother, "the most sacred of all my images . . . a figure of love and mystery." He could carve her ineffable forms. But the secret radiance of her being must not be revealed. Calmly, Narcissus's other self ebbs into death.

Ursule Molinaro's translation is all



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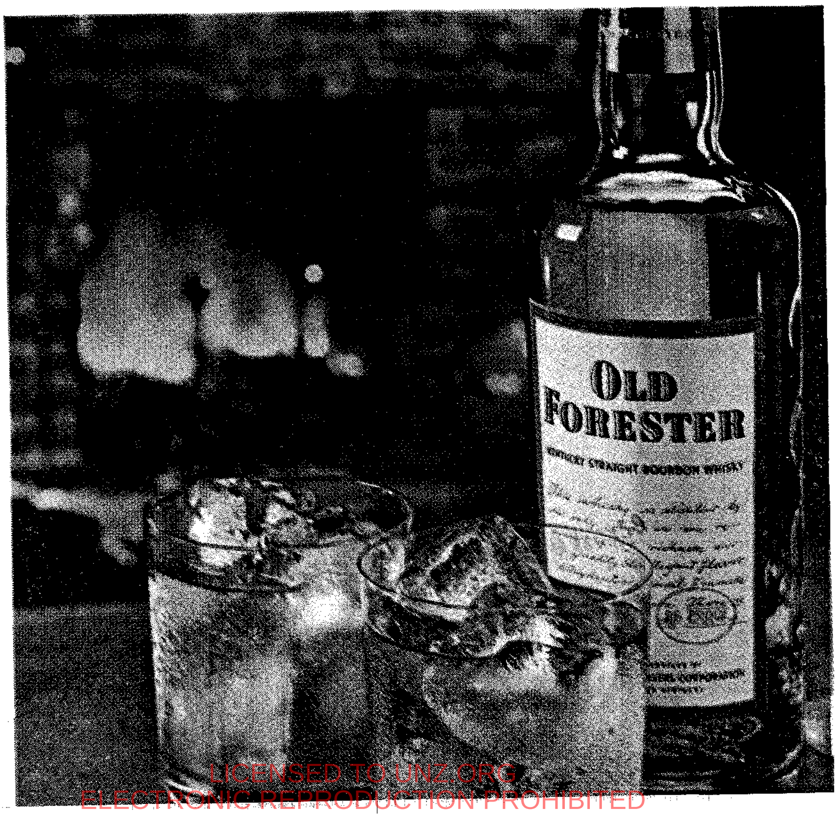
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too successful. It hides nothing of either the cloying sweetness or the rhapsodic abstractions of the original. Not a heart but is overflowing and "drunk with blossoming love;" not a moonbeam that fails to "miraculously inundate;" the very calendar moves by in a mauve saraband: "Summer sank away, and autumn; painfully Goldmund struggled through the bitter months, wandered drunkenly through the sweet-smelling spring. Hastily the seasons fled; again and again high summer sun sank down." One finds oneself crying out for a touch of cold air, for a window thrust open on the natural noise and grit of existence. The personages evoked in "Narcissus and Goldmund" are dulcet silhouettes, as insubstantial as are the reiterated notions of love, death, mystery, and pure beauty. It is all so easy, so acquiescent to what is soft and dishevelled in our own adolescent fantasies. A moment's comparison with, say, the treatment of waking ecstasy in "Portrait of the Artist," with the confrontation between vocation and art as Joyce argues it, is fatal to Hesse. Every element in Joyce's re-creation is specifically imagined; as there is irony, so there is also a penetration by love. We need take nothing on mere trust of rhetoric. When Hesse would define he blurs. What is the archetype Goldmund carries within? "It consists of a fusion of the greatest contrasts of the world, those that cannot otherwise be combined, that have made peace only in this figure. They live in it together: birth and death, tenderness and cruelty, life and destruction." This is not literature; it is incense.

"Narcissus and Goldmund" does at least retain the carapace of ordinary prose fiction; "The Journey to the East" is pure spindrift. First published in 1956, it expresses the most serenely autistic of Hesse's reveries. It is set in the Erewhon of the Rosicrucian and the amateur astrologer; the Tibetan "Book of the Dead" serves for Baedeker, and in the mystic garden of the many tea leaves the Princess Fatima waits. The narrator is a member of the League; with fellow-initiates, he undertakes that Journey to the East whose goals "belong to the secret category and are therefore not communicable." Following an itinerary that is in part that of the child Crusaders and in part that of Zarathustra, Peer Gynt, and hokum, the travellers meet with "the Goblin, the pitch-maker, the comforter," and wend their way toward the Blue Pot. Aficionados of the Tarot

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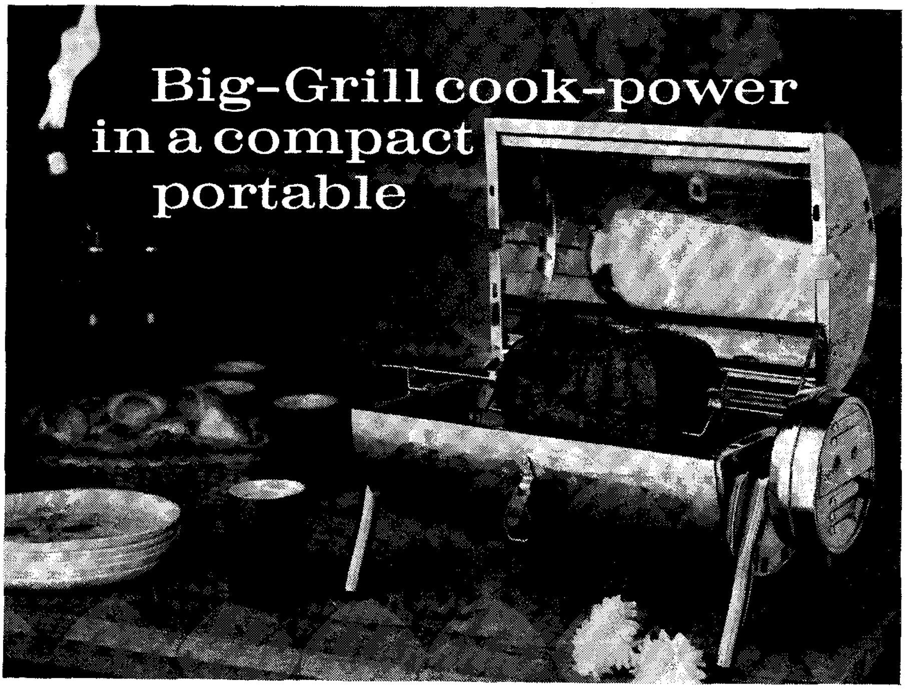

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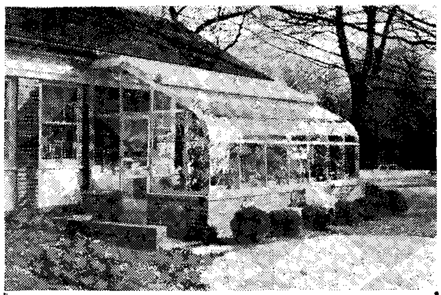
and of sea-front chiromancy will feel thoroughly at home: "We were guests in the Chinese Temple where the incense holders gleamed beneath the bronze Maja and the black king played the flute sweetly to the vibrating tone of the temple gong. And at the foot of the Sun Mountains we came across Suon Mali, a colony of the King of Siam, where, amongst the stone and brazen Buddhas, we offered up our libations and incense as grateful guests." Though Klingsor, Puss in Boots, and Goldmund are of the expedition, though the League conquers the war-shattered world by its faith and has "transformed it into Paradise," trouble looms. Leo, a humble servant, seeking Solomon's key in order to understand the language of the birds—faithful, unnoticed Leo deserts the party in the sinister gorge of Morbio Inferiore. (It is the facility of contrivance, the mixture of lofty invocation and sub-Tolkien whimsey, that set one's teeth on edge!) With Leo's disappearance, the Journey breaks up in apparent failure.

Years pass. Tormented by his inability to record the history of the Journey, by his doubts about its very existence and the validity of the League, the narrator seeks out Leo. At last, the narrator is summoned to appear before the High Throne. Made to confess his lapse of faith, made to recognize "how strange and blasphemous was his intention to write the story of a journey to which he was not equal, and an account of a League in whose existence he no longer believed and to which he had become unfaithful," the narrator submits his fate to the judgment of the President, who appears, robed in gold: it is, O surprise ineffable, none other than Leo. League Brother H. stands condemned not for his "novitiate stupidities" on the Journey, not even for his loss of credence; what matters is the dreadful, narrow, spiritually suicidal life he has led in the world since. But sweet pardon wafts from the High Throne. Given access to the secret archives of the League, Brother H. comes to grasp the supreme mystery: he and Leo are, in some transcendental manner, the same; his mortal, maculate being is passing into that of Leo, as transitoriness flows darkly into everlastingness. The Magister Musicae rejoins Josef Knecht, Demian is reunited with Sinclair, Narcissus with Goldmund. "Indeed, for the West, the idea of the *persona* may be the source of our sickness, may be the very curse of our existence," said Hesse to Miguel Serrano (one of his most enthusiastic celebrants and the au-



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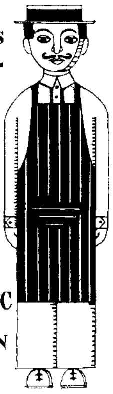

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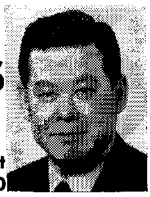

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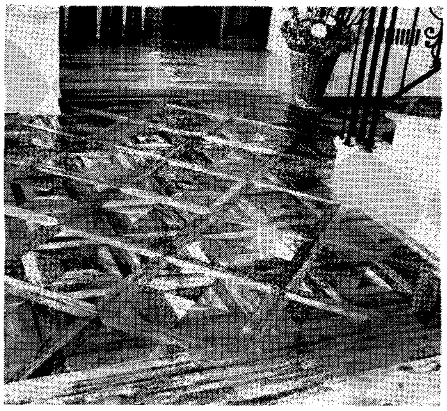

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thor of "C. G. Jung and Hermann Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships"). In Nirvana, all shall be as one—Sun and Moon, Man and Woman, the flick of an eyelid and eternity. Shantih, shantih, shantih. We've been here before.

In the present instance, the *déjà-vu* is particularly ominous. That High Court "at the top of the immense building," that sepulchral archive, the mysterious officials who make up the tribunal—all these have a familiar ring. This is the world of "The Trial" and, in certain distinctive touches, of "The Castle." But it is not their pale echo in "Journey to the East" that matters; it is the radical difference between genuine mysticism, between the real, immensely rare capacity to create myth, and the second-hand. Kafka was a prophet, one of the few we can document in literature. In "The Metamorphosis," he exactly prefigured the impending condition of millions, he forespoke the very word "*Ungeziefer*" ("vermin") that was to designate those soon to be swept into ash; "In the Penal Colony" is an eerily precise model for the concentration-camp state. Our bureaucratized lives, the erosion of our private existence under political terror and mendacity toward the consumer are set out, like a self-fulfilling oracle, in the fate of Joseph K. Kafka was also a mystic. Not in any easy, sectarian sense. His clairvoyance, his feeling of tragic possession, are firmly grounded in intellectual and formal scruple. No tablerapping here, no Mandalas or tags out of the Upanishads. Haunted by the wonder of language, Kafka used each word as if it were borrowed, by stealth and agony, from a secret trove, as if it must before morning be returned intact. He made statement and syntax completely spare, reducing every verbal expression to clarity, to a hard-edged directness that springs from utter need. Nothing in Kafka but what must be, what would, if unspoken, literally strangle the writer. Thus the impression—perfectly objective, if nearly unrepeatable in any other way—of a magical authority. The light seems to shine behind and through Kafka's words as it does when a parchment is held to a lamp. And because he had this power of exceeding, premonitory insight, because his antennae seemed to reach over the present horizon, Kafka was able to invent (he would have said "remember" or "hear inwardly") fables, situations, characteristic gestures and styles of speech in which all of us have come to recognize primary facts of our own lives. Joseph K. is you or

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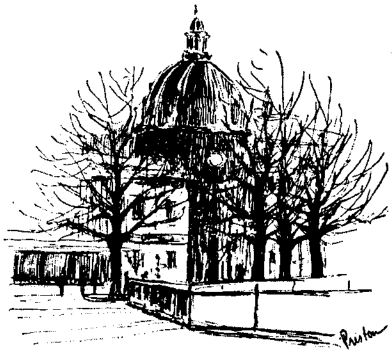

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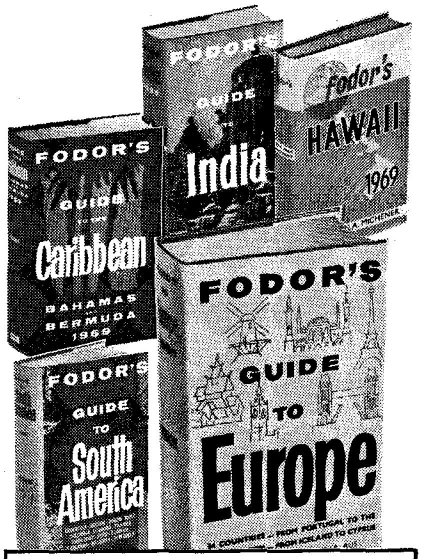
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I today, tomorrow. Ask not for whom the door is knocked on in the night; the house is ours. Brother H. is a private phantom, decked out for the charade in borrowed wonders. Kafka was a cabalist, Hermann Hesse a reader of excerpts from the Cabala. The difference is, to use one of Kafka's most terrifying parables, that between the song of the Sirens, which all have heard, and their silence, which none who has heard it can escape.

"Magister Ludi" seems to me the masterly exception in Hesse's work. In it, a sheer accumulation of cherished fantasy, a sheer weight of imagined detail—the sacred Game itself being a striking symbol of Hesse's "childishness" and passion for the esoteric—create a remarkable density of effect. We are made to imagine our way into the world of the Order as into a secret garden, again almost suffocating in its solemn lushness and half light, but real none the less. "Steppenwolf," too, has memorable passages of felt, rendered strangeness. But too much of Hesse's writing finally boils down to the repetition, in soft and tremulous keys, of banalities (unquestionably sincere, unquestionably deeply meditated) such as those recorded by Señor Serrano and other acolytes: "When you are close to nature you can listen to the voice of God" and "The act of dying is like falling into Jung's Collective Unconscious, and from there you return to form, to pure form."

Why the Hesse vogue? Possibly a fairly rude, simple answer is in order. The young have read little and compared less. Stringency is not their forte. Like prayer bells and beads, like pot and love-ins, Hesse seems to offer ecstasy and transcendence on the easy-payment plan. To grasp the doctrine of art and evil in Thomas Mann's "Doktor Faustus" requires hard slogging, a willingness to read Nietzsche and to find out what a diminished seventh is; the advance into the "inexpressible," into a terrain beyond logic registered in Hermann Broch's "Death of Virgil" demands from the reader unfailing concentration, some familiarity with the classics and Schopenhauer. Both novels are greater accomplishments than anything in Hesse outside "Magister Ludi." But this is no time for dictionaries; we want oracles in Basic English or syncopation. Join the League, Brother Leo shall watch over us, or—as the man with the beard so sweetly chants—"Om." Not for us the harsh, mind-racking drill of meditation as practiced by Pascal and Kierkegaard. Not now Kafka's stoic

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reminder that poetry may indeed be prayer but that it is never revelation.

Hesse's landscapes are lilac and melting, as are the *art-nouveau* posters in the East Village. His reveries of "oneness," of the dissolution of personality in the sauna of the collective unconscious chime in with the new tribalism, with our flight from solitude and the Calvinist demon of responsibility. "Contemplate the fire, contemplate the clouds, and when omens appear and voices begin to sound in your soul, abandon yourself to them without wondering beforehand whether it is convenient or good to do so," says Hermann Hesse in "Demian." And so say all of us, reply the flowered ones. In the background, gentle arpeggios. Is it that damsel with the dulcimer, or could it be a pop group called the Steppenwolves?

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CRYING GAME, by John Braine (Houghton Mifflin). At twenty-seven, Frank Batcombe is the bright hope of a Fleet Street scandal rag and has come a long way from his North Country boyhood. He finds true maturity in wicked Chelsea, and even naughtier Hampstead, among perfumed men and upper-class whores. His encounters with the fast set are repetitious in their amorality, until the day he discovers that Mother's values are best, and settles for suburban security. If the tale appears familiar, it is. Frank Batcombe is every provincial adolescent pressing his nose to the pane of the adult rich, and thrilling to the adventures of Profumo.

A USELESS DAY, by Janine Brégeon, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Grove). An alternative title for Miss Brégeon's novel might be "A Day in the Life of Some Dirty Pajamas." Other married Frenchwomen before her heroine have awakened to the consciousness of the futility of their bourgeois existence and decided to spend the day in bed, wallowing in the delights of despairing insanity; she is probably not the last of the line. She has little of the charm of a Mauriac or Sagan heroine, and she doesn't smoke.

GENERAL

COMING OF AGE IN MISSISSIPPI, by Anne Moody (Dial). The making of a black activist. Born in a shack on a big cotton plantation in Wilkin-

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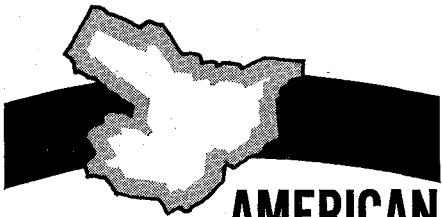

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son County, in southwestern Mississippi, Miss Moody was bright enough, and lucky enough, to get through grade school, then high school, and, finally, college—Tougaloo College, in Jackson—and it was there, at the time of the murder of Medgar Evers, that she came of age. Miss Moody writes of the years of fear and humiliation (brightened every now and then by an understanding white teacher or domestic employer) that led up to that transformation with a quiet, humorless intensity that is deadly effective.

P.O.W., by Douglas Collins (Norton). The belated memoirs of a British Army sergeant (now a television journalist in Canada) who was captured by the Nazis at Dunkirk and spent the rest of the war in and out of prison camps in Germany, Poland, Slovakia, Hungary, and Rumania. His book is late, but very much worth waiting for. There can seldom have been a less willing P.O.W. than Collins. He made ten briefly successful escapes in his four years of incarceration, and this excellent book is an even-tempered account of a dozen different prisons, a hundred breakaway schemes, and the rugged spells—a day, two days, a week—of cold, hungry, helpless freedom in the Balkans. Illustrated with photographs of most of Collins' prisons and many of his fellow-prisoners (English, American, Rumanian, Russian), and two endpaper maps.

Life with Queen Victoria: Marie Mallet's Letters from Court, 1887-1901, edited by Victor Mallet (Houghton Mifflin). In 1887, the author's mother, Marie Adeane, was appointed one of Queen Victoria's Maids of Honour. In 1891, Marie married Bernard Mallet and left the court; she returned in 1895 as an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, and served until the Queen's death. Mrs. Mallet's discretion about all sorts of matters that agitated the Queen—politics, romances, and scandals—approaches mystification, but her portrait of Victoria and her sketches of court life are revealing. The author was not a courtier by temperament (she was a well-connected young woman who needed the money), and she was often bored, overworked, and critical of the Queen's middlebrow musical taste. The Queen was a spoiled woman, yet Marie and most of her colleagues adored her, because she had a pow-

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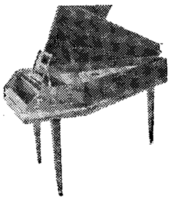

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No More Vietnams? The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy, edited by Richard M. Pfeffer (Harper & Row). This wholly fascinating book offers twenty-six scholars in a total-disagreement symposium on what has happened, and what will, might, or should happen, in South Vietnam, and on what lessons can be drawn from the United States' involvement there. The variety of subtlety of opinions is impressive. Policy, to be sure, means choice, and over the next few years the reader—at least as a voter—will undoubtedly have to choose from among these diverging views. Because the work so clearly expounds the reasoning behind almost every conceivable policy alternative, it is unusually helpful, as well as engrossing.

Asian Psychology, edited by Gardner Murphy and Lois B. Murphy (Basic Books). An introduction—admittedly selective—to the great psychological systems of the Far East. These systems—Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, and Zen—are, of course, religions as well, but the purpose of their presentation here is to tell us something about how the Asian people regard the world around them and the nature of man. The editors have relied chiefly on selections from such fundamental writings as the Upanishads, the Bhagavad-Gita, the I Ching, and the works of patriarchs of Zen, but they do not leave us to wander alone in a wilderness of quotations; they have enlisted the aid of specialist scholars to elucidate and expand upon the texts, and to show us what to look for. A very useful book; there is no other like it.

Promise of Greatness: The War of 1914-18, edited by George A. Panichas (John Day). Essays by more than forty writers. Most of them are British, including Robert Graves, Gerald Brenan, R. C. Sherriff, Sir Basil Liddell Hart, and Alec Waugh, but Frenchmen, and even Germans, are included, as are four

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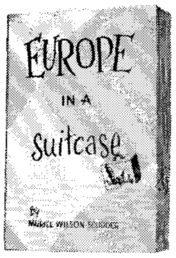

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BALANCHINE'S NEW COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT BALLETS, by George Balanchine, edited by Francis Mason (Doubleday). This is an enlarged and revised edition of a standard reference book. It is perhaps a little odd that the old master of choreography, who has more or less specialized in abstract, plotless ballet, should undertake a book of this type, but he has, and his "stories" range through the whole repertory of other people's ballets as well as his own. The style is charming, and the author often makes comments of an intimate nature that reflect his long association with choreographers and dancers.

NOTE: John McPhee's "A Roomful of Hovings and Other Profiles" has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All the text was originally printed in *The New Yorker.*

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